THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

FEBRUARY 5, 1949

15¢

I STOLE A MILLION

The Confessions of an Insurance Racketeer

THE GREATEST DRUG SINCE PENICILLIN

Page 26

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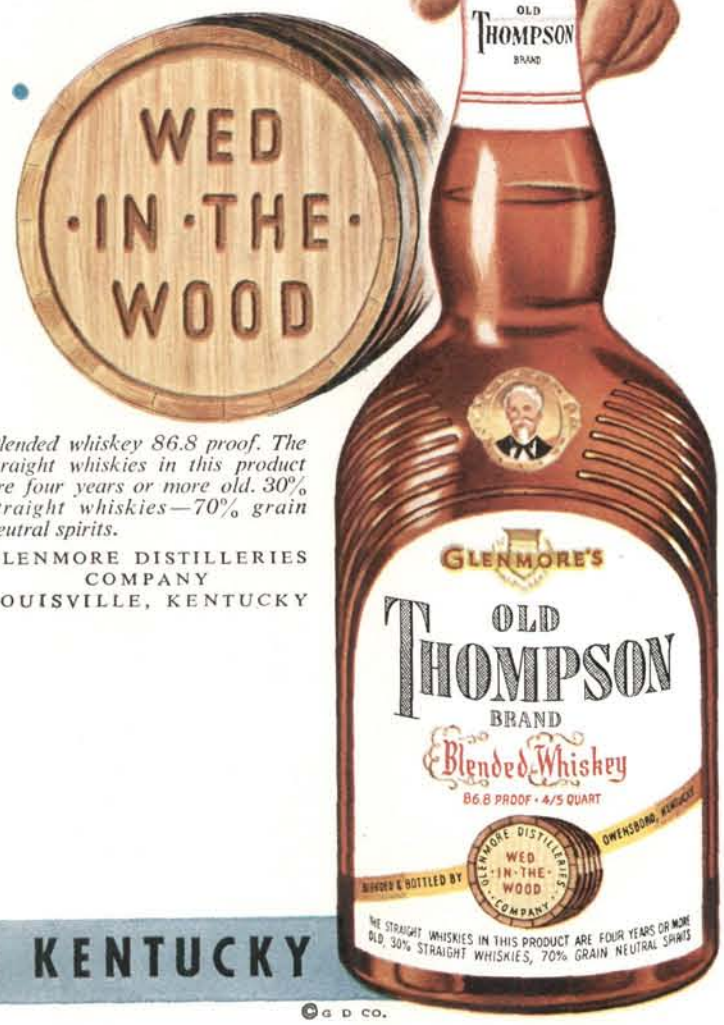

Blended whiskey 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

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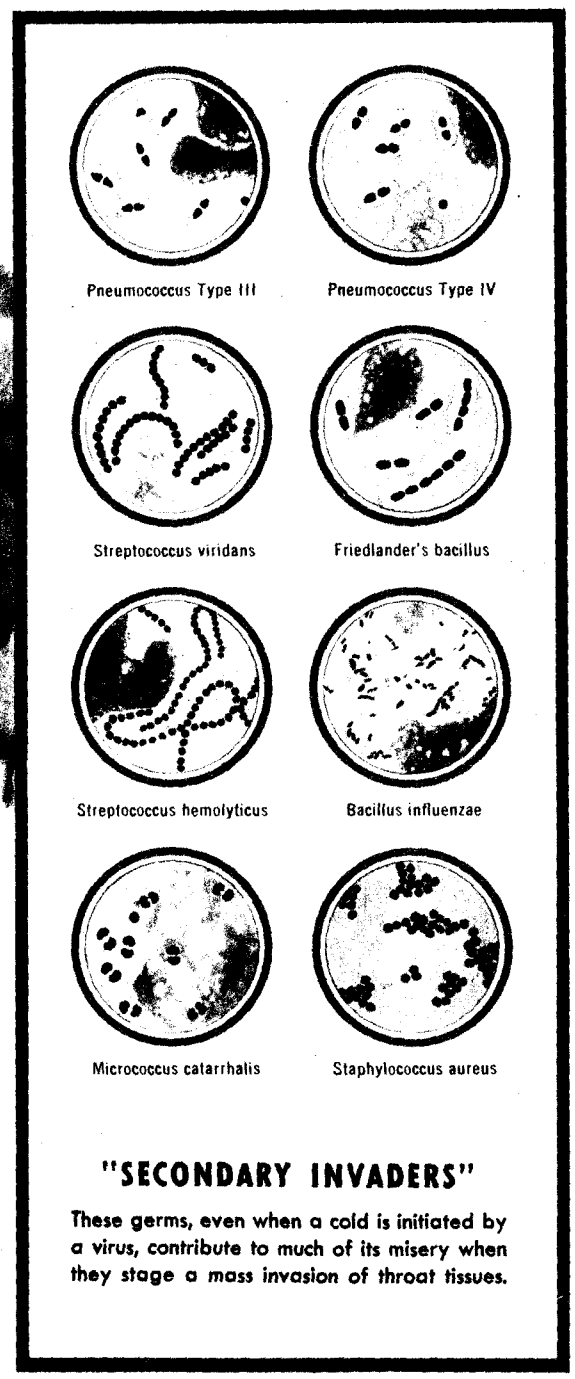
Catching Cold?

Get after these germs that cause so much of its misery!



"SECONDARY INVADERS"

These germs, even when a cold is initiated by a virus, contribute to much of its misery when they stage a mass invasion of throat tissues.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*

Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7% Even Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—tests showed

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

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Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

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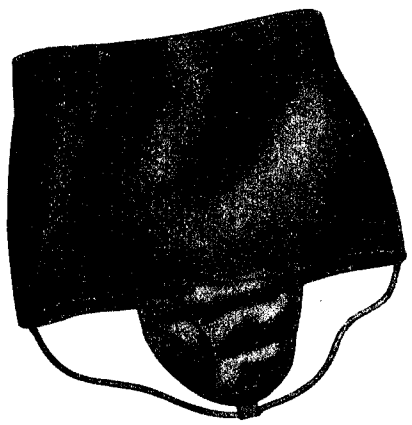
says

William T. Penrod, Miami

"I stand straighter, feel better, thanks to Bracer*/ SUPPORTER BELT!"



That's right, Mr. Penrod! Men in all walks of life report that "BRACER" Supporter Belt helps them look trimmer, feel better, helps relieve fatigue.

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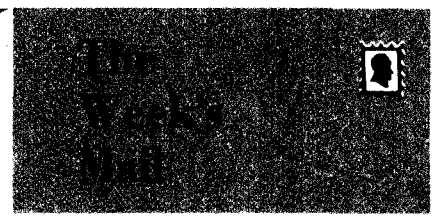

KITTY HAWK: GRAND OLD BIRD

GENTLEMEN: Let me compliment you on the fine narrative on American Aviation (Dec. 25th). Kansas citizens have been actively interested in aviation since its pioneering days. Glenn Martin, President of Martin Aircraft, Earl Schaefer, Vice-President of Boeing, Walter Beech of the Beech Aircraft and Dwight Wallace of Cessna Aircraft are Kansans who have made history in aviation.

FRANK CARLSON, Governor,
State of Kansas

. . . The story of American Aviation seems to contain many interesting side lights which, to my knowledge, have never before been published. There is an intimacy about it seldom attained in an article which deals primarily with a technical subject. I congratulate Collier's for doing such a fine job for the American public.

CARL H. ARBENZ, American School of Aircraft Instruments, Los Angeles

. . . Congratulations on the special aviation issue. You have done an exceptionally fine thing.

GILL ROBB WILSON, N. Y. Herald Tribune, New York City

. . . For its creative beauty and penetrating appreciation, for the luster of its style and the life in its imagery, W. B. Courtney's aviation editorial: Twelve Seconds That Shrank the Earth should be immortalized in American literature.

PROF. ALBERT H. ROSE, Dayton, Ohio

. . . On Dec. 16, 1903, a young reporter representing Collier's came to Edenton en route to Kitty Hawk. This young man had

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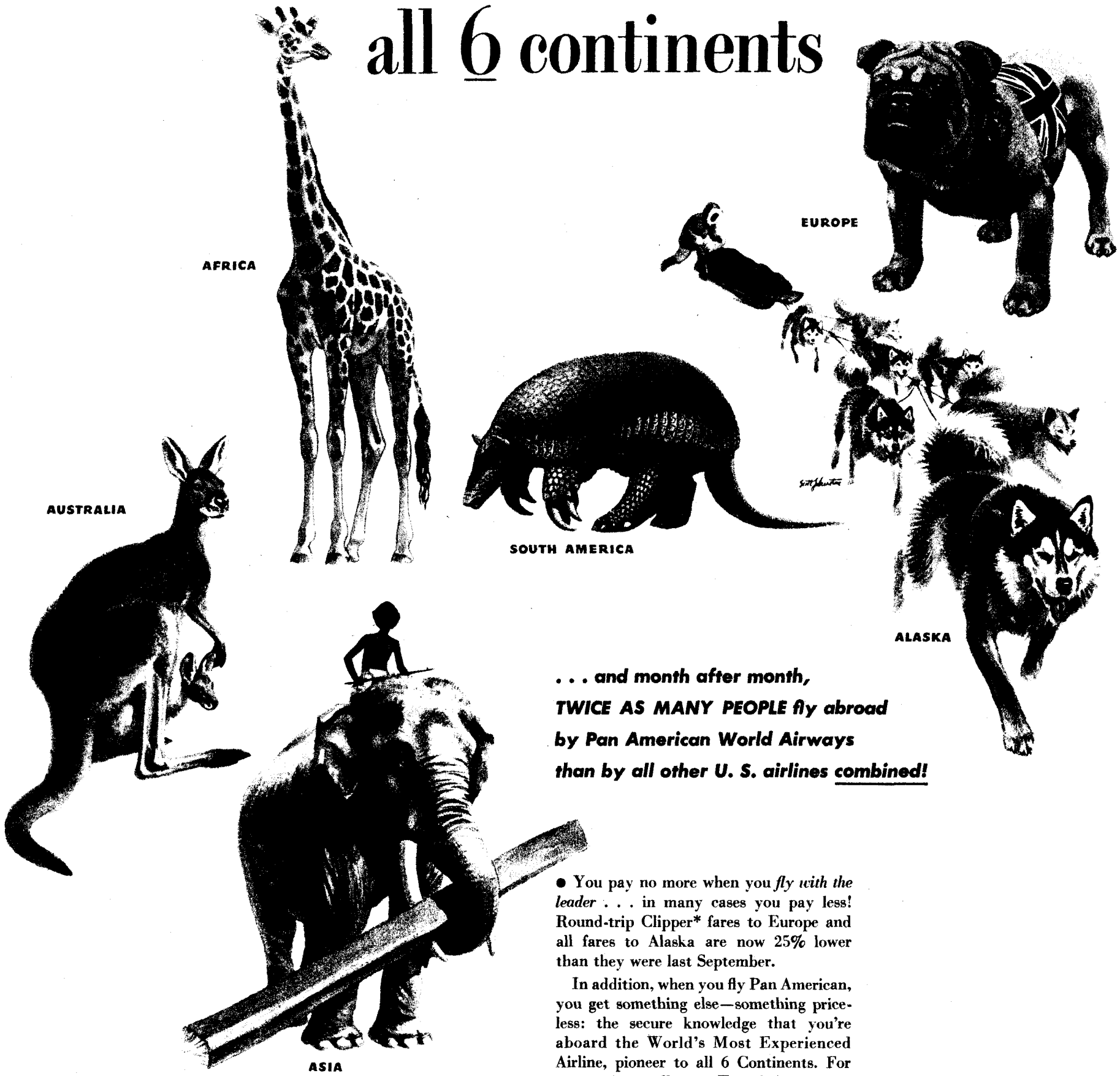

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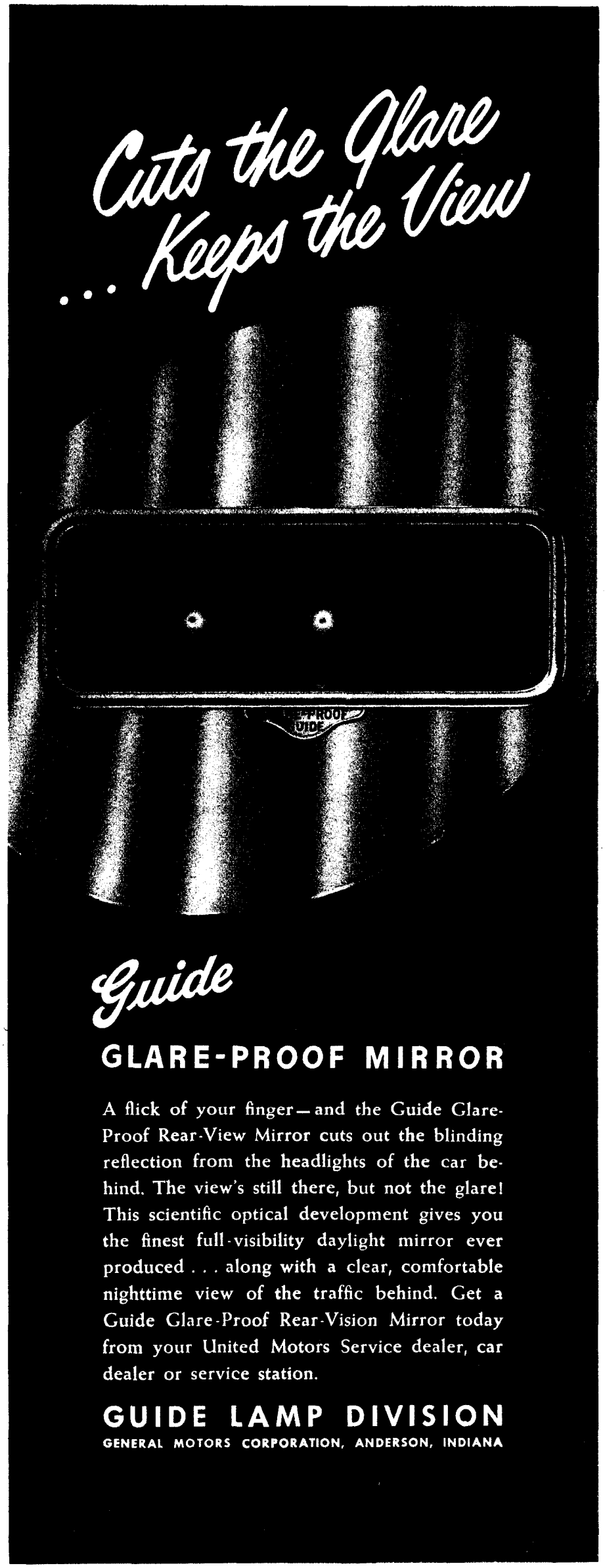
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met my sweetheart while she was on a visit to Orange, New Jersey, and called by to see her on his way to Kitty Hawk. You can appreciate why his visit to Edenton, North Carolina, made much an impression on this then lovelorn swain. I was under the impression that his was the first magazine article on the subject of this memorable first flight.

After I lost the girl I forgot his name. Congratulations on the great contribution your publication has given to aviation.

J. H. McMULLAN, Edenton, N. C.

TRY THE GRAND CENTRAL INFORMATION SERVICE

EDITOR COLLIER'S: A great man has told us the greatest study of mankind is man. For a long time I have tried to reason out and deduce certain facts from this statement; but it is beyond my mental grasp.

Most of all, I would like to know why *does a man think what he thinks?*

OWEN SAUNDERS, Gainesville, Texas

THE GHOST WALKS, TALKS, ETC.

DEAR SIRS: In Warren Phillips' This Week's Preview (Nov. 27th) he comments that Bob Hope and Mad-Man Muntz have purchased the ghost gold-mining town of Henderson, Nevada.

Since Henderson is the third largest city in the State of Nevada and has a population of 6,000, we are a little curious as to how we became known as a gold-mining ghost town. There have never been any gold mines near this city. We are the home of the Basic Magnesium Plant. Where did they get the necessary $27,000,000 to buy the plant? We would also like to know just how they intend to support our population? Where will they get the necessary money to maintain the 1,000 homes and 157 apartments? Hope has been a visitor to Las Vegas—a suburb of Henderson—many times, and we suggest that the next time he calls at that city he drive the eleven miles to Henderson and see just how ghostlike we are. G. W. BYRNE, Chamber of Commerce, Henderson, Nev.

DEAR SIR: After reading Mr. Byrne's letter about what a progressive city Henderson is, all I can gasp is that we're sorry that Henderson *isn't* the "ghost" town we bought.

Mr. Byrne says that it would take $27,000,000 to buy the magnesium plant. That's a lot of magnesium and my agent wouldn't know what to do with his ten per cent. There's only one man I know who could afford to buy it at the price, Bing Crosby.

As for the ghost town Mad-Man Muntz and I reputedly bought, the sale never got beyond the talking stage after we found out that the ghost town actually didn't exist. However, the papers "bought" it for us. So we've even had offers to sell the town at a handsome profit but my brother Jack stopped the sale when he reminded me about the sheriff. Thanks for the memory.

BOB HOPE, Hollywood, Calif.

HOW TRUMAN DID IT

SIR: In Mr. Charles G. Ross's How Truman Did It (Dec. 25th) you say that the President's press secretary, having read all the "experts' " reasons for "Truman's surprising victory . . . scoffs. There was only one reason—Truman."

I must be insensitive, for I do not find a single scoff in Mr. Ross's story. It impresses me as a sober, circumstantial picture of Mr. Truman fighting against the worst of all odds—a defeatist spirit. His campaign points up the fact that a man's personal faith and his courage in acting on it are among the ultimate social forces.

On the other side it must be said that Mr. Ross does not make enough of that which Truman's faith was faith *in*. Would the nation have chosen him, and not a rival, if he had dedicated the same personal qualities to the beliefs of the Dixiecrats and the Republicans? His campaign convinced the people that he could contribute more toward the Americanization of the still un-Americanized portions of the nation than either of his opponents.

HORACE M. KALLEN, The New School for Social Research, New York City

DOWN WITH ILSE

DEAR SIR: Re: the boy who deserted under the horrors of combat, horrors which we civilians can't even imagine (Our Not So Innocents in Paris, Dec. 18th), you speak of his being punished "to the end of time." I could not help thinking of Ilse Koch and people like that whose punishments are nicely limited. And these men who were willing to sell us out to Russia. I am sure that their punishment won't be "to the end of time." Some who tortured and killed our boys will one day find their way to our country and settle down in jobs here. Why not amnesty for these boys of ours?

FLORENCE M. BAKER, Pasadena, California

. . . Our Not So Innocents in Paris omits one important group of Americans who remained in Paris. They are the thieves and murderers. All the deserters in Paris are not Private Milquetoasts who walked away from the unpleasantness of battle.

When there are gun battles in the streets it is likely that Americans are responsible and not French criminals imitating the gangster movies we have exported. Mr. Burdick might look up a girl named Rosie who worked in Headquarters ETOUSA. Rosie was engaged to a big MP sergeant. One week before the wedding her sergeant was assigned to escort a deserter across Paris. En route, the deserter grabbed the sergeant's pistol and killed him. In the ensuing excitement, the deserter got away.

JOHN E. WARD, Appleton, Wis.

THE FRENCH HAVE A FEW WORDS FOR US

DEAR SIR: I was very surprised to find George Kent (The French Have a Phrase For It—SVP, Dec. 4th) saying: "That this last word of machine age services should have come into being *in Paris*, home of screwball literary movements, abstract painting, and perfume *is a little ironic.*"

Does George Kent forget we have had *ours*, Pasteur, Curie, Bertillon, Braille, etc., from which all the world have benefit of their discoveries. It is a wonder you are employing such "ignorants" to write such articles in your magazine.

What a propaganda he is making for it!

M. J. DIDIER, Bridgeport, Conn.

HOW TO COOK AN AUTHOR

SIRS: Ma, I'm gnashing my teeth over My Life in a Cooking School (Dec. 25th). Hasn't Stanley Frank ever heard of a budget? His recipe for beef stew, presumably an economy dish, would currently cost about $4.76

in San Francisco. What's more, he soaks his PANS in olive oil!

I have yet to see a male who can turn out something really good, cheaply, with neatness and dispatch. *Women* on the other hand have since time immemorial cooked healthful, flavorful dishes with ingredients at hand and a minimum of utensils.

I'm sure that it was the cave*woman* who got tired of the evil-smelling hunks of meat her spouse tossed her to stick on the spit and seasoned them with fragrant grasses.

A poor, butterless, olive oil-less, duckless, brandy-less housewife.

MRS. MARIANNE BERTANI, San Francisco, Calif.

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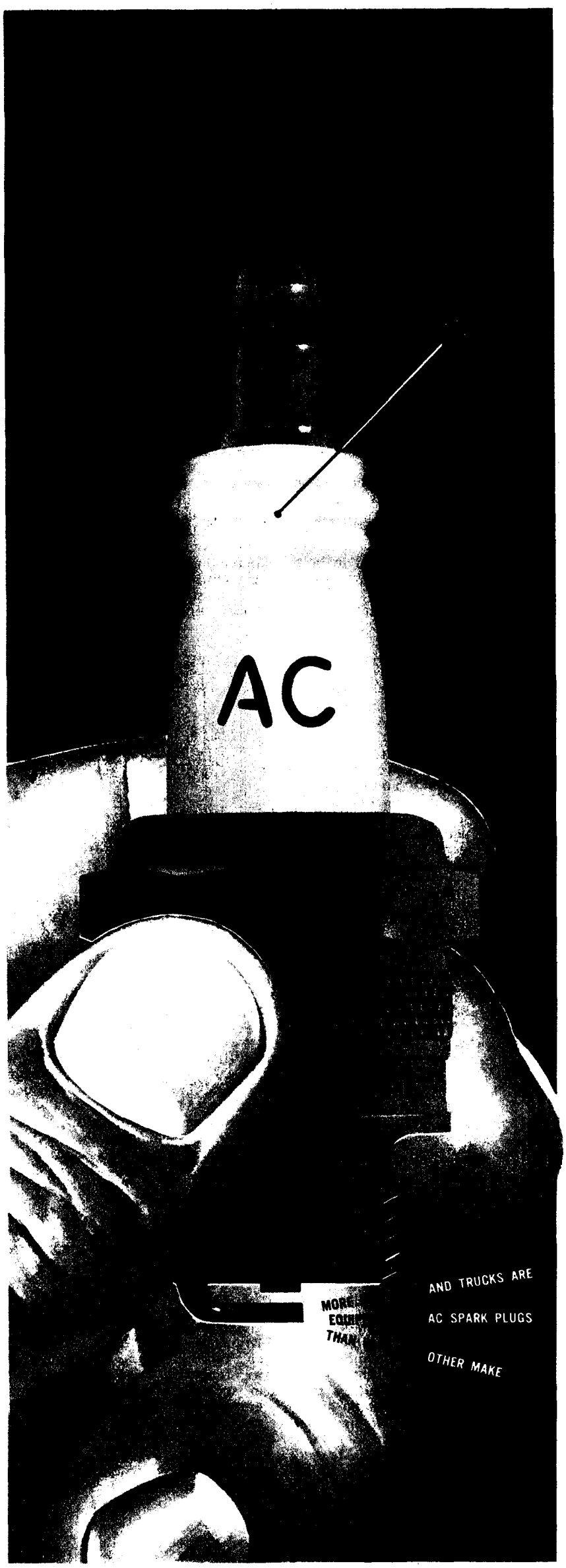

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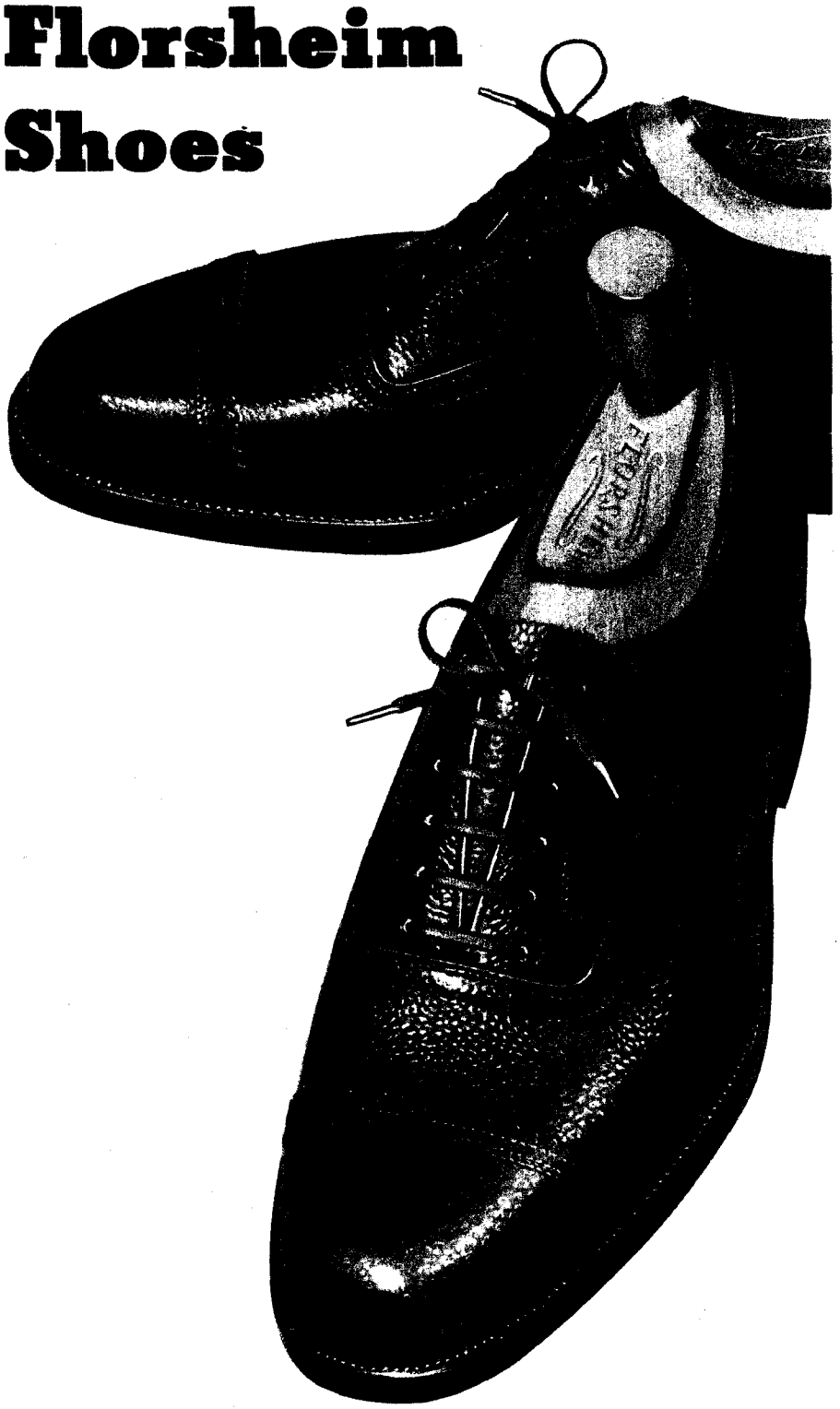
Florsheim Shoes



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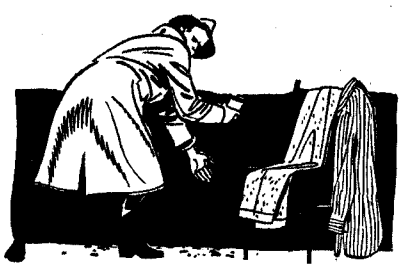
★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

A BAFFLING MURDER, still unsolved, was that of twenty-year-old Leila Welch who was killed in her home in Kansas City, Missouri, at about three o'clock on the morning of March 9, 1941. The girl was well-educated, serious-minded and had no close men friends nor any known enemies, and no motive for her murder was found. Yet the killer, who had entered her first-floor bedroom through a window, crushed in both sides of her head with a heavy instrument and slashed her throat and many other parts of her body with a razor-sharp knife. This violence and the fact that no criminal attack was attempted indicated that the man had intensely hated his victim. To frustrate the police, the murderer left behind a dozen phony clues in the room and in the back yard. Among them were a man's shirt and a pair of trousers that the killer had picked out of the trash can of a prominent citizen, a stonemason's hammer and a butcher knife which *were not* the weapons used, and a pair of cotton work gloves which had so little blood on them that they could not have been worn, it seemed, while the crime was being committed. Lastly, the killer contemptuously sprinkled the floor with scores of butts of cigarettes of different brands that had been smoked at different times by different persons.



POTATOES, for months at a time, were the exclusive diet of many families in Ireland until the latter part of the 19th century. The people were so poor that they could not afford any other food, not even salt. Consequently, they would "dine on potatoes and point": pretending that they added a flavor to each mouthful by pointing at a bottle in the center of the table which contained a little salt, a piece of cheese or a preserved bit of fish or bacon. Children who had been guilty of misbehaving were sometimes punished by being forbidden to add the imaginary flavor by pointing at the bottle.

OF MANY MONARCHS who were so insane that they had to be kept in locked and barred rooms during their reigns, the last one was Otto, King of Bavaria (1886–1913). One of his favorite pastimes was to open drawers and hold conversations with the spirits he believed inhabited them. Another was to shoot a peasant every morning, a whim he was able to gratify with the unsuspected aid of his two guards. One would bring Otto a gun loaded with blanks, while the other would disguise himself and hide in the bushes on the lawn. When seeing Otto waiting at the window, he would stroll into view and drop "dead" upon hearing the shot.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

A STORY ABOUT the original American bathtub, which Henry L. Mencken wrote in the New York Evening Mail on December 28, 1917, "never thinking it would be taken seriously," is probably the only piece of fiction to have its "facts" so widely accepted. He stated that the tub was the first stationary one in this country with its own pump and drain, and gave an elaborate account of its innovation and how it came to be "purchased by Adam Thompson and installed in his mansion in Cincinnati in 1842." It was details such as these, seemingly too easily checked to be false, that made the public believe the historical accuracy of Mencken's "conceit." In his second section, part of which purported to deal with "reactions to the news," he mentioned real names and places, and threw in "facts" like the following: The medical world immediately denounced the bathtub as a menace to health . . . Boston enacted an ordinance prohibiting its use except on the advice of a physician . . . Virginia established a $30 tax on installations . . . Hartford, Connecticut, and other cities passed laws providing for extra rates for water used in such tubs. Despite Mencken's numerous attempts since to kill the preposterous story, it has been used as true countless times in speeches, newspapers, magazines, books, fact cartoons, government publications and even standard reference works.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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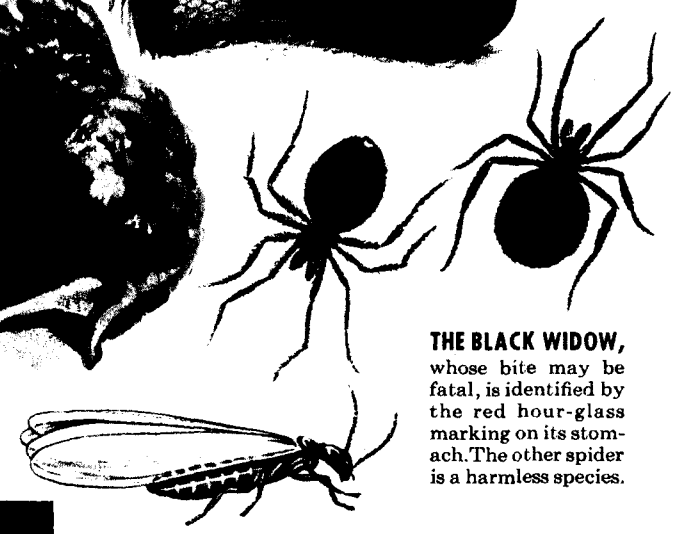
FROG OR TOAD?
They're so much alike that some species are called toads by some people and frogs by others. However, frogs usually have smooth, moist skins and webbed hind feet. Most toads have rough, "warty" skins, and less webbing between their toes.

BLUEBERRY OR HUCKLEBERRY?
Numerous minute seeds distinguish the blueberry (*left*) from the huckleberry which contains only ten much larger seeds.

THEY LOOK ALIKE, BUT...
the poisonous coral snake (*top*) has red bands bordered by yellow rings. The harmless scarlet king snake has red bands bordered by black rings.



THE BLACK WIDOW,
whose bite may be fatal, is identified by the red hour-glass marking on its stomach. The other spider is a harmless species.

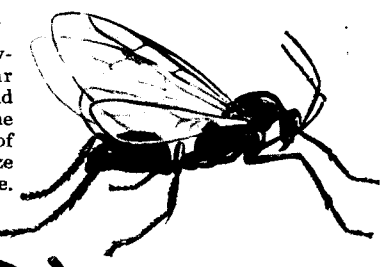
When you see these "look alikes"

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify which is which

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History.

ANT OR TERMITE?
The termite in the flying stage has four equal-sized wings and a straight body. The ant has two sets of wings of different size and a thin waistline.

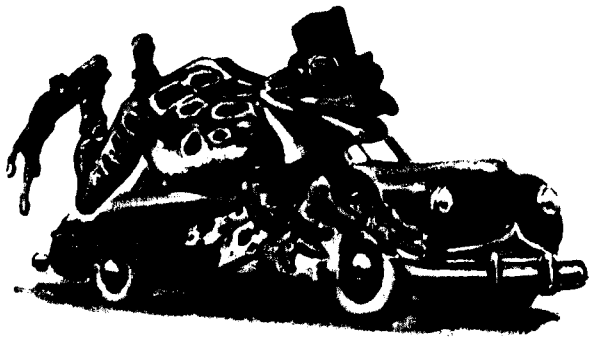


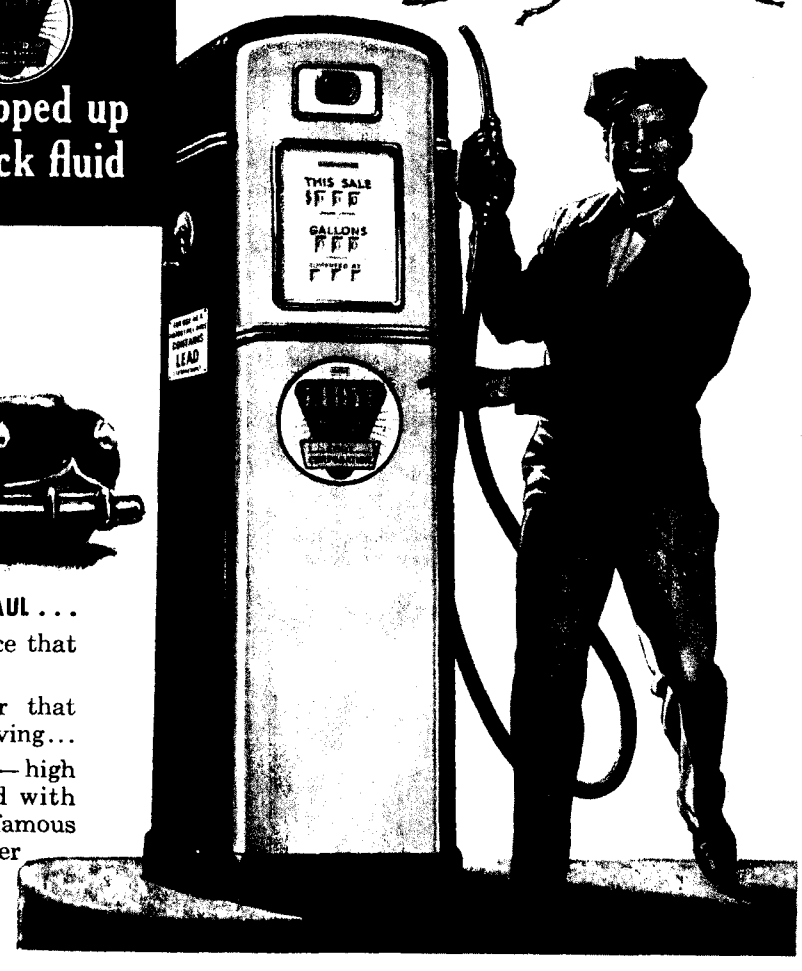
LEOPARD OR JAGUAR?
You can quickly distinguish a jaguar from a leopard because the jaguar is marked with rosettes (black spots within black rings). The leopard's spots do not form rosettes.

When you buy gasoline . . .

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid





ON A SHORT HOP OR A LONG HAUL . . .

get eager, alert performance that snaps you through traffic . . .

feel smooth-flowing power that adds pleasure to open-road driving . . .

ask for "Ethyl" gasoline — high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION
Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

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Her eyes seldom stray from the man with P.A.*

● The ladies have a way of paying special attention to the man who smokes a pipe. And when you add Prince Albert to that pipe of yours—man, you've connected with real smoking joy and comfort.

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal means Prince Albert

● When you buy that familiar red pocket tin of P.A., you've got the National Joy Smoke—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco. Choice, crimp cut tobacco specially treated to insure against tongue bite. It's a great day when you light up P.A.!

The NEW HUMIDOR TOP—locks OUT the air—locks IN the freshness and flavor.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
"YOU CAN'T BEAT P.A. FOR 'MAKIN'S'! ROLLS UP NEAT AND FAST INTO A SWELL-TASTING CIGARETTE!"

The National Joy Smoke

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *The Girl With Blowing Hair is Nancy Liljenstein, 17, and John Mechling made the shot in a capricious wind over the Laguna, California, hills. "One minute Nancy's hair streamed like the flag on Iwo Jima, next we'd have a lovely, blond sheep dog," says Mechling. "We shot on the first."*

WE CAUGHT up with the itchy-footed George F. Worts (The Three-Cornered Heart, p. 30) midst the pineapple-flavored sunshine of Lanikai, Oahu, T. H., and somehow our request for a data or two made him feel the years. It seems that about 30 years ago, George sold his first yarn to Collier's, and since that day he's poured out plenty of exciting stuff for us, including four serials, mostly during his travels. Twice in that time he's tripped to the Far East for Collier's, the last occasion finding him held up by the war for a spell in the badly blasted installations of Hawaii.

"Yes, I've written for others," he cries from the windward side of Oahu, "but I'm a stanch, consistent Collier's man. With any sort of luck, I'll probably keep writing for Collier's till I drop."

STOP VERY LITTLE HAPPENS TO ME BETWEEN APPEARANCES IN COLLIER'S I SIMPLY GROW OLDER STOP I HAVE THE SAME FOUR CHILDREN, SAME HOUSE, LIVE IN THE SAME TOWN AS LAST TIME STOP I'VE CAUGHT NO SPIES, BUILT NO MOUSE TRAPS AND BUTTERED NO PARSNIPS STOP AS THIS IS BEING SENT TO YOU AT THE CHRISTMAS SEASON I MAKE BOLD TO ASK IF YOU WILL BE MY VALENTINE IF YOU ACCEPT IT WILL SERVE YOU RIGHT STOP PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE STOP. FAITH BALDWIN.

This revealing message came in response to ours as follows:

HEY BALDWIN YOU LOVELY APPLE KICK THROUGH WITH LATEST DOPE ON YOURSELF AND TIME TO MOURN (p. 23) FOR AVID READERS OR I'LL "BOO DOWN YOUR CHIMNEY." SANTA CLAUSE.

MR. THOMAS WHITESIDE, who lays bare the gory insides of A Murder a Minute (p. 28) admits his specialty to date has been what the social science profs fancily call "the media of mass communications"—press, radio, movies, etc. He's done several pieces on the frantic folkways of the advertising agencies which glut New York's Madison Avenue ("Ulcer Gulch" to the trade).

"Right now am working on a book prodding some of the totems of American culture," he reveals, "—radio VP's, Hollywood producers, top-echelon hucksters, society columnists, and authors of Self-Improvement books."

Otherwise Mr. Whiteside was born on the Scottish borders, served with the Toronto Star, analyzed enemy propaganda for the OWI, and afterward was a reporter on our stern contemporary, the New Republic.

"Bear no resemblance, however, to the chap in Born Yesterday," adds Mr. W., who still speaks with heather in his mouth. "Am American citizen, second papers. Am not now, and never have been a member of the Vegetarian Party. Am 30, married a delightful French girl, had broiled snails for our wedding breakfast. It's so cold in New York I usually wear two coats."

FOR some years, John E. Gibson, who insists on p. 20 that It's Smart To Be Stupid, has been free-lancing. This is his Collier's first—and he's elated. He's 40, lives at Oxnard, California, and he broke into writing via his hobby: humorous verse. A fair sample:

"So many people
Are so unattractive,
Perhaps birth control
Should be retroactive."

WHEN we asked James Dugan, the portly author of Hell On Ice (p. 16), for some salient facts he sent in 10 different biographies. In one of them he claims that he owes his devotion to such subjects as iceboating to his prep schooling at Hale. Here he won the single scull championships, there being a single scull on the river at the time. Later he was accused of selling football signals to Hale's arch-rival Yarvard, and expelled from the academy. He claims to this day he sold diagrams to Colby Hall.

Dugan later worked his way to Europe on a cattle boat, and brought three guilders the pound in the Antwerp cattle yards, which saw him through two years at Heidelberg. He won his "H" via three saber scars,

David Schiffer tells his story, I Stole a Million (p. 13), to Barney Nagler (back to camera) and Collie Small

and according to biography 6, married the King of Spain's daughter. Tiring of life at court, he took up aviation and became the first man to fly under the Arc de Triomphe (Arch of Triumph) without using hands. Dugan's golf handicap and neck size are the same: 19. He is confident he can beat Joe E. Lewis. . . . TED SHANE

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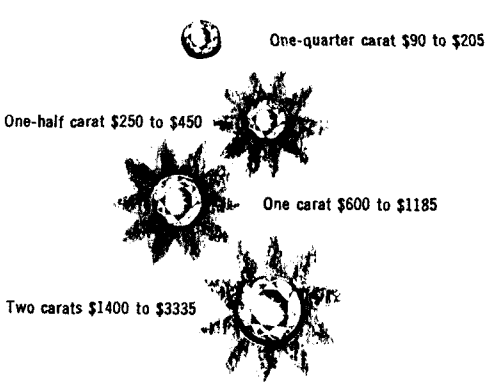
HONEYMOON IN VENICE, ITALY . . . *for centuries young couples have come to this romantic old-world spot to begin their new lives together. Painted for the De Beers Collection by Peter Lauck.*

a Diamond is forever



The above price ranges were developed for your guidance through a nation-wide survey among representative jewelers. Add Federal tax.

No other two in all the world, it seems to them, have known such happy hours. Solemnly they've thrilled at hearing one another voice the marriage vows, gaily they've received the well-wishes of dearest friends . . . now, blissfully they're sharing the first bright days of their new way together. Each precious moment is recorded in the flickering depths of her engagement diamond, to gleam with memories their whole lives through. That is why her diamond, though it need not be costly, or of many carats, should be chosen with care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

N. W. AYER & SON

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Only a **PHILCO** Radio-Phonograph Gives You This

Glorious Concert Hall Realism

This is it . . . utterly matchless perfection of tone as the great new Philco 1613 reproduces the sensational 45 minute records with glorious "Concert Hall" realism, thanks to the exclusive Philco Balanced Fidelity Reproducer. Present records are played automatically by a second tone arm. Yours with genuine Philco FM-AM radio, in classic-modern mahogany console.

When Youre Ready for Television

Enjoy the sharpest, brightest, clearest picture in the industry . . . plus all the advantages that Philco pioneering research brings you . . . automatic tuning . . . Eye-Level viewing ease. Get all that's newest and best . . . buy Philco!

PHILCO *Famous for* QUALITY *the World Over*

TUNE IN Philco Radio Time with Bing Crosby Wednesday evening . . . Philco Television Playhouse Sunday evening. See your newspaper for time and station.

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VOL. [illegible] FEBRUARY 5, 1949

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

David Schiffer, who posed as lawyer, doctor and policeman to gyp insurance companies, appears in his real guise—a captured criminal

Stole A Million

By DAVID SCHIFFER

as told to BARNEY NAGLER and COLLIE SMALL

Several weeks ago, Collier's received a telephone tip that David Schiffer, awaiting sentence to Sing Sing, might be willing to tell the remarkable story of how he bilked insurance companies out of more than a million dollars before he was caught. Negotiations were entered into by grapevine and continued for nearly a week before Schiffer would come out of hiding to meet with the authors.

Apprehensive lest detectives pick him up before the date for his sentencing, Schiffer registered in a Park Avenue hotel under an assumed name. The authors were closeted with him for more than a week while he told, in detail for the first time, his almost incredible story. A stenographer was present at all times, and the following story is told in Schiffer's own peculiar underworld language.

The entire story has been checked against files in the office of the New York district attorney, and against records of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, an organization which investigates fraud against insurance companies.

Matching the best fiction of the Damon Runyon school, this is probably the most unusual true story of its kind ever told.

PART 1 OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

MY RACKET was gypping insurance companies. I got them for a million dollars. Last December I stood up in front of a judge in a New York court and traded the million for four-to-eight in Sing Sing, but it took detectives and fraud investigators fifteen years to tumble to my racket. They knew I was working, but they never knew how. I drove them nuts.

I faked accidents on New York streets. I hired "floppers" and "divers" to make out they had been hit by cars, and then I collected from the insurance companies. I sold doctors and lawyers a bill of goods. I fooled insurance investigators. I made the cops work for me. With nothing but a library of phony X rays I beat every insurance company on the street.

It wasn't easy. I had to study broken bones until I was an expert. I could read X rays. I knew insurance law, so I posed as a legitimate insurance adjuster and fooled my best friends. I even posed as a lawyer and fooled judges in their own courtrooms. Not bad for a guy who never got past the fourth grade in school.

I discovered this insurance racket in the Building of the Forty Thieves in downtown New York. This is a building where a lot of lawyers have offices and a lot of guys hang out looking to make a buck. I met Harry S—— in this building and he taught me the pattern.

At first we were chasing ambulances. I would run into him sometimes when he was going out on a case. He was a con man who originated in Jersey somewhere and he looked like more of a judge than anything else. He was older than me. I wasn't twenty-eight yet. I am forty-four now.

All this was businesslike. We used to get tipped off by city hospitals on accidents, but the competition was tough. There were other guys in the same business. We were able to shake some of them down by using phony cops to chase them, but the lawyers started to get into the racket and that ruined it for us.

S—— knew about fraudulent insurance claims

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

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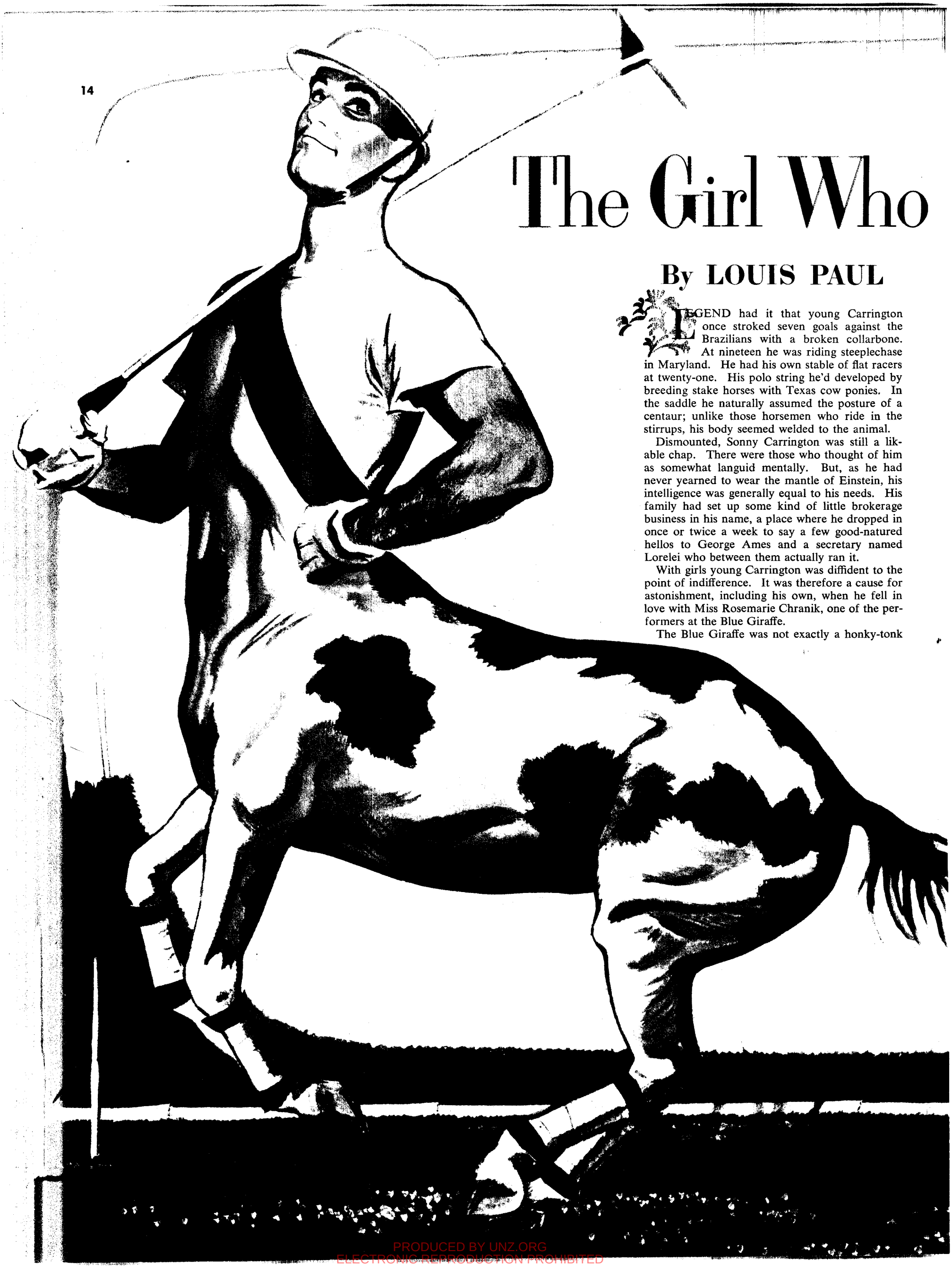

The Girl Who

By LOUIS PAUL

LEGEND had it that young Carrington once stroked seven goals against the Brazilians with a broken collarbone. At nineteen he was riding steeplechase in Maryland. He had his own stable of flat racers at twenty-one. His polo string he'd developed by breeding stake horses with Texas cow ponies. In the saddle he naturally assumed the posture of a centaur; unlike those horsemen who ride in the stirrups, his body seemed welded to the animal.

Dismounted, Sonny Carrington was still a likable chap. There were those who thought of him as somewhat languid mentally. But, as he had never yearned to wear the mantle of Einstein, his intelligence was generally equal to his needs. His family had set up some kind of little brokerage business in his name, a place where he dropped in once or twice a week to say a few good-natured hellos to George Ames and a secretary named Lorelei who between them actually ran it.

With girls young Carrington was diffident to the point of indifference. It was therefore a cause for astonishment, including his own, when he fell in love with Miss Rosemarie Chranik, one of the performers at the Blue Giraffe.

The Blue Giraffe was not exactly a honky-tonk

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Wasn't For Sale

Sonny Carrington's playboy dollars didn't cut any ice with Papa Chranik until Sonny very wisely tossed a wrestler into the struggle for Rosemarie's hand

and not exactly a night club; it was a place washed up on the beach, as one might say, from the old prohibition era. Sonny liked to spend a relaxed evening now and then in one or another of these dives. He generally fell asleep. In the case of Miss Chranik, however, when she came out to do her little specialty number, he found his attention arrested by the admirable way in which her various parts fitted together to form one harmonious whole.

Somewhat shyly young Carrington had invited her out for supper. Rosemarie suggested the Glorioso Roof. Sonny, bored with *filet mignon*, wanted to have hamburgers in a water-front lunch wagon that stood opposite the hiring hall of the Maritime Union. To Rosemarie any mysterious gentleman might be a movie scout, so she went with him. Like most normal girls, she was more or less marking time while waiting to be discovered by Hollywood. Toying with her hamburgers, she warily questioned the bronzed stranger on the nature of his sudden interest.

His interest, he explained, was simply human. He invited her to go for a ride on the Third Avenue elevated. Miss Chranik disliked the Third Avenue elevated. It ran only a block away from the apartment she occupied with her father. But there was something in the behavior of the stranger which intrigued her. Unlike so many men who came into the Blue Giraffe to continue their studies in anatomy, young Carrington was at least physically healthy.

After jerking and rattling the length of Third Avenue, they went and sat on a bench near the East River. It was well lighted and patrolled by a platoon of quiet-mannered but by no means self-effacing policemen. Rosemarie decided that Sonny was a young man who was taking twice the normal number of years to get through college. It was still early but she explained that she was a working girl and had to get plenty of sleep.

Sonny's face fell. He said he'd like to drive her out to Coney Island. Rosemarie couldn't quite understand what had come over her as she found herself walking toward the garage where he'd parked his automobile.

When she saw the car she was sure he was some well-bred sort of racketeer. It was a long, black, square-cut convertible with hardly enough room between the roof and the road to sit upright. The interior was upholstered in crocodile. He apologized for it. "A friend of mine sent it by air from Switzerland. I hate to offend him by not using it." He explained that he disliked ostentation.

Rosemarie fished around until she discovered what ostentation was, then said she disliked it too.

At Coney Island they rode on the merry-go-round, ate a considerable number of hot dogs, and shot a covey of clay pigeons. If there was anything Rosemarie detested more than the Third Avenue el it was Coney Island. It was like a vast centrifugal wringer that whirled you around and left you dehydrated. "Are you rich?" she said at last, the suspicion having slowly formed somewhere in her subconscious mind.

"I'm Sonny Carrington," said Sonny, surprised. "You must know me."

"Not from a hole in the ground," said Rosemarie candidly.

He explained who he was.

"I thought there was something funny about you," she declared.

"I'm not very good with words," Sonny told her. "Ever since I saw you at the Blue Giraffe I knew— I knew that I wanted— Well, there you are. I had to see you, to— Well, to make a long story short, I'd like very much to marry you."

"Oh?" said Rosemarie. "And do you marry very frequently, Mr. Carrington?"

He was puzzled. "Not up until now. I've hardly had the time for it."

MUCH as she detested Coney Island, the night had cast its spell upon her and the barkers' cries of "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" had hypnotized her mind. Hypnotized as it was, her next question nevertheless was a practical one: "Do you happen to have a yacht, Mr. Carrington?"

"Well, I keep a boat, if that's what you mean. A fifteen-hundred-tonner. I don't use the Seaspray very often. A couple of years ago we took her to Cuba and Haiti and so forth."

A feeling that was terribly akin to love welled up in Rosemarie. "Are you sure you aren't crazy?" she asked.

"Quite sure."

"But—but I hardly know you," she protested. "Or, to put it another way, you hardly know me."

"I hardly knew Chance Remark when I bought her, but she won both the Harkness and the Belmont Mile," said Sonny. "I mean—well, I mean, there it is."

Back in the city they found a Good Humor man dozing against his wagon. In certain states of enchantment, the stomach can stand anything. "This is a millionaire," Rosemarie told the Good Humor man as they ate their ice creams.

"That's okay," said the G.H. man tolerantly.

It was late, but neither of them had ever been in love before. When morning came they were sitting on the steps of St. Mark's In-The-Bouwerie. Sonny was explaining that the birthday of thoroughbreds always falls on January first regardless of when they are foaled. Rosemarie wanted to know if Sonny's fortune was in his own name, or whether he depended upon the pleasure of his parents.

Sonny assured her his income was an independent one. What, Rosemarie asked, would his society friends think when they discovered he was marrying a night-club dancer? Sonny made it clear that his society friends didn't spend much of their time thinking.

"I hope Papa approves," said Rosemarie. "He's pretty terribly strict. He'll want to know where I met you."

"Papa?"

"We're sort of—well, I guess you would say,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

In the saddle he naturally assumed the posture of a centaur; unlike those horsemen who ride in the stirrups, his body seemed welded to the animal

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL MILROY

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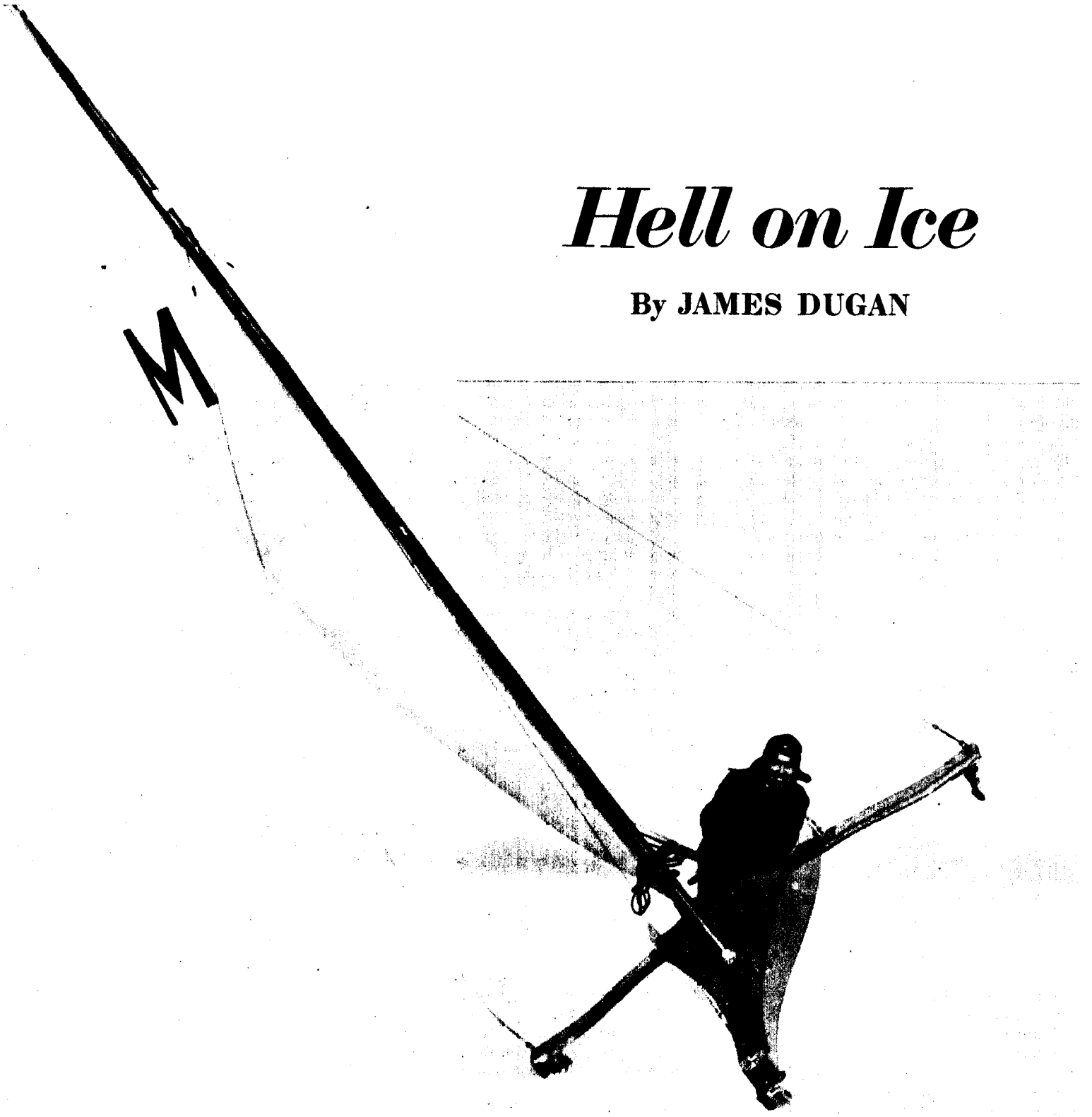
Hell on Ice

By JAMES DUGAN



J. JULIUS FANTA

If anyone finds straight iceboating dull, he can relieve boredom by hiking his windward runner the way Bill Mereness is doing on Wisconsin's Lake Geneva

Barring airplanes and racing cars there's nothing faster than the iceboat. From Maine to Minnesota winterbound kids are hot rodding over lakes and rivers to the whine of skates and the shrill screaming of furious winds

BOB TOWERS

The cold winds and stinging snow particles an iceboater must face dictate this weird-looking gear

A MOODY citizen of White Bear Lake, Minnesota, stood on the shore of the frozen lake and pointed to a weird object pelting across the ice. The thing was a jumble of poles and canvas and looked like a circus tent being carried off in a cyclone. It was traveling about eighty miles an hour. A human being clung saucily to the end of it.

"That's Jerome LeVasseur," said the local. "I don't get that young fellow. He was a glider pilot in the war. Steered one full of soldiers and cannons to France in the dark, intending to get there before the boats arrived next morning for the invasion. Jerome took the glider down and hit all kinds of poles and ditches the Germans had put there.

"Well, sir, he got all those boys down alive but they was spang in the middle of a German camp and they all got captured. You'd think that would teach him. But it didn't. There he is, back to iceboating again."

Jerome LeVasseur belongs to the White Bear Lake chapter of the oldest and nuttiest speed fraternity in the United States—the ice yachtsmen. The only man-made carriers that can beat an angry ice yacht are airplanes and racing cars, which are aided somewhat by employing motors. Racing motorboats won't do it.

Sir Malcolm Campbell and Gar Wood, who pushed hydroplanes at 141 and 125 miles an hour, respectively, were both topped back in 1908 by an old-fashioned, sampan-type iceboat named the Clarel, which was clocked at 144 miles an hour on the Shrewsbury River, New Jersey. The iceboat did it without a motor.

This year the iceboat is booming back after some off years when goose-pimple pilots like Jerome LeVasseur were helping win the war. From White Bear Lake to Great Pond, Maine, five thousand skate craft are cutting ice in the biggest racing season since the fabled days of the Hudson River ice fleet 60 years ago. In those days Franklin D. Roosevelt's uncle, John A., raced the biggest galleon ever seen on ice, the 69-foot Icycle with a sail half the size of a tennis court. If you doubt it, go to the F.D.R. Memorial Library at Hyde Park; the Icycle is on display there, along with a cup won in 1912 by the future President's 28-foot ice racer, the Hawk.

Today the iceboat comes smaller, with bedsheet-size sails, and thousands of speed merchants can afford them. Uncle John Roosevelt probably spent

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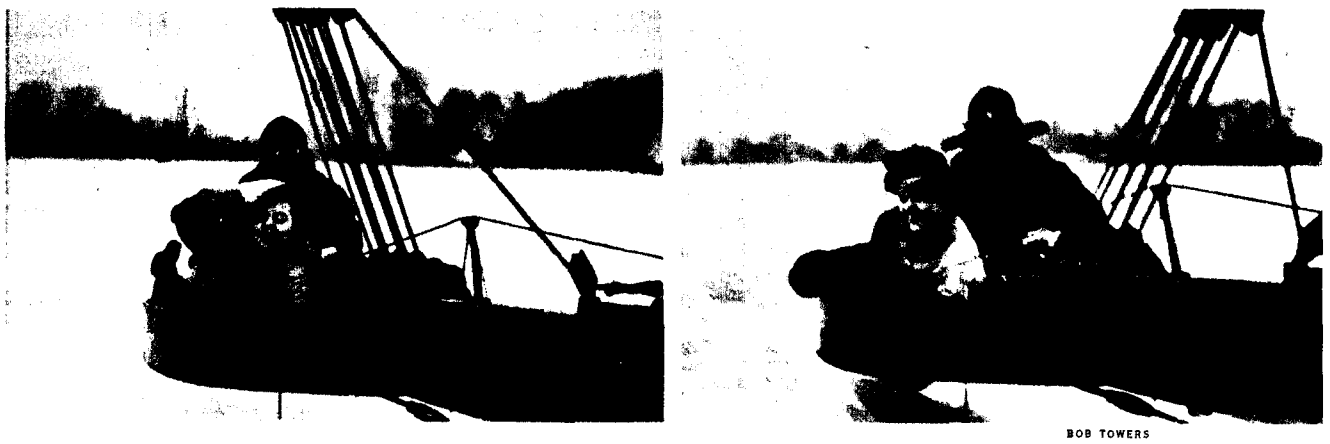
R. H. LARSON

An iceboat race on Lake Winnebago in Wisconsin draws a cross section of frozen fans from ages 7 to 70

Louise Flattery scrambles aboard the Black Ace on Lake St. Clair, Michigan, for a spine-chilling ride



BOB TOWERS

with Louis Hagen. A fine breeze whips the boat across pebble ice at 60 m.p.h. and off goes Louise's tam

$10,000 on the Icycle. Today, kids on Lake St. Clair at Detroit are beating his speeds with home-made boats of the small DN-class which cost less than $100.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin's, Chuck Nevitt, the handsome young skipper of the Flying Dutchmen, a 124-mile-an-hour ice yacht, says, "You have to be half crazy to get in one of these things. Hell, raise that percentage a little."

Chuck described the 1948 Northwestern Ice Yacht Regatta on Lake Winnebago: "Wonderful racing. Thirty-seven mile winds! Hard, glary ice. The heats got off to a swell start. The big Deuce IV from Detroit broke in two. Four A-boats turned over rounding pylons. One of them went into a spin and shot the pilot a hundred yards; he spun like a top with his arms and legs in the air. A photographer got his leg broke by a runner plank.

"A Cub plane tried to land on the ice. It went out of control and the prop chewed the back end off a car. Tom Anger's boat crashed a newsreel truck and put a runner clean through a rear tire. Bob Brenn hit a buoy with the Blue Bill. The thing flew up and came down on the cockpit but didn't hit Bob. Great regatta," Chuck concluded, "nobody went through the ice."

Lest anxious mothers dash out on the ice and remove the next iceboat generation by the ear, they should be assured that the veteran skippers make sure the novices really learn the art before they are allowed to handle a two-mile-a-minute iceboat.

More Like Flying Than Yachting

Iceboating isn't exactly yachting: it's more like flying. An iceboat will travel seven or eight times faster than a sailboat. It will skim the ice three or four times the speed of the wind. The boom does not have to be handled in nearly as wide an arc as that on a sailboat because of aerodynamic construction —streamlined fuselage; raked-back, curved, hollow mast; and sails which are held in a rigid curved form by inserting wooden battens in slots in the cloth. Iceboat designers employ the principle of the airfoil or wing; in fact, successful ice yachts have been built which do away with canvas sails entirely in favor of an upright, plywood airfoil shaped like an airplane wing.

The iceboat travels on three knife-edged runners, which cut down surface drag to practically nothing. Running before a smart wind, the boat builds up momentum until its speed doubles that of the wind. Using a basic principle of physics, it keeps piling on wind and translating it into even higher speeds.

The biggest thrill in ice racing is to catch the wind so that the windward siderunner "hikes" up in the air. With the skate high in the air, the craft speeds on two runners, sometimes heeled over at a 45-degree angle. This is a good point at which to mind your sheets and tiller because the boat won't tilt much farther without coming down in a pile of toothpicks and shreds of sail.

On a medium-sized craft the pilot will drop about ten feet in a spill. On the huge Hudson River types it is not advisable to bail out at all, but ride the runaway lumber pile until she stops. The cockpit on these heavyweight boats is shaped like a big, bearpaw snowshoe and has a web bottom to clutch in case of a spin or spill.

When a boat the size of the 42-foot Flying Dutchmen goes over on her mast, it takes twenty-five men and two cars to put her back on her skates, if she isn't completely shattered.

If you go through a hole in the ice, there is a special award. You join the Hell-Diver's Club, which is iceboating's Caterpillar Club. Jumping cracks in the ice is one way of flirting with membership in the club and also of relieving boredom.

The crack-jumper must gauge the width of the crack as he roars toward it. If it is wider than the length of his runners, he adds a prayer. Stubbing the toe of a skate in a crack usually results in the skipper's being carried home on a piece of his sail.

Iceboating is primarily a stag party. Although the ladies do race now and then here and there, most of the girls feel that the sport is a plot against connubial bliss. At last year's International Skeeter Regatta at Hamilton, Ontario, the hosts, to placate the ladies, went so far as to hold a dance. It produced a new world's record in wallflowers. The men huddled at the far end of the hall, sharpening their runner skates to the music.

Alexander "Red" Bryan of Waterbury, Connecticut, has a great idea to preserve iceboating and at the same time pacify neglected wives. Whereas most boats are single-seaters, Red is promoting the Yankee type, which holds two people, side-by-side. His sociable or necking type boat appeals to the ladies because it is cute and to the men because it is fast. It can be bought complete for a little over $700, or you can get enough parts to build your own for about $300.

The Detroit News started pushing poor men's iceboating in 1936 by publishing plans of a neat little craft which was to originate a new class, the DN, after the initials of the paper. The result has been hundreds of new speedsters in the Lake St. Clair fleet, now the largest in the country. Out of the DN design came the new phenomenon, the Renegade boat, developed by Elmer Millenbach.

In its first year, the original Renegade II of this type won all seven Detroit trophies, the world's championship in the Skeeter International, and finished second in the Northwest Regatta. It took first the next year.

Renegades are springing up all over now. The little champ is only 16 feet long and carries 78 square feet of sail. You can carry two of them on a car top, as kids in the Middle West do on week ends, when dashing around the country looking for fast ice. The little Renegades are a long way from the big boats of 50 years ago that had to be carried on railroad flatcars.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)

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olliers
STAR
TORY

TIGER T

A story about a little boy who got lost in a city jungle, and how he found his way home

THE birth of Emilio was a great embarrassment to his mother, whose husband had been absent for three years with the army in Morocco and was shortly expected home on leave. So as soon as the child was weaned she sold him to the gypsy woman who begged at the corner of the Calle Larios. The *gitana* wrapped him in dirty rags and squeezed upon his face and arms some juice from the stem of a wild yellow poppy called Chelidonium. This raised large blisters which gave him a pitiable appearance though they did him no permanent harm. The *gitana* then took up her accustomed station at the street corner bearing the blistered baby in her arms.

Whenever a prosperous-looking passer-by came near she tweaked the baby's bottom, which made him howl. Then she held him out under the very nose of the passer-by and chanted in her professional whining voice: "See, *Señor,* the *niño* cries because he is hungry." The child's horrible tatters, the stench of his wrappings, and his loud cries excited such compassion that the gypsy's takings were doubled. Moreover her victims were so frightened of infection—for the blisters simulated smallpox—that they never waited long enough to search through their pockets for the smallest coin. She prospered greatly, and apart from the pinchings and blisterings she treated the child with kindness and even with a sort of affection, crooning him to sleep every night with the old, monotonous gypsy songs.

Indeed he thrived so well in her care that he soon became too heavy for her withered arms to hold, and she was compelled to buy another baby. Thereafter, when she went begging, Emilio was left at home, and in her smelly hovel he crawled, toddled, played, had whooping cough and measles, and acquired some useful immunities against the diseases of which more pampered brats frequently die. As his world grew wider he continued his education in the yard at the rear of the hovel, where he picked up from the neighbors some startling swear words, played at bullfights with a mongrel puppy, and discovered a god.

The object of his worship was an old, broken-down *pelota* player called José, dying of drink and other excesses, whose cottage abutted on the bottom end of the yard. This José possessed a chair with a broken leg, which he shored up with a packing case and upon which he sat for most of the day, slumbering, dreaming and remembering in the sun. From time to time, when his memories crowded most insistently upon him, he would take the boy Emilio upon his knee and tell him wonderful stories. Tigers, elephants, cobras and pythons peopled these tales, for in his youth a strange chance had taken the *pelota* player into the Malayan jungle.

A promoter of the game had paid his fare to Shanghai, where *pelota* was exceedingly popular. There José had met a visiting raja who on a sudden whim had employed him to introduce it into his kingdom. The raja, who did nothing by halves, built a *pelota* court two hundred and fifty yards long in the grounds of his palace and rewarded with gold and dancing girls the young men who showed the greatest aptitude under José's teaching. The raja watched it from a gilded box hung with the rarest tapestries; in another box, only slightly less gorgeous, the raja's fifteen wives giggled and applauded behind their veils; a score of musicians played upon silver instruments an air which had been specially composed to match the urgent rhythm of the game.

"Very strange it was," José mused, "to close your eyes and listen to the thud of the ball just as you might hear it in Madrid or Bilbao; and then suddenly to open your eyes and see the elephant standing there, and the monkeys and the long-tailed parakeets watching the game from the tops of the tall jungle trees."

It was at this point in the story that Emilio generally interrupted: "Tell me about the jungle, José! Tell me about the tigers!"

And José would gravely nod his head, for of all tropical phenomena the vastness of the jungle, and the ferocity of its teeming population, had impressed itself upon him most. He had once been lost, for a few hours, in the green wilderness which lay all around the raja's palace; and the horror of this experience had never left him. "A fearful place is the jungle, my little one—" And then he would describe the emerald twilight beneath the trees and the hot green smell of it, the swishings in the long grass and the chitter-chatter in the treetops, and all the sounds which never cease by night or day, whistlings, wailings, chirrupings, screechings, purrings, howlings, braying, roarings.

HE WOULD describe, too, the various beasts which made these sounds, and draw them with the point of his stick in the dust at his feet. Very savage they looked as he pictured them.

"For you must know, little one, that all these beasts are perpetually at war. It is a war with a million casualties a day which had no beginning and will never have an end. Oh, I have shuddered to listen to it as I lay awake under my mosquito net! First you hear a hungry howl, like this—" And Emilio's eyes grew wide with delicious terror as old José imitated the devilish shriek of a hyena. "And then perhaps the whole jungle echoes to a mighty roar—" He roared so loud that Emilio nearly jumped out of his skin.

"And next comes the dreadful silence when every living creature waits, and waits, and waits, for the squeal which dies almost before it is born. Then all the jungle noises suddenly break loose again as if the beasts are glad that the waiting is over, and above all these noises the tiger roars, once, twice, three times, to tell the jungle he has made his kill. At last all the other noises die away, and you hear this one, which is the worst of the lot. Listen!"

Emilio would lay his head against José's body so that he could hear the tiger purring in his belly, a wonderful deep rumbling purr, like a cat's, only louder, and so full of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN [illegible]

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The girl was warm and scented, and Emilio who had never smelled perfume before, nor known any embrace, stopped his crying

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Brilliance may aid you in achieving a degree but you don't need it to win a damsel

It's Smart to be Stupid

By JOHN E. GIBSON

The people with low-powered brain boxes have the best of it, says Science. They worry less than the brighter boys, sleep far better, get well much quicker and know not the tortures of the bored

SCIENCE has discovered that in many ways it's better to be stupid than to have plenty of stuff on the ball. In fact it would appear, in the light of the most recent findings, that a high I.Q. is a definite liability, and a sluggish brain is as much of an asset as two guardian angels and cash in the bank.

If you're slightly weak in the brain box, you're likely to be happier and live longer. You'll recover from illness quicker, be able to get along with a lot less sleep, be less subject to boredom and insomnia —and you'll even be able to drive an automobile better.

The guy who moves his lips when he reads is better able to adjust to the stresses and strains of modern living than his brainier brother, psychologists have discovered. Since happiness has been found to be largely a matter of adjustment, this in itself is no small consideration.

The man without much gray matter to spare is as subject to ills as the more intelligent citizen, but he recovers a whole lot faster. And with him a disease is much less likely to become chronic.

Drs. Jurgen Ruesch and Karl M. Bowman of the University of California Medical School studied a cross section of the 25,000,000 persons in the U.S. suffering from chronic diseases. They found that the more intelligent persons tend to have difficulties with recovery from an ailment and in adjusting to a disability.

They also learned that most patients with chronic symptoms have an above-average intelligence; that they lack "adaptive behavior," and cannot adjust satisfactorily to social changes, and that many find in semi-invalidism a refuge from a world to which they have failed to adjust themselves.

To make a living, the mental flyweight performs work that taxes his brawn rather than his brains. Consequently, he has more endurance and is less subject to fatigue. University studies show that the man who works with his brains actually accumulates far more fatigue at the end of a day than the physical worker does. Furthermore, when fatigue is caused by mental activity, a much longer time is required for recuperation. That's why the person who uses his hands instead of his head to bring home the bacon doesn't require as much sleep as those who work with their brains.

Tests at Colgate University have proved that while manual workers can get along satisfactorily with as little as four or five hours' sleep, brain workers need a full eight hours to function at top efficiency. Laboratory tests have shown that while four hours' sleep can replenish physical energies to

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a large extent, four additional hours are required to effect complete recuperation of the mental faculties.

The guy with the sluggish brain has another advantage over his more brainy friends. He's seldom troubled with insomnia. Research has shown that there's only one secret to sound and restful slumber —relaxation. The victim of insomnia is cursed with an overactive brain that won't let him settle down when he hits his pillow. It keeps right on turning over, and as long as it does—the victim keeps right on counting sheep.

Science has also found that people in the lesser I.Q. brackets are much less subject to boredom than are their higher-domed brethren. And this is no small consideration. For sociological studies show that simple boredom is responsible for most antisocial behavior and is a strong contributing factor in marital infidelities, excessive drinking, mental depression, major and minor crimes, and assorted delinquencies.

Persons of higher intelligence suffer more acutely from boredom, despite the fact that they possess greater mental and imaginative resources. Why? Well, our daily lives are made up, for the most part, of repetitive actions—things that we do over and over again, week in and week out. Psychological tests have proved that while persons of lesser intelligence do *not* find repetition monotonous, those of higher mentality very definitely do. Tests also show that if you possess greater intelligence than your job requires, you'll be bored by it. And the more your mental capacity exceeds the requirements of the job, the more acutely you'll be bored by it.

The guy with the low I.Q., therefore, is much less likely to be bored by his work. His only concern is finding a job that won't *over*tax his gray matter.

The guy who's stupid is likely to have fewer accidents because he keeps his mind—such as it is—on what he's doing. Take driving a car, for instance. James Stannard Baker, research director of the Northwestern University Traffic Institute, says: "A high-grade moron makes the best automobile driver."

People of higher intelligence, Baker's studies show, "take driving too easy" and don't keep their minds on it.

And the citizens in the *highest* I.Q. brackets, he finds, let their minds wander to an even greater extent—and are the poorest drivers of all. But the man who is "not too bright" he reports, "if he has the proper training, good eyesight, and is alert and fairly mature, *is the safest and most careful of all drivers.* His mind is not highly stimulated, he is less subject to daydreams and less likely to become bored with the mechanics of driving than the man with the superior mind."

The research director gives the "man of intellectual mediocrity" another pat on the back. "He plays an extremely important part in our society," he says, "and is every bit as necessary and desirable as the highly intellectual person."

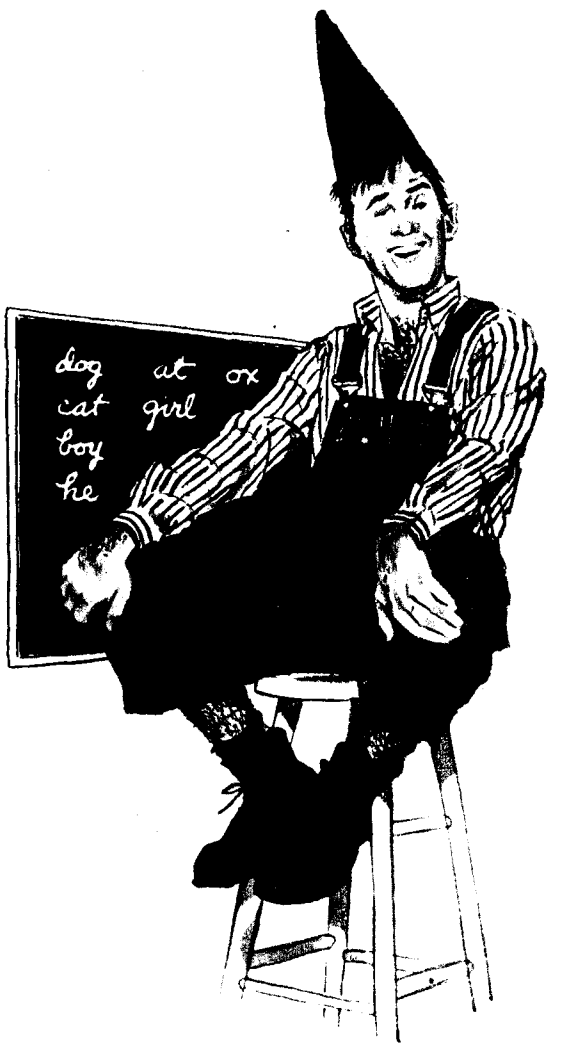
A high intelligence may be handy, but it's also a handicap—in more ways than we've mentioned. The man with the high I.Q. is apt to be much more lonely and have fewer friends than folks with low-caliber craniums. This is because the lad with the high-powered brain, by the very virtue of his scintillating intellect, has less in common with the people around him. He has fewer friends who understand him, because he's harder to understand. Consequently he has a much harder time finding a compatible wife or girl friend. The higher you go on the intelligence scale, the more this is evident. Geniuses, at the top of the high I.Q. heap, are traditionally lonely and misunderstood.

Scientists have been looking into the life of the moron and they have found that he has been doing surprisingly well for himself in American society. Anyhow he makes pretty fair money.

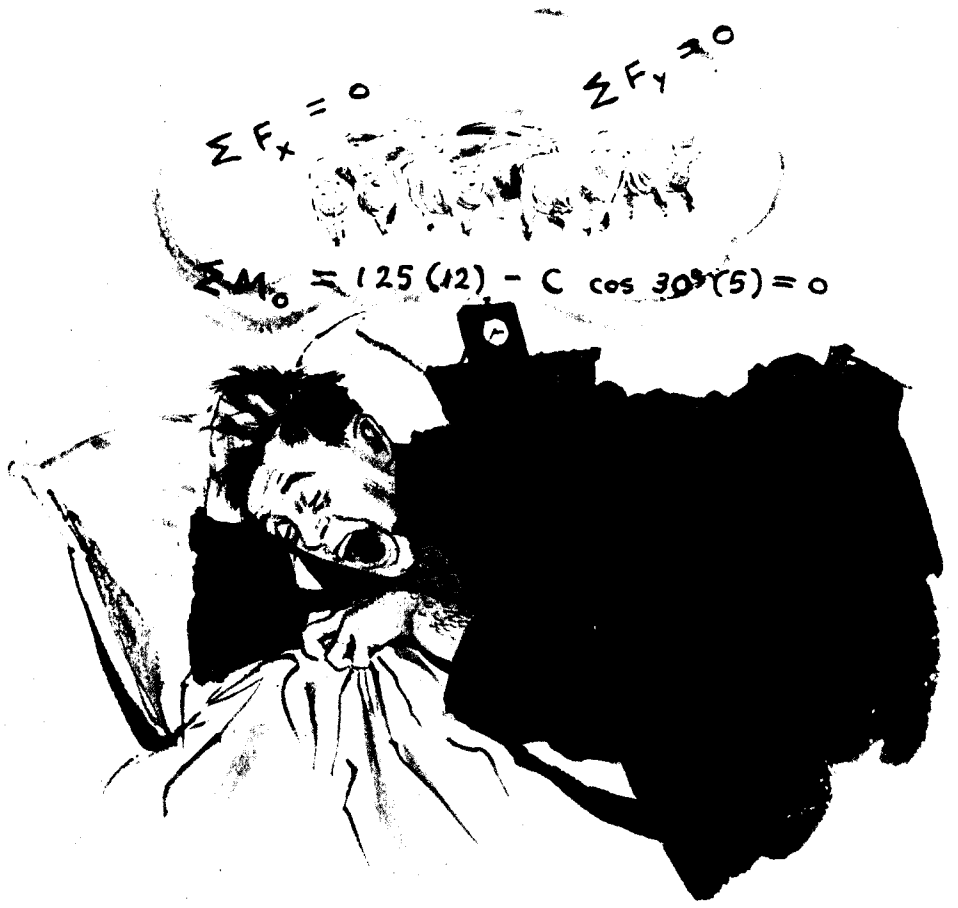
Dr. R. J. Reeves Kennedy, professor of sociology at Connecticut College, made a survey of hundreds of typical morons from various walks of life. Their I.Q.s ranged from 50 to 75. (One hundred is par—the mark of the person of just average intelligence.) Dr. Kennedy found that the morons were making just as much money, and adjusted themselves just as well to society as did nonmorons. And she found that the typical female moron was actually making *more money* than the normal women workers.

As active in organized social activities as the brainier citizens, most morons are, says Dr. Kennedy, "worthy individuals who bear their full share of the social burden and do nothing to threaten the welfare of society." The survey showed that the typical moron has a congenial job, a good home and family; has a radio and telephone, reads the newspapers and magazines, and lists the movies as his favorite form of entertainment. The typical male moron is a semiskilled worker, and frequently earns *more* than slightly over $50 a week—the national average for industrial workers.

So there! If it took you ten years to get past the fifth grade, don't feel so bad about it. You cut just as much ice as the guys who know so much they can't keep their minds on not hitting a pedestrian. And look at the breaks you get that they don't: You get well quicker when you're sick, you're seldom bothered by bogies like boredom and insomnia, you *feel* better. And you're happier and more contented. Maybe, after toting up these assets, you wouldn't want to trade places with the bright boys. In fact, maybe some of them would like to make a deal with *you*. That is, they would, if they are *really* smart.



Maybe he's not smart, but he's happy



If you can't sleep, don't give up coffee, just lower your I.Q.

Collier's for February 5, 1949

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Penny and Me

NUMBER 6 IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO AMERICA'S TOP COMIC STRIPS

ARTISTS! WHAT NONSENSE!
BORN IN N.Y. CITY OPPOSITE ACADEMY OF ART.
I'LL BE A CARTOONIST SOME DAY AND GET EVEN FOR THIS.
1905 VICTIM OF BUSTER BROWN FRENZY.
EDITOR
THE ARGUS
GET OUT! YOUR FIRST CARTOON GOT ME SUED FOR $30,000
1917 END OF A CAREER
COMIC ART
RUTGERS
1919
RUSH
ENGRAVING DEPT
1920-ART SCHOOL DIDN'T TAKE
1924-1931 DAILY NEWS CARTOON N.Y. EVENING WORLD AND SYNDICATE. THEN TO KING FEATURES SYNDICATE UNTIL 1937.
1925 LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BOY!
Collier's
1926-REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO COLLIER'S AND OTHER NATIONAL MAGAZINES.
1928 & 1930 - WITH THE MRS. TO PARIS AND MUNICH FOR SERIOUS STUDY.
1939- STARTED DRAWING "OUR BILL". HE NOW APPEARS IN NUMEROUS SUNDAY PAPERS.
HELLO, ALL YOU UTTERLY ENCHANTING PEOPLE!
1949- LONG RANGE AMBITION— TO PERFECT AN ATOMIC, PUSH BUTTON CARTOON MACHINE.
IDEA BREW
1943- CREATED "PENNY" IN THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE. SHE NOW APPEARS, DAILY AND SUNDAY, IN FOREMOST NEWSPAPERS WITH OVER TWENTY MILLION READERS
HAENIGSEN

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By HARRY HAENIGSEN

IF I had elected to study electrical engineering at Rutgers instead of becoming a frustrated cartoonist, the characters Our Bill and Penny would never have been created to bedevil me with deadlines. But, then, electrical engineering may not be such a hot racket, either.

Electricity and India ink merged to complicate my life in 1922, when I did a strip called Simeon Batts for the old New York Evening Mail. Simeon built radio sets (as everybody with a screw driver and a soldering iron did in those days) and the strip was filled with technical wiring diagrams. This project resulted, unhappily, in a steady stream of readers who came to the office carrying inoperative radios built from my drawings and I spent a great deal of time trying to get the sets perking.

My first successful comic strip, Our Bill, was started ten years ago and is still a Sunday page, but Penny, created in 1943 at the suggestion of Mrs. Ogden Reid of the N.Y. Herald Tribune, has almost taken over, daily *and* Sunday. Last year numerous department stores sold 156,000 Penny hats and are now getting ready to stock a Penny pocketbook, hat and belt combination in straw. Soon to be announced is a novel about Penny which will later be made into a feature picture.

Don't ask me how I do two Sunday pages and six daily strips every week and more or less manage a farm at the same time. I don't really know. All I know is, I have about 100 acres in New Hope, Pennsylvania, which I cultivated in earnest during the war but have gradually uncultivated since then. The apple trees finally got me. I never ran into such a terrifying array of scabs, scales, rot and other ailments characteristic of apples.

Last year I bulldozed them right off the place and my wife Bobbie and I are concentrating on guinea hens. At least she is. She can't bear to part with them. But they're getting so numerous and the feed bills are so high, I have to kill off a few and slip them into the freezer when Bobbie isn't around. Bobbie's name, incidentally, was Jeanette E. Kerr, and by marrying her I rescued her from George M. Cohan musicals. Our married daughter, Jeanne, was largely the source of the Penny approach.

People usually want to know where I got the jive talk I used to put into the strips. I got it by having parties at the farm, for kids from New Hope, Lambertville and Newtown. But the kids knew why I was having the parties and they used to manufacture jitterbug language by the ton for my benefit.

Most fan mail brings at least one pun on the name Penny, such as, "Here's a thought for your Penny." In personal appearance stunts I usually get a laugh with, "Most cartoonists boast of handsome incomes, but I'm the guy who lives on a Penny a day." And now if you'll pardon me, I want to get to work on that gadget you see pictured at the left.

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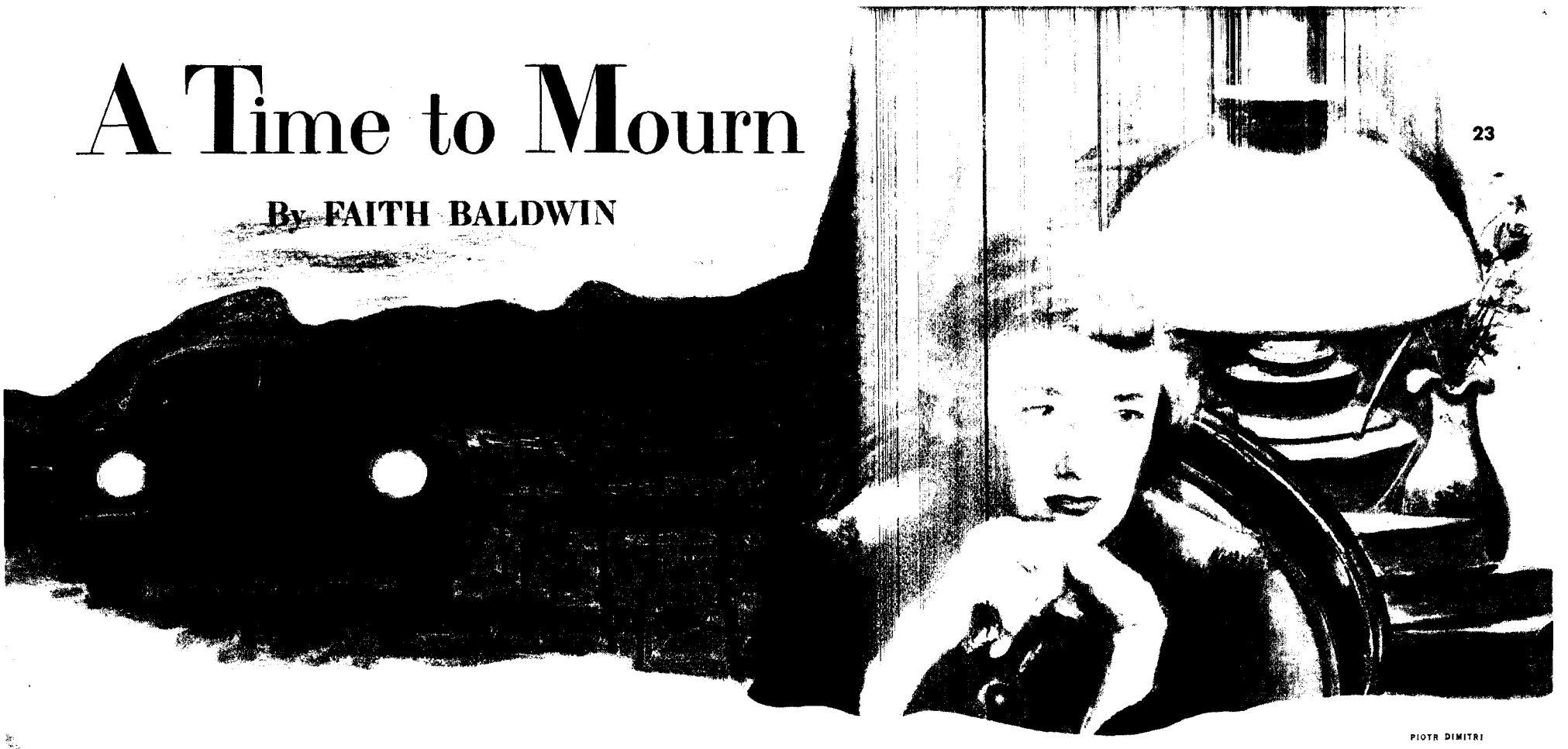
A Time to Mourn

By FAITH BALDWIN



PIOTR DIMITRI

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

WHEN the news reached Laura she was alone in the mountain camp, sitting before the fire. It was very late; the night was cold; if the wind dropped, there would be frost.

She had been alone here for several days, waiting. She was not afraid of being alone. The caretaker had put everything in order and left, and she had not minded coming on ahead of her husband.

She was, the newspaper and magazine people said, a perfect wife for a great man—lovely, gracious, tactful and self-effacing; and imbued with unswerving devotion to her husband and the magnificent principles, sacrificial and idealistic, for which he stood, and through which he had become an inspiration to all the peoples of the world.

So they were not often alone. Even now, he would soon be here, in the place they had selected years ago, as a retreat: a few acres of woodland, a small, silver-blue lake, a cabin of logs. Soon they would be together—and alone.

Every year, and at this season if possible, they came here for a few days or a week. And their privacy was respected.

No guards would accompany John here; he would be alone except for Collins, who would drive him up and stay in the village.

The sole concession to the outside world was a powerful battery radio. She thought: It is very late, I must go to bed, and put out her hand to switch it on. Music came and with it the thought: He will be here by six. He is already halfway here, driving through the dark night, frosted with stars.

The music broke off and the announcer gasped out a news bulletin; he spoke rapidly, his words broken and distorted by shock.

Laura listened to him—first with wild incredulity, and then with certainty, hearing the words, after the name was spoken—but not all the words: "—one of the great humanitarians, perhaps the greatest of our era . . . the loss to the world is incalculable . . ."

By the time the reporters from the nearest towns had converged upon the camp, Laura had gone, driving to the city alone, leaving the door unlocked.

Everyone was helpful. Their friends came, and their relatives. There were lawyers, and statesmen and bankers and clergymen. Messages streamed in, and she was disciplined. She had long since schooled herself for this moment.

Even prior to the services, the investigation began. Many had known he would be driving North that night; they had known the roads he must follow. So one of the many, perhaps more than one, had waited in the shadows, with the weapons of destruction.

There were memorial services all over the world. Laura read the eulogies in the press and heard the radio commentators; she listened to men who had known John, as they spoke of their friendship; she listened as those who had not known him spoke of their loss. And she could not encounter her own sorrow for she was merely a grieving voice in a million grieving voices. She was caught up in the world's sorrow. She was not alone, but she was very lonely. She had no private agony. This man had not belonged to her.

Sometimes she woke, wondering, looking about the bright, empty room, feeling nothing but her own emptiness, her mind vacant, her eyes dry and her mouth tranquil. And lonely, not because of her sorrow but for her sorrow, which was lost, dispersed, a part of the world's mourning.

On one such day, when her mail was brought to her, her secretary said, "There is a letter from Mrs. Collins. I knew you would want to see it."

She read the letter and said, presently, "Will you telephone Mrs. Collins and ask if it would be convenient for her to see me this afternoon?"

In the afternoon she drove to the suburb where Mrs. Collins lived. It was near by and the house was easy to find among its duplicate neighbors. Mrs. Collins was waiting. She brought Laura a cup of tea, and they talked in a room brightened with photographs of the Collins children and the grandchild, and one—on the round table—of the man Collins had served for twenty years.

He had been John's friend and comrade, chauffeur and bodyguard. He had been driving the car, that night, while the big, tired man beside him had slept fitfully.

Mrs. Collins said, "I tried to write you how much the flowers meant to us, and everything you have done— It was so kind," she added, brokenly, "and generous."

"I did want to come to the service, Mrs. Collins," Laura said. "But I couldn't. I wasn't free—you understand, I know."

Mrs. Collins nodded. She was a round little woman, who had been pretty until quite recently. "I knew you'd want to. You've done so much."

There was a brief silence. Then Mrs. Collins said, "If Dave had to die, and him not fifty, he would have wanted it the way it was. He worshiped him. I don't know how he would have gone on living, else—I mean, if he hadn't been with him."

"They were good friends," said Laura.

Mrs. Collins' eyes filled. She said, "No one except you, not even the children, can understand the way I miss Dave. When he could be with us, he was thinking of us all the time and doing for us." She spoke of their grandchild. Of the crib Dave had built for him. She said, "I don't know what I would do without the children." Her eyes added: Ah, you poor thing, alone— Then she said suddenly, "But it isn't the same. I mean, he came first. We were very happy."

It was her grief, not the world's. The world had no share in this—it belonged to Dave Collins' wife. But it reached out and touched the other woman.

Laura began to weep, quietly, and Mrs. Collins moved to her, to put her arms around her, to say, "There, there." Then, herself in tears: "I know."

NOW she could cry, not with the world, nor for it, as she had done, but for herself. Now she could remember him, not as a man dedicated but as her lover and her husband, her child and her father. Now she could recall the small and wonderful world they had built together, within the larger one —the flowers which always came to her on dates by both remembered— Now she could think of his voice waking her from sleep, perhaps coming to her from thousands of miles away, telling her how his day had gone.

Always, when possible, he had telephoned her. She could remember the foolish jokes and secret laughter, his gift of mimicry, his great compassion— She could remember back a quarter of a century, their daughter just born, and him bending over them, and smiling; and, a few days later, his hands hard upon hers, and his broken voice saying, "Our child is dead . . ."

These and many other things, all of which had belonged solely to her, were hers again, and she was no longer lonely for her sorrow, she was companioned by it, personal, agonizing, and healing.

After the visitor had gone Mrs. Collins cleared the tea things and remained in her kitchen, to start supper. Her daughter and son-in-law were coming; they would bring the baby. She would tell them about her guest. There she had sat, there had drunk from her cup, there had set it aside, to weep. And thinking of this, Mrs. Collins remembered what Laura had said, as she was leaving— Why had she said it, the poor lone thing? Why had she said, "Thank you—"? ▭▭▭

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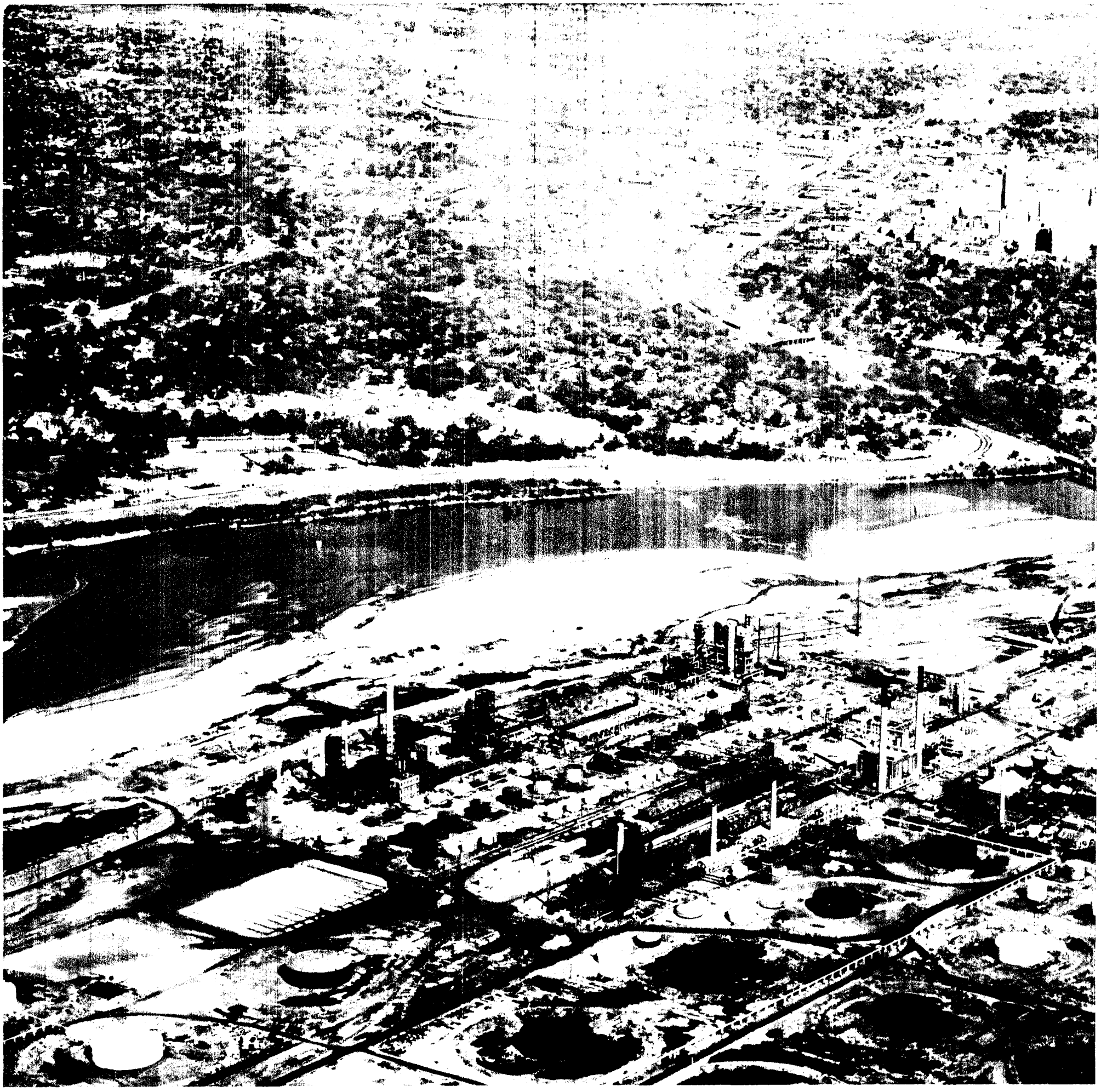

No. 4

Tulsa, Oklahoma

TULSA, OKLAHOMA, is a man's town, packed solid with clean, fast-moving power. You can feel it on the streets and hear it in the voices of the people. You can see its strength from the air—a neat, wide, busy town, pushing back from the river, reaching out as far as space can go.

If you're looking for a city that says America clear and fast, Tulsa is your town. It's young—67 years ago it was only a trading post. It's rich—last year it chalked up over $1,000,000,000 in bank clearings. It's beautiful—of its 22 square miles nearly six are in parks. It's rooted solidly in the 20th century—oil, the fuel that makes the world go, is Tulsa's number one industry.

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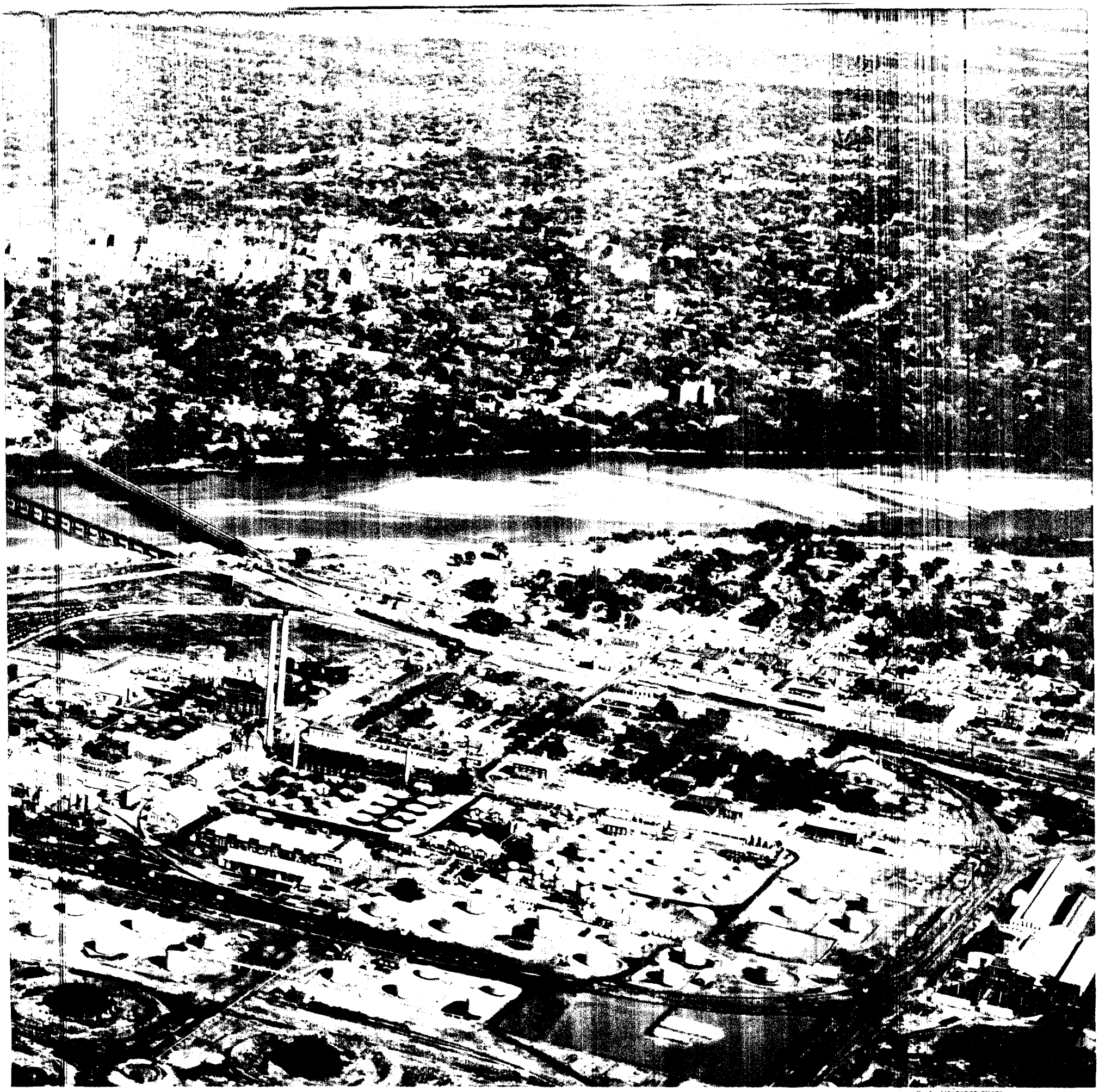

U. S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

Tulsa was built on oil. In 1900 its total population was 1,390. But on June 25, 1901, somebody struck oil across the Arkansas River. It wasn't Tulsa's oil. It wasn't Tulsa's boom. Yet small as it was, Tulsa was power-packed with enterprise. Three of the town's citizens hurriedly threw a bridge over the river and sent an invitation out to oilmen: "Come and make your home in this beautiful little city." The oilmen came; the town trembled with activity. Tulsa was on its way.

In the next nine years the town's population jumped to almost 20,000. Today the population of Tulsa's metropolitan area is over 256,430, and Tulsa can call itself the "Oil Capital of the World." It's an honest boast based on plain fact.

Tulsa, in 1949, is the primary producing, manufacturing and distributing center for the nation's petroleum industry. The Texas Company is there. Sinclair, Shell and Gulf are there. On the banks of the Arkansas River, just opposite Tulsa's downtown district, the refineries of the Mid-Continent Petroleum Corporation *(above)* gleam in the sun, tank after tank brimming with oil, plant after plant turning crude oil into specialized products for uncounted thousands of industrial uses.

Tulsa is an oil town and proud of it, but it's a wise town, too—smart enough not to become stale with specialization. There are more than 600 factories in Tulsa. They make everything from oil field machinery to sulphuric acid, mattresses, prefabricated houses, plastics and boats. The wealth they produce (upward of $300,000,000 at wholesale in 1948) is reflected in a cluster of skyscrapers in the center of town.

When the airmen, flying for the Air Matériel Command of the Air Force, flew in over Tulsa and got this picture, their mission might have been a problem in photographing an industrial city. They may have been seeking the effect of a sand-bottomed river on color film.

But whatever they were after, they couldn't help seeing Tulsa for what it is: a young and robust city, inseparable from the wealth of oil, growing of its own power, expanding, rising out of the earth like a cameo portrait of America.

To obtain a reprint of this photograph, send 15 cents to Collier's Tulsa Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio

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The Greatest Drug Since PENICILLIN

By J. D. RATCLIFF

A new miracle drug called Chloromycetin has staggered the medical world with its promise to conquer typhus, scrub typhus, typhoid fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, for which no satisfactory medicine existed before

WITNESS three scenes where a new drug is on trial, a new drug that looks like the greatest medical discovery since penicillin. *SCENE ONE:* Typhus fever, credited with having killed more human beings than any other disease, has crept over the Peruvian border into the Altiplano region of Bolivia—the bleak, forbidding, windswept plain that rises 14,000 feet above sea level. Typhus is the disease that wrecked Napoleon's hopes of conquering Russia, that snuffed out the lives of 3,000,000 Russians after the first World War. The sickness is spread by body lice, and is not to be confused with water-spread typhoid fever.

Scores of people in the little town of Puerto Acosta were suffering blinding headaches, backaches, partially paralyzed tongues, high fever, pounding hearts, a mulberry rash. Sixty people out of a population of 1,200 were dead or dying—one victim for every 20 inhabitants.

At this critical point, an American doctor arrived in the town—almost like a scene from an old-fashioned melodrama. He carried with him a new medicine. The doctor selected 16 typhus patients. At the very least, five should have died. *Not one did!* Some of them were out of bed within 48 hours of getting the drug—weak, of course, but definitely on the mend.

SCENE TWO: The other side of the earth, the sweltering town of Kuala Lumpur in the Malay States, 200 miles from Singapore, where Chinese, Malayan, and Indian laborers clearing rotting vegetation out of rubber plantations were falling ill, dying. They had been bitten by mites, spreaders of tsutsugamushi fever, or "scrub" typhus. In some areas during the Pacific War—notably Burma, New Guinea, Owi Island—this disease was almost as great a problem to Allied troops as the Japanese.

In March of last year, an American Army medical mission arrived to try the new drug on scrub typhus. Twenty-five gravely ill patients were selected. On the average, the group was free of fever and on the road to recovery within 31 hours!

SCENE THREE: Baltimore, Maryland, where the new drug was pitted against yet another fearsome disease—Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Once pretty well bottled up in the Bitter Root Valley of Montana, this disease has spread until there are now more cases east of the Mississippi than west.

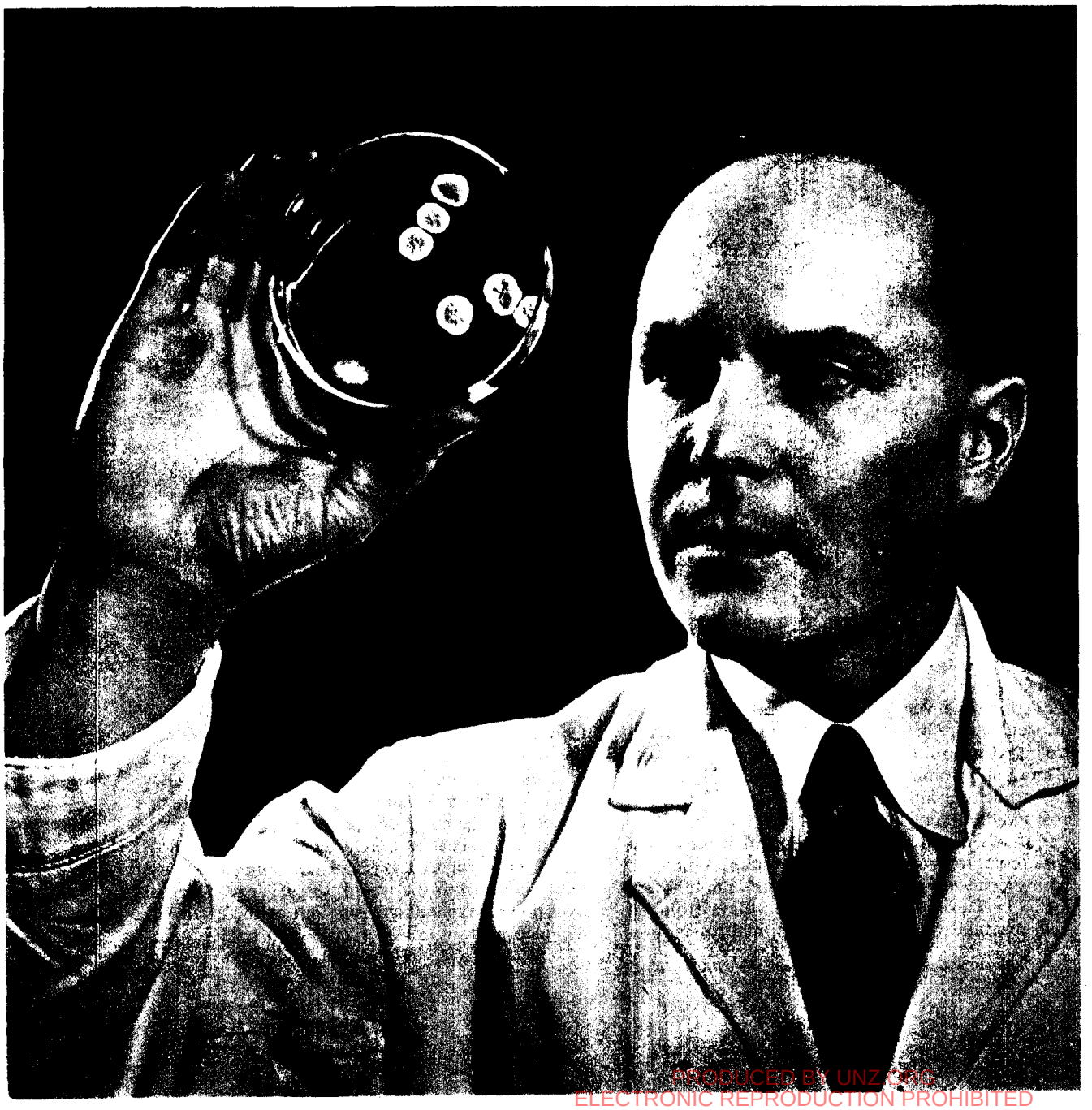
Last summer, 17 people in one Baltimore hospital who had the disease got the new drug. Since no medicine had ever worked successfully against spotted fever before, they should have had flaming temperatures for 15 to 18 days. They should have been miserably debilitated and 22 per cent of them should have died. But in the group that got the new drug, temperatures were normal inside of two days. Again, there wasn't a single death.

The name of the drug which has performed these near miracles of lifesaving is Chloromycetin—pronounced cloro-my-*seetin*. It picks up where penicillin leaves off, attacking great groups of diseases untouched by that earlier drug. And there is laboratory evidence that it may be effective in conquering whooping cough, the greatest disease killer of babies under one year of age.

It may be the most potent weapon yet found against the dozen or so microbes that cause dysentery and urinary-tract infections. While there is no clinical evidence as yet, research reveals the value of further investigation in the case of the undulant fever microbe; and the one which causes cholera—the terror of river valleys and ports in the Orient. The drug looks so promising that Parke, Davis & Co. is spending huge sums to produce it.

The story of Chloromycetin begins in the laboratory of Yale botanist Dr. Paul Burkholder—a lean, spectacled research man of glacial intellect. Burkholder has been collecting soil samples from all over the world, searching them for good microbes which will fight the microbial enemies of man.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)



Battling to put the new wonder drug in mass production, Parke, Davis' Dr. John Ehrlich studies colony cultures of Chloromycetin-producing molds

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By EDWIN LANHAM

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED—AND GOT IT

They mixed it near the ropes and when Lefty dropped him Venturo fell to the canvas directly in front of Agatha

The Story: One day, life in a small town suddenly becomes too much for AGATHA CHRISTOPHER and she breaks her engagement with CHARLIE HARPER, a lifelong friend. Then, quite unexpectedly she is notified that she has inherited her UNCLE LEO'S estate. It is a restaurant in New York City. Agatha decides that she will go to New York and manage the restaurant. She has visions of it being a very swank place. But when she gets to New York she finds that it is only a West Side bar and grill frequented by prize fighters. JACK BARLOW, her deceased uncle's lawyer, urges her to stay in the city anyway and manage the bar and grill. She decides to stay. Agatha also has inherited ten per cent of a left-handed prize fighter, LEFTY LANGAN. After Lefty is defeated in a fight by a knockout she takes him to Connecticut to her mother's house. Returning to New York, Agatha and OSCAR GUMPER, barman at Leo's Place and an ex-fighter, buy Lefty's contract from his old manager BENNY SMALL. But Small insists on retaining ten per cent of Lefty. Oscar and Agatha go to Connecticut and there Oscar begins to train Lefty. Lefty's girl LUCILLE does not want him to fight, and after an argument with her, Lefty promises that if he gets knocked out again he'll quit. This almost happens. In a club fight, overmatched, Lefty is badly beaten but wins. Oscar then gets him a main event with IRISH JOE BROAG, in New York. Agatha goes to the fight that night with Jack Barlow and they see Lefty win over Broag.

PART 6 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

THE next morning Agatha had the papers sent up to her hotel room and read the sports pages as she sat by the window over her coffee. She was disappointed. She had expected some sort of streamer headline, but there were only brief accounts of the fight, all of which stressed the fact that the promising Joe Broag had been upset rather than that Lefty Langan had shown sensational form.

The telephone rang before she had finished dressing, and it was Walter, calling from Leo's Place.

"Aggie, I got a mess here," he said. "Reporters are here. Photographers. They found out about you managing a fighter and running a bar and they want to put a story in the paper. They want you and Lefty Langan."

Agatha had not been prepared for what was to come in newspaper publicity. Naturally, after she had appeared on television, the papers had looked her up.

"I'll come down right away, Walter," she said. "You telephone Oscar and tell him to bring Lefty over."

She chose another dress, and spent some time over her hair, but Oscar and Lefty still had not arrived when Agatha got out of her cab. But the photographers were waiting with their flash bulbs mounted. They posed her at the entrance to the bar, under the neon sign, and then Lefty arrived with Oscar. More pictures were taken.

In the midst of it Lucille walked in with her Scotty on leash, and Agatha seized her eagerly. "Lucille, come get in the picture. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Langan's best girl, Lucille Long. Don't you want her picture?"

The photographers said they did, and Lucille showed no more interest than if someone had asked for a cup of coffee at the counter. One of the reporters said to Agatha, "I don't know who dreamed this up, but it's a natural."

"Nobody dreamed it up," Agatha said.

The interview had run its course, and Agatha went back to her office to escape further random questioning. It was the first time she had inspected the office since the work had been completed, and she found it comfortable and almost roomy.

Agatha sat down at the desk, opened the top drawer, and looked at the accumulation of bills. It

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

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Gypsy Rose Lee appropriately wrote the G-String Murders in inspiring bathtubs

A Murder A Minute

By THOMAS WHITESIDE

Millions of Americans are getting away with murder in their reading. The whodunits are going great guns. And why not? Even Lincoln, and Wilson and F.D.R. were addicts. Crime is simply wonderful—when you merely read murder mysteries!

IF YOUR chosen victim is overwrought, sell him the idea of owning his own electric bath cabinet. Bide your time, study his habits, and then one day a few minutes before he enters his bath cabinet give him an ordinary barbiturate. Your victim will die contentedly of dehydration . . . all traces of the barbiturate will be sweated out. . . . It is so pleasant . . ."

The above advice on murder represents only a brief example of the style and content of what is undoubtedly America's most morbid publication. When they open their copies, subscribers are likely to read some such statement as, "Lice will live on a corpse from three to six days," or "Grass beneath a body will lose its chlorophyll and turn pale yellow in about eight days. Remember, quicklime preserves, but does not destroy a body." Also, they may read about how to use a deadly pinch of tetraethyl lead in an air conditioner, or a deadly elixir of certain leech glands.

Such homely recipes are gravely noted by the professionals who monthly scan Third Degree, official publication of the Mystery Writers of America, an organization of authors devoted to the preservation and promotion of murder—in the detective story.

Readers of Third Degree can, and do, vicariously use every possible means of murder at hand. Currently, they are dispatching by shot, shell, poison and strangulation an estimated 3,000 victims a year—in their fiction—and the "crimes" furnish edification to a vast audience.

Detective mysteries are featured in the whodunits, the so-called "comics," 40 weekly radio shows, the crime magazines, with a circulation of five and one half million monthly, and the movies. How many Americans read of, see or listen to fictitious murders, no one can say. But the figures, if known, would be colossal.

This frightful annual massacre, the dimensions of which might justifiably stagger the imagination of a Genghis Khan, actually is perpetrated by no more than 250 men and women, 100 of whom turn out about 80 per cent of the country's detective fiction, thus cheerfully provoking Americans to spend a billion man-hours yearly thinking of murder. Most of these plotters, personally so mild that they probably would shy away from the sight of any real crime more deadly than overtime parking, concoct their carnage on a strict daily schedule quite unlike the erratic working days of their heroes.

One husband-and-wife mystery team, William E. and Audrey Roos, who write jointly under the names of Kelley Roos and Jeff and Haila Troy, begin murdering by typewriter at the stroke of 10 A.M., after packing their two children off to school. They quit promptly at 5 o'clock. "At that point," says Roos, "we don't want to see each other. We keep out of each other's way for 15 minutes, then mix a couple of Martinis apiece and pretend we're other people." Whereas other writers may begin plotting their mysteries around central characters or situations, or simply start writing on the basis of a good title, the Rooses find many good locales in which to set their stories, such as dance schools or success schools, merely from reading newspaper advertisements.

One of the most popular of U.S. whodunit authors, Craig Rice, often begins a homicide by hunting around for some weird murder accessory. Once, after fruitlessly racking her brains for a suitable means of concealing a corpse she intended to have disposed of, she repaired to a Chicago night club for relief and solace. She stayed so late that the band began to leave. As one of the musicians wearily packed up his bull fiddle, Miss Rice turned to her husband, and remarked, "Interesting place to hide a body."

"Don't be silly," replied her husband. "You can't hide a grown man in a bull fiddle like that. It would have to be a child's body. And you can't go in for child murder."

"Ah," cried Miss Rice, "but a midget . . . what about a *midget!*"

The result was The Big Midget Murders, which sold 15,000 copies in its original edition and 500,000 in reprints.

Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee, who write as Ellery Queen (Lee usually plots while Dannay writes), derived a particularly fiendish murder scheme from so innocent a source as children's pantomime.

One idle afternoon in Cleveland while waiting to give an evening lecture, they dropped in on a performance of Alice in Wonderland, heard the Walrus' dissertation on Shoes, Ships, Sealing Wax, Cabbages and Kings, and forthwith decided to put those five objects to a new use as murder clues. The resulting book, The Mad Tea Party, became one of Ellery Queen's biggest hits.

Erle Stanley Gardner, the biggest name in American detective fiction today, bases many of his Perry Mason and Doug Selby stories on his own experiences as a criminal lawyer.

Gardner also has the unusual distinction of

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being one of the few detective writers who ever tackled detection himself.

In the last few years, he has occupied himself increasingly with unearthing new evidence on behalf of prisoners he believes were wrongly convicted of murder.

About the only other detective-mystery author who ever tackled the gumshoeing game on a professional scale is Dashiel Hammett (The Thin Man). Hammett sleuthed as a Pinkerton operative for eight years. His assignments called for such keen deductive work as hunting down a sleight-of-hand artist who stole a Ferris wheel from a carnival. Once he was commissioned by a lady to discharge her housekeeper.

Another author, Eleazar Lipsky (Kiss of Death), worked on several murder cases for the New York D.A.'s office, but as a lawyer, not a detective.

If mystery writing has one trade background in common, it is not criminal detection but magic. Lawrence G. Blochman, MWA's president and author of Midnight Sailing, once stormed the Far East as a professional magician until Shanghai movie managers spurned his talents because he had no girls in his act. Jack Dolph, creator of Doc Connor, once demonstrated tricks at Gimbel's department store in New York City. (He acquired the additional skills of horse trainer and carnival clown later.) To this day, Dolph occasionally allows himself to be heavily handcuffed and cast into the Atlantic strapped in a sturdy canvas mailbag from which he miraculously emerges unmanacled a few seconds later.

Walter Gibson, creator of The Shadow, is an old hand at sawing young ladies in half; and Clayton Rawson, author of Death from a Top Hat, feels ill-equipped without a length of disappearing rope around his person.

"The criminal—and the author—have to use pretty much the same principles of deception to fool police—and the reader—as a magician does on the stage," says Rawson in explaining the preponderance of magicians in the mystery-writing business. "The whole theatrical background of magic makes for a good grasp of suspense."

Men of Varied Trades Write 'Em

While magicians tend to make good mystery writers, other fictional crime experts derive their talents from such far-removed backgrounds as beauty-salon operators, cab drivers, college deans, steelworkers, state driving-license examiners, telephone operators, railroad clerks and tie salesmen. Brett Halliday, creator of Michael Shayne, was an engineer. Rex Stout sold real estate. Baynard Kendrick worked as an accountant. And Leslie (The Saint) Charteris was a professional bridge player.

Some authors are full-time businessmen who write mysteries as a relaxing hobby. H. W. ("Tex") Roden, author of You Only Hang Once, may murder by typewriter at night, but in the daytime he busies himself with the somewhat more prosaic task of directing the manufacture and propagation of a baby food. Gypsy Rose Lee, who also has a business of a kind, wrote a good portion of her one mystery story, The G-String Murders, in bathtubs.

These watery sojourns provided ample time for creative work, since Miss Lee required at least an hour to take off her body paint, virtually her only clothing on the stage, after each of her remarkable performances in burlesque palaces. As a consequence, chapters of The G-String Murders, which the undressed authoress dispatched in installments from bathrooms the country over, often arrived at her publishers in somewhat fuzzy and sodden condition.

The publishers could afford to overlook the dampness. The finished book sold 35,000 copies, and well over a million in reprint editions.

Few professional authors do as well in this respect as the strip-tease queen. Despite the enormous earnings of top mystery writers—Erle Stanley Gardner's book sales and subsidiary rights bring his income well into the six-figure bracket—a good average mystery novel sells only about 3,500 copies in its $2.50 original, or "trade" edition. Out of this the author gets about $800, a less than princely sum for a careful work of slaughter, and the publisher just about breaks even. The reason for this is that most people don't buy mysteries, they borrow them from lending libraries.

Authors make most of their money on cheap reprinted editions put out by the big twenty-five-cent pocket book publishers, but even with this added income the average mystery writer considers himself lucky indeed if he averages $5,000 a year. And pulp writers are compelled to conjure up murders at a 300,000-words-a-year pace to maintain the same income.

An Association with a Slogan

Primarily, it was this melancholy situation which brought about the formation in 1944 of the protective trade association, Mystery Writers of America. Today, under the ringing slogan, Crime Does Not Pay—Enough, MWA has 220 members, a headquarters office located, fittingly, in the heart of the wholesale butchers' district in downtown New York, and outlying murder branches in Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. In four years of operation MWA has piled billions of corpses through the toiling of its members while promoting less colorful drives for model contracts in which mystery writers obtain joint control with the original publisher over reprint rights.

MWA is working on a plan to give the author a share in lending-library revenue (a cent a rental) for his dark work.

The organization acts as a central repository of specialized crime information. So that members won't have to spend their days and nights snooping around police stations learning just how cops *do* operate, MWA refers their problems to the best professional crime-detection experts in the country. Until MWA came along, too many mystery writers did their crime research right out of someone else's whodunits.

To assure its membership of an accurate supply of wrinkles on murder, MWA organizes regular monthly lectures on homicidal techniques by well-known police officials, coroners, secret-service men, psychiatrists, F.B.I. agents and laboratory experts.

Today, a few mystery stories with a New York background involve, as was the invariable rule some time back, the Inspector of the Homicide Bureau on Center Street. That title, Captain Edward Fagan, Chief of the Police Laboratory of the New York City Police Department, pointed out gently to one assembly of mystery men, contains just five errors of fact. The "inspector" isn't an inspector at all; he's an acting captain. There isn't any police Homicide Bureau; there are five Homicide Squads. Center Street doesn't exist; Centre Street does—but the Homicide Squads aren't located there in any case.

Another common error committed by whodunit authors, says Fagan, involves murder guns. Usually, in detective stories, anyone rash enough to handle a murder gun without first taking the elementary precaution of wrapping it carefully in a handkerchief and putting it in his pocket is considered guilty of criminal negligence. This, declares Fagan, is nonsense.

"I'd rather someone picked up the gun in his bare hands and smeared it with several sets of fingerprints," he explains. "The best way in the world to destroy a fingerprint is to wrap the gun in a handkerchief."

The New York Police Department, in fact, seldom finds a fingerprint of value on a hand firearm. In the first place, the corrugated surface of a gun stock makes it almost impossible to obtain an identifiable print. Secondly, a gun in good condition is usually so thoroughly oiled that fingerprints wouldn't even register on it. Because of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

FACTS THE MYSTERY MAESTROS OVERLOOK

The average cop is neither a low-grade moron nor a brute of the third degree

Beleaguered butlers are not in vogue. It's about time they made a comeback

The habitual criminal eyes whodunits with a cod eye. He prefers the comics

Experts do not use a handkerchief to preserve fingerprints on a murder gun

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The three-cornered

By GEORGE F. WORTS

Their faces bore a resemblance to marmosets and they had the air of children who are not popular

IT WAS a lovely Florida afternoon with a gentle, salty breeze blowing in from the Gulf Stream and setting wavelets to sparkling. Water and sky were intensely blue and, with the soft and scented breeze, gave the afternoon a dreamy quality.

The young man painting the deck of the little sloop now and then glanced up and gazed wistfully across the worn old planks of the pier and on across a stretch of lawn to where a girl was reclining in a lawn chair with a book. The book was open on her knees, but in all the time the young man had been engaged in painting the deck he had not once seen her look at it.

She seemed restless. She would suddenly sit up with her fists clenched and stare at the water. Or she would light a cigarette, take a few furious puffs, then snip it into the grass. Or she would run her fingers through her soft brown hair.

Two little girls presently came out on the old pier. They wore canary-yellow T-shirts and white shorts and their legs were as thin as matchsticks. The young man did not look at them. He knew all about them. They were the girl's young sisters and they were terrors. They stopped at the edge of the pier.

"It's gonna be swoony," said one.

"Kin we come on board, huh?" said the other.

The young man kept on painting.

Two speedboats came charging down the bay. They passed the pier and disappeared beyond Palm Point with a hot twinkling of sun on chromium and varnish. Waves came surging in. The little sloop rolled heavily. Perhaps a half pint of buff paint spilled out of the can. The young man, tossing a molasses-colored forelock out of his eyes, grabbed the can and glanced up at the Bancroft twins.

"We didn't do it," they chorused.

Their thin, wise faces bore a slight resemblance to marmosets', and there was about them the aura of two personalities who do not enjoy great popularity.

"What does 'swoony' mean?" the young man asked.

The two little girls glanced at each other and giggled.

"Like swell," said one, "only sweller."

"Like slick," said the other, "only slicker."

The young man plied his brush, spreading the spilled paint over the thirsty old planks.

"Aw, let us come on board, will ya?"

He applied the paint in juicy swipes. "Can't you see I'm painting this deck? Aren't you aware that your feet are filthy?"

They glanced at their muddy feet. "You're goony," said one.

"Your old boat's goony," declared the other.

They burst into shrill squeals.

"What's your name, goony man?"

"My name is Tod Hunter. I know you're Faith and Hope, but which is which?"

"We ain't telling," said one little girl.

"Aren't," the young man said.

"Ain't!" shouted the little girls.

"How old are you charming little debutantes?"

"You ask too many questions," said the one on the left.

"Aw, shucks," he said. "I was going to ask just one more tiny little question. I was going to ask you perfectly darling little girls if you'd ride down to the village with me for some nice big delicious ice-cream cones, but you don't like questions, so just skip it."

Two pairs of large eyes regarded him with shyly glowing hope, then, as realization set in, they turned bleak.

"Blah!" said one.

"Libulibulibulibul," said the other, an effect achieved by running her tongue rapidly in and out of her mouth while exhaling.

"I'm going up to my house for a minute," said Tod Hunter, "and if you glamor girls want your pants warmed, just go messing around with this fresh paint while I'm gone."

"We know where you live," said one. "That goony old house."

She indicated the near-by cottage he was renting for the winter season.

"I can see it as plain as the noses on your lovely little faces," said Tod Hunter, "we're going to get along just swoony."

"You're just goony," said the Bancroft twins.

They walked away in dignity. He glanced again at their sister. She was rising from the lawn chair. With the book in her hand, she walked decisively toward the house. . . .

When Tod Hunter returned with a fresh pack of cigarettes, the girl was on the pier, gazing down at his sloop. She glanced around as he approached and he caught a liquid gleam of dark eyes, then she hastily returned her attention to the sloop. The corner of her mouth was turned down, giving her an air of appealing melancholy.

Then he saw what it was that both fascinated and depressed her. In his absence someone had thrown sand all over the freshly painted deck.

Tod Hunter had planned his first meeting with Judy Bancroft with great care. Attired in his new blue blazer and his lemon-yellow slacks, he was going to drop in this evening and introduce himself.

"I thought I ought to drop around and introduce myself," he was going to say. "I'm Tod Hunter, your new neighbor, Miss Bancroft."

With any luck, they would just go on from there, and thus would begin a friendship which could have only one outcome.

He felt his face turning red.

"Look at that!" he yelled. "Just look at it! And I told those brats! I told 'em if they messed around that fresh paint I'd warm their pants, and they did, and by golly I'm going to! Where are they?"

"Oh, dear," said the girl. "Are you sure they did it? I was watching the pier while you were gone and I distinctly saw the Kipworthy children out here too."

"It wasn't the Kipworthy children! It was your sisters!"

She seemed to wince. "Are you sure? Did you see them do it?"

"They did it, all right!"

"You mean," Miss Bancroft said, her voice firming, "you'd condemn them purely on suspicion?"

"I know they did it!"

SHE looked at him steadily. Her eyes were lustrous and her lower lip glistened. "If they did it —and you can't prove they did—are you sure you mightn't have brought it on by something you said or did?"

"I know all about those brats!" Tod Hunter snapped. Although he knew that with each word he uttered he was digging a grave for his hopes, he could not stop. "This is absolutely typical of the way they operate!"

"Well! Really!" she cried. "You talk as if they're criminals. Do you know, Mr. Hunter, that you're trespassing on our property? This dock goes with our place, not yours."

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heart

Judy was going to marry Jack Delahanty whether she loved him or not. There was nothing Tod could do except try to make friends with the twins—and it was just a little bit late for that

"Do you know, Miss Bancroft," he retorted, "that your pier comes over eight inches onto my property? Hereafter, I will take great care to use only those eight inches!"

Her eyes were blazing. "Rest assured, Mr. Hunter," she panted, "if my sisters are to blame for this, they'll be punished and you'll be paid for the damage."

She strode past him with her chin up. "Faith!" she called. "Hope!"

"Yes, Judy?" the twins' answer, as meek as the inquiring bleat of a day-old lamb, came from the boathouse.

"Come out of there!"

"Are ya gonna let him spank us?"

"Come here this instant!"

They came out, hand in hand, two big-eyed little girls.

"You threw sand on that man's paint, didn't you?"

Two sets of red pigtails swung from side to side as if on synchronized swivels.

"Oh, no, Judy," said one.

"It was those Kipworthy children," proclaimed the other.

"We saw 'em do it."

"Stop lying," said their beautiful sister.

Tod Hunter was cooling off rapidly and repenting. After all his careful plotting and planning, he had ruined everything.

One of the little girls said, "Hattie ain't gonna spank us, is she, Judy?"

"Don't say 'ain't.' Oh, gosh," she wailed, "why won't you kids learn that if you want people to be nice to you you've got to be nice to them? Now apologize to Mr. Hunter for the awful, awful thing you did to his lovely boat."

"Mr. Hunter," said one twin with shrill defiance, "is a goon!"

"Mr. Hunter," shrieked the other, "is a creep!"

"I'll attend to them, Judy," a woman's voice said.

TOD HUNTER was watching the twins and wishing he'd never started it. He saw their eyes grow large. He turned and looked at the woman. She was a tall, slender woman of about forty with beautiful green eyes. She wore her black hair up and there was a long jade eardrop swinging from the lobe of each ear.

"I saw it all," she said.

She took the twins, one by each hand. Their faces were bleak. She took them to the edge of the pier. "Now take a good look at what you did, because you're going to remember it."

The twins began to cry.

"Wait a minute," Tod Hunter said.

She glanced at him. He was sure he saw the trembling of a smile at her lips.

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Give them the spanking they got coming."

"It's really up to me, isn't it?" he said. "I've decided I don't want them spanked. Let's let them off this time."

"No," said the woman. He had made some inquiries and he knew that her name was Hattie Malappy. "They're going to learn to let other people's things alone," she said. "They're going to learn not to sass people. They've earned it. They're going to get it."

With a slow, strange glance at Tod Hunter, Judy walked away.

Hattie Malappy took the sniffling twins to the house. A few minutes later Tod heard their metallic yells. . . .

It had been an easy job to piece together the Bancroft family's story. Everybody around the bay knew everybody else. If the grocer couldn't tell you all you wanted to know, you tried the butcher, and if the butcher didn't have it, you tried the druggist.

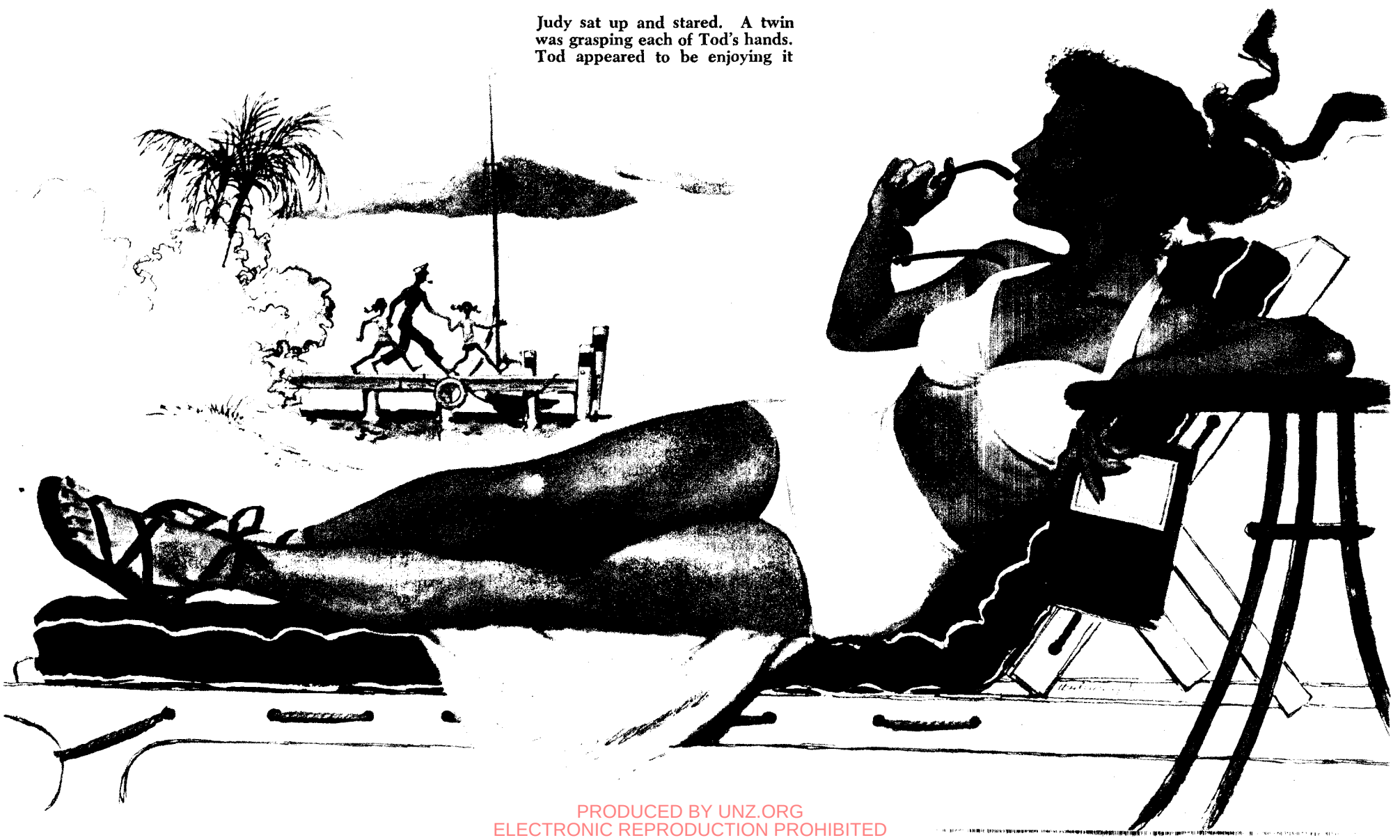
From the grocer, Tod learned that Judy Bancroft was twenty-four, that her father was a colonel on supply duty in Frankfort, Germany; that Mrs. Bancroft was over there keeping house for him, and that for the past year or more Judy had taken care of the twins with the assistance of Hattie Malappy, who served as cook, maid and governess.

The butcher told Tod that Judy was a sweet, lovely girl, who was too soft-hearted for her own good; she let the twins ride over her roughshod. Hattie Malappy, on the other hand, was a fine disciplinarian, but she wasn't half strict enough with those two little fiends.

The druggist confided to Tod that, in spite of Judy's leniency, when the twins went on the warpath she was not spared. They got into her perfume, her bubble-bath powder and her lip rouge,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

Judy sat up and stared. A twin was grasping each of Tod's hands. Tod appeared to be enjoying it



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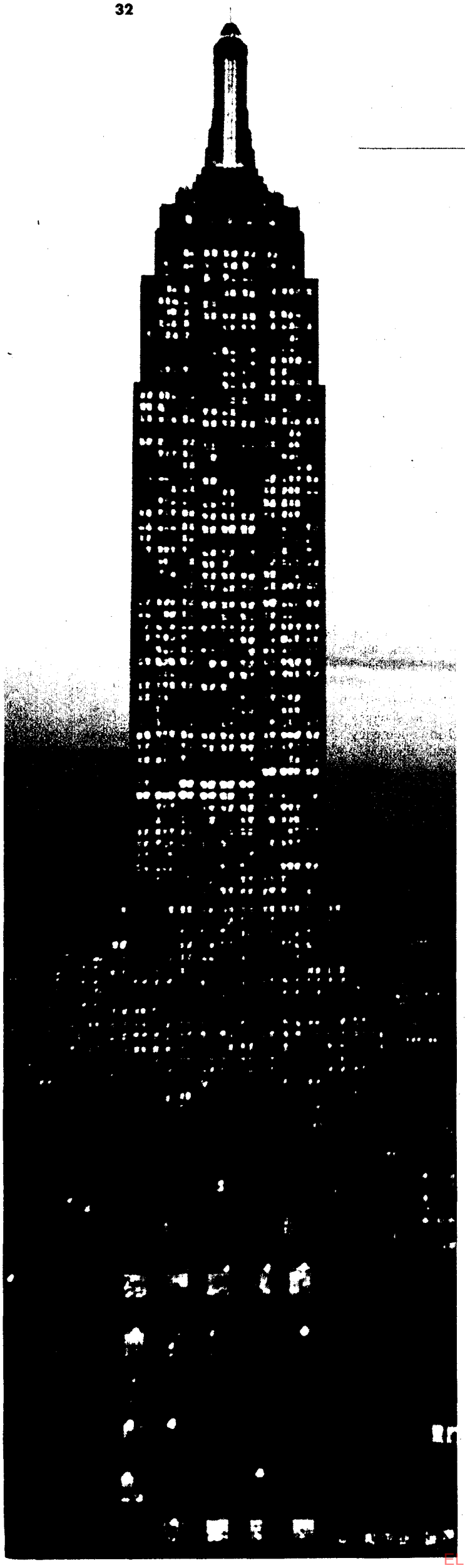

Peak of a Skyline

By CREIGHTON PEET

Every year 500,000 curious Americans ride to the heights of New York's Empire State Building for chills and thrills. They fork out $700,000 for the "big look" out of the world's tallest skyscraper

THE crossroads of the world is no longer at Times Square. It has moved up to a point 102 floors above the sidewalks of New York, atop the Empire State, tallest and best-known building in the world. Every year some 500,000 visitors from every country on earth board the high-rise elevators for the big look—to gaze down in wonder on the earth below. From admissions, souvenirs and the lunch counter, the annual take is now around $700,000.

Louis Peteley, 17 years a guard on the outside observation platform on the 86th floor, has seen 'em all. His steady blue eyes don't even blink in his weather-beaten face as he talks of Professor Einstein with the wavy hair; trainloads of honeymoon couples from every state; American Indians in full feather; the King of the Solomon Isles, who came up barefoot; Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, generals, admirals and whole armies of servicemen; Arabians, with diamonds in their noses; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the present Pope when he was Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli—and millions of just people.

But the Empire State isn't just one of the world's top tourist attractions, nor just the place where 18,000 people earn their living every day. It's a symbol, a trade-mark of our special brand of civilization. New Yorkers are proud of it, and so are people in Kokomo and Seattle. Whether its tower is washed to a shadow by swirling fog, or is sharp and bright in the cold winter sunlight, it's a sight no one who sees it ever forgets.

There are other buildings with more floor space, but none with offices so high in the air. Sometimes, when streets below are dark with murk, those at their desks on upper floors are in clear sunlight, and occasionally they can look down on rain clouds sprinkling the earth men below.

In a high wind tenants sometimes hear ghost "typewriters" tapping away like mad in empty offices—but this is only the building's steel skeleton creaking and groaning. It happens in all tall towers.

The Empire State does not sway as much as some columnists and feature writers like to make out. Wild misstatements have given people lurid ideas. A lad in Oklahoma wrote, "My pal Terry and I have a bet. He says she sways 38 feet in the wind, but I say it's 50 feet. Which is right?" The greatest sway ever recorded was 1.45 inches off center in each direction, in a 100-mile-an-hour wind. Except on topmost floors, few are conscious of this movement.

Space on upper floors costs about 50 per cent more than that on lower floors, but the prestige and a stunning view make up for it.

Stretching away toward the sky from its base at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, on the fringe of New York's garment district, the Empire State houses the head offices of many large clothing and textile mills. Government agencies, including the Atomic Energy Commission, occupied several floors during the war. Recently a score of United Nations agencies moved in.

Today, the huge building is crowded to its stainless-steel doors, and has a waiting list as long as your arm. This was not always so. It is the crowning climax of a lusty and extravagant tower-building race which grew out of the jangled twenties, the era of wonderful nonsense. Prohibition and speakeasies were then in flower. There was a song that went *Vo-do-de-o-do*. The girls had abolished bosoms and hiked their skirts above their knees. Prosperity sizzled and crackled like fat on the fire.

Then, two weeks after plans for the Empire State were announced, the stock market went whoosh, and the depression was on its way. It didn't look like a good time to throw an additional 2,158,000 square feet of space on the market, but nobody bothered about that.

This tower-building frenzy was no local matter. Chicago projected a 75-story building, and giants were planned for San Francisco, Oklahoma City, Buffalo, Columbus, Seattle and other cities, and in many cases they were built, too. Even with hundreds of miles of prairie on all sides, cities insisted on putting up 20-, 30- and 40-story towers.

Meanwhile the Empire State, designed by Shreve, Lamb and Harmon, with distinguished Architect William F. Lamb largely credited with the building's bold design, was going up like a house afire, on the site of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

At one time 14 floors of steel went up in ten days, and for 20 days the outside stone climbed at the rate of a floor a day.

On May 1, 1931, a little more than a year after it was started, the Empire State was opened with assists from President Hoover, the then Governor of New York Franklin D. Roosevelt, former Governor Alfred E. Smith, and the late James J. Walker, New York City's mayor. Al Smith was named president of the corporation at $50,000 a year.

Building and land had cost $52,000,000.

Right away chests of proud New Yorkers began to swell, and visitors rushed to the observatory in crowds. But the depression was beginning to be felt, and tenants were scarce.

The owners, however, considered the edifice a long-term investment, and preferred to keep rents at a predepression level. As a result, for almost ten years there were no tenants to speak of above the 60th floor.

Right away legends started to grow. Fiction writers used the empty floors instead of haunted houses, castles in Europe, or lonely moors. The natives are convinced to this day that lights were strung artfully in vacant offices at night to make it look lived-in. The management insists lights were put in to help watchmen find their way about.

They still tell of King Prajadhipok of Siam, who was shown the sights of the city from the 102d floor by Al Smith.

"Reminds me of home," the king was supposed to have said.

"Why?" asked Smith in surprise. "You haven't anything like this in Siam."

"Oh, yes," the king replied, "we have white elephants, too."

Actually, the management insists, the building was 46 per cent rented when it opened, and even in the worst of the depression was 68 per cent full.

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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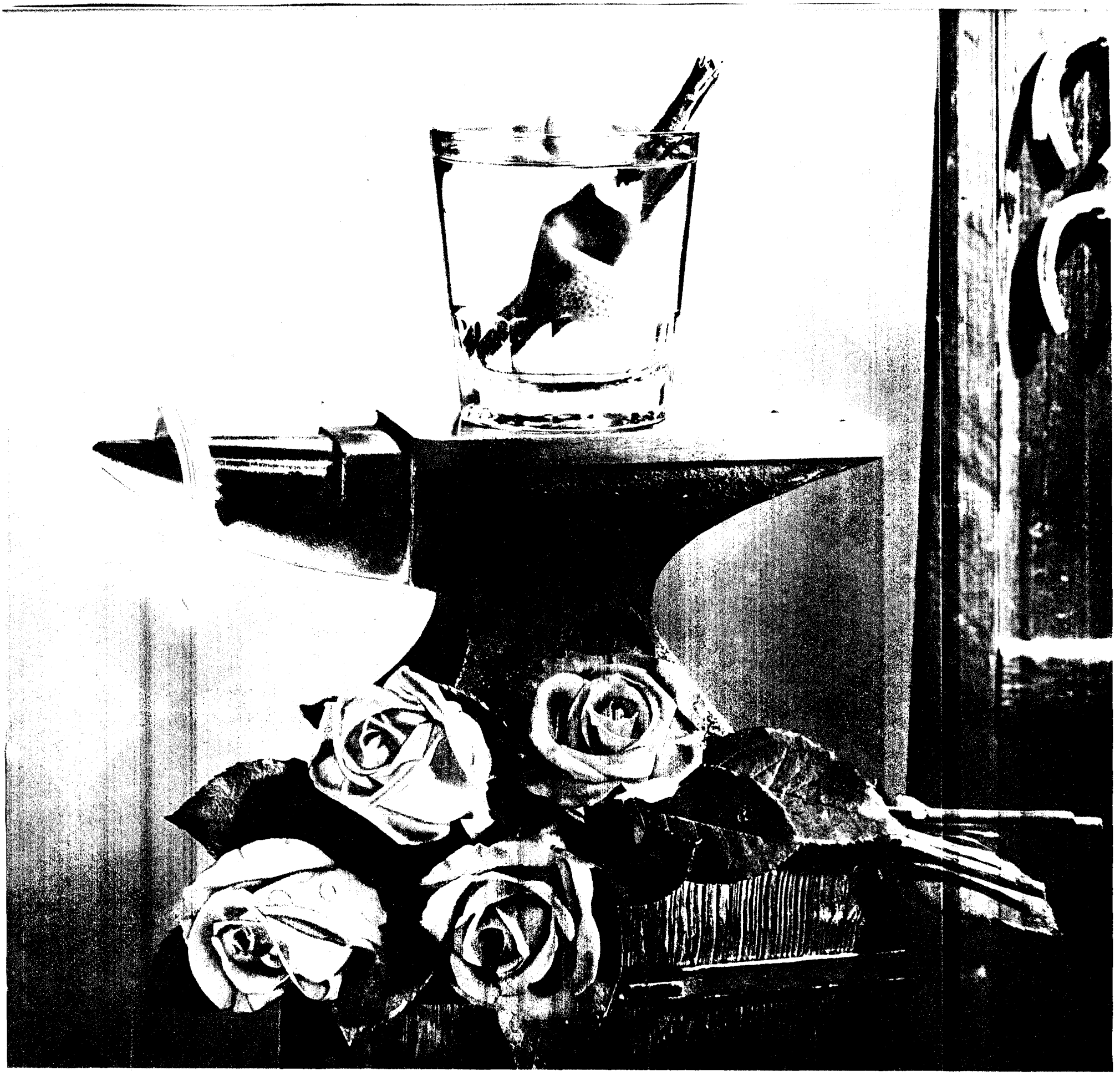

Hot Idea

THE hot toddy on the anvil is the heart-warming idea we're suggesting for a cold, blustery winter's day.

We added the horseshoe to remind you what a lucky thing it is to come across a *perfect* hot toddy – a toddy made, of course, with Four Roses.

But that's something you just shouldn't leave to chance. Whether you ask for this glorious drink at your favorite bar—or decide to make it yourself at home—be sure to use Four Roses.

For no other whiskey, however fine, endows a hot toddy with quite the same distinctive flavor or the soul-satisfying magnificence of Four Roses.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

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AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

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AIR FORCE PHOTO

Tank Corps men listened intently when Bernard Herzog, an internee in the Santo Tomas hellhole, told of his sufferings

Nightmare in Santo Tomas

For nearly 1,100 days and nights, the author and his companions awaited deliverance from the hellhole of a prison camp. This tale of their final moments before their rescue makes one of the grimmest stories that has come out of the war

By ROBERT YELTON ROBB

IT WAS the night of February 3, 1945, in the Santo Tomas internment camp in Manila, and we prisoners quartered on the second floor of the Education Building were killing time, as usual. Most of us were conversing in hushed tones in the darkness of the blacked-out corridor.

Below us, on the ground floor, the Japanese commandant and his staff had their offices. Some 60 soldiers of the commandant's special bodyguard were housed on the second floor.

The luckier prisoners puffed on cigarettes. The nervous ones talked excitedly about the American planes that had strafed Jap troops in Manila streets during the day. The sober ones, the sick and disheartened who had had their fill of rumors of imminent liberation, were lying on their cots in their rooms. Their mosquito nets were in place, and perhaps they could sleep a while before hunger pangs tormented them into waking with a start. It was bedtime, almost nine o'clock.

When you're trying to keep alive on 700 calories a day, you can't afford to waste energy staying up after roll call to gab. You don't have any energy to spare when your diet is limited to 180 grams of rice—two handouts of soupy mush a day. You've got to take it easy; you've got beriberi, and you'd better rest your swollen feet and ankles.

Harold Suares, prewar owner of Manila's famous Arcade Café, and I were squatting on the floor near the sawali wall that separated the internees' four rooms from the Jap soldiers' living quarters. Our talk had centered on food, the internees' favorite bedtime topic. I was memorizing Suares' recipe for lobster Newburgh when Frank, a short, swarthy Indian from New Mexico, said, "You hear *Americano* pilot drop his specs in Main Building patio today? He say we be liberate by-'n'-by."

The men grumbled.

"De *Americanos* come pronto, I tell you, and geeve us free." The voice was loud. "Mebbe they come this night, mebbe *mañana. Quién sabe?*"

"Shut up, stupid! Don't broadcast so the Nips'll hear!" someone growled.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

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Heavy Duty TRUCKS

DELIVER THE MOST IN VALUE!

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You'll more than agree with other truck users that these brand new heavy-duty trucks are leaders from the word "go"! • Choice of America year after year, they alone bring you the combined values of 4-speed Synchro-Mesh transmission, the Splined Rear Axle Hub Connection, the Cab that "Breathes"* and the Load-Master Valve-In-Head Engine, world's most economical for its size! • They're first-flight in features and in quality. Yet, here's the one and only heavy-duty truck with 3-WAY THRIFT —low operating costs, low upkeep costs and the *lowest list prices in the entire truck field!* • Call on your Chevrolet dealer. Look at the features . . . look at the price . . . look at the leader!

*Heating and ventilating system optional at extra cost.

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CHOOSE CHEVROLET TRUCKS FOR TRANSPORTATION UNLIMITED!

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RS. O'BRIEN CURES THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH

When an irresistible force meets an immovable object it's usually a tie—but not when the obstacle is Mrs. O'Brien

By JOE McCARTHY

MRS. O'BRIEN claimed that her rooming house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was more exclusive than Buckingham Palace. She boasted that through her portals passed only socially acceptable graduates of snooty colleges who were studying at Harvard Law School. "Let the rank and file go elsewhere," she often said. "I take only the cream of the Law School."

And so I was somewhat surprised toward the end of my second year in her house when Pedro Montoya moved his luggage into the second floor front.

He had never been to a snooty college and he was not in the Law School. In fact, he had never been able to get into college at all. That was his big problem. Pedro was a Peruvian who had been trying unsuccessfully for many years to pass the College Board Entrance Examinations that would make him a Harvard freshman. He was not really stupid but he did think that a mechanical drawing was some sort of lottery.

Pedro could recall only vaguely his prep-school days. It had been so long ago. Extover had finally given him a diploma because he was growing older than the instructors. He came down to Cambridge that June to take entrance examinations for Harvard and he flunked. He spent the following year in Cambridge at an expensive tutoring school that attempted to cram probable examination questions and answers into the thick heads of spoiled rich boys and football players. He flunked again. When I met him, Pedro had been flunking and tutoring and flunking for seven years. He was not getting any closer to the Harvard freshman class, and he was not getting any younger.

"Why don't you forget Harvard?" I asked. "There are plenty of other colleges—"

"My father. He tells me I can never again enter the gate of our home in Peru unless I throw in a Harvard degree first. My father has a profound admiration for J. P. Morgan and Ronald Colman. They went to Harvard so I must go there, too."

"I never knew Ronald Colman was a Harvard man."

"Ah, yes. My father heard him say in a movie that he went to Harvard. It was a movie called The Late George Apley."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

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HELL ON ICE

Continued from page 17

Iceboating was originated in the Netherlands 200 years ago for the prosaic purpose of moving canal boats in winter. The forward section of the ship was hoisted onto a crosswise plank fitted with skates and then another skate was fastened to the bottom of the rudder. However, the Dutch didn't adapt their invention to amusement, although ice racing is now popular across the top of Europe, from Scotland to Finland.

As a sport, iceboating is pretty much an American innovation. The first recorded speed nut in the United States was Oliver Booth of Poughkeepsie, who built an iceboat in 1790.

But it was not until after the Civil War that iceboating began to achieve widespread popularity. About that time the Buckhout brothers of Poughkeepsie began to build a series of great ice dreadnoughts for wealthy patroons along the Hudson. One of their magnificent boats is still racing on Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin—the 117-mile-an-hour Debutante III, a 52-footer skippered by John Buckstaff, who has been racing iceboats for 50 years.

Buckstaff, a furniture manufacturer, is the ringleader of the Oshkosk ice bugs. A local overall-sewer who belongs to John's flotilla said, "All the kids make their first boats out of wood stolen from John's lumberyard. He tells the bosses at the plant that when they see a kid sneak in the back gate and start fingering lumber they should make sure that he is picking out pieces good for making an iceboat. If he isn't, he's stealing, and they should throw the kid out."

The frozen fanatics have a deadly fear of being "outbuilt." They work on their boats all summer and fall, trying to outdo rivals on other lakes, like a couple of cold-war powers in an armaments race. The Oshkosh people keep worrying about a revolutionary new boat called the Mary B. at Madison, Wisconsin, and send secret agents down to try to get a sneak preview. Members of the Greenwood Lake, New Jersey, Club worry about what the D-boat pilots are doing in Fox Lake, Illinois, and Menominee, Michigan.

Precautions Against Rivals

Individually, the racers take defeat hard but gamely. In the old days they slept with their runner skates to prevent rivals from filing the edges off them. That sort of stuff is out now and sportsmanship prevails. But somebody always turns up with a new twist. Art Siebke, an iceboating farmer from Vincentown, New Jersey, learned one in the Gar Wood Regatta last year in Detroit.

The race started in a rising snowstorm. After the first turn Art got lost in the swirling flakes. By the time he had groped his way back into the race, he was out of the money. Afterward he discovered the Detroit skippers were carrying compasses for blind boating.

North Central ice yachtsmen like to tell stories about the Paul Bunyan boats that were built on Lake Winnebago in the bygone lumbering days. Not to be outdone by the Hudson River millionaires, the lumbermen built great ice galleons, like the Colonel Hardshaw, which accommodated 27 passengers.

A gang of logging men at Neenah at the top of Lake Winnebago built a mighty pleasure cruiser called the Cyrus, which held almost as many fun-loving peavey men as a bunkhouse. On a moonlit Saturday night, the Cyrus would thunder down the lake, loaded with timber toppers and barrels of beer. As she passed the Stockbridge Indian reservation, the aborigines would turn out to see her go by with her windward runner skate standing up against the moon and half a dozen loggers shinnying up the runner plank to hold her down.

At Fond du Lac, 30 miles down the lake, the loggers would bail out, run into town, have a fight, and rush back to the Cyrus before the locals got a chance to saw her runner plank in half. In the meantime, the citizens of Fond du Lac would send out an alarm on the phone that the Neenah iceboat was at large, alerting citizens in the other lake towns, Calumet Harbor, Winnebago, Brothertown, Oshkosh, High Cliff and Menasha.

Ready to Fight with Saws

Brave men in these towns would go down to the lake shore armed with saws to defend their homes. As the pirate sail of the Cyrus bore down with her uproar of singing men and pounding bung starters, the defenders would flourish their saws. When the lookout man on the Cyrus saw the moonglint on sawblades, he would cry to the helmsmen, "Turn hard away!" and the Cyrus would speed off, leaving only the keening sound of her rudder skate and the mocking laughter of her crew.

Toronto and Hamilton, Ontario, are also hot iceboating centers with a colorful past, although today racing on Toronto Bay has just about been ruined by ice-breaking tugs, the fate that befell Hudson River racing. Before the tugs loused up the sport, Toronto boasted an ice-taxi fleet which plied between the city and the offshore island resorts.

When fares approached, the chilblained hackies would fight for business with their fists. Possum Mercer and Slabsy McGuire were two of the early champion ice cabbies who, having first bested their rivals, would bundle up to a dozen passengers in buffalo robes for a hundred-mile-an-hour boat ride.

But the most determined iceboaters of all are the South Bay Scooter people at Bellport, Long Island, New York, who have figured out a way to overcome patches of open water caused by the Atlantic's salty tides. They have invented the unique Scooter class boat, an amphibian with a dish bottom. The Scooter rips across the ice on runners and then floats under sail across the waterholes until it can get its skates on ice again.

The iceboating season often lasts from Thanksgiving to April Fool's Day on Lake Winnebago. The Oshkosh skippers stick to it until the thaw is nearly complete. Everything from the juvenile "pighangers" to the mighty Debutante III is welcome in the last informal meeting of the season, the Army-Navy race.

The starting line is the bar of the clubhouse, where the skippers line up to down a drink, anything from milk to cognac. Then they scrabble down to the shore and jump off, taking on as many crew members as possible. The great armada goes boiling off to Stockbridge, 13 miles across the lake. With many a dizzy spin the Oshkosh boats spray through the slick and slush.

The crews try to avoid hitting the far bank hard enough to upset houses in Stockbridge. Facing a muddy bluff 150 feet high, each crew goes to work trying to push its skipper up the hill and pull his rivals down. The first mudball to stagger into the Stockbridge Tavern and down a drink is the winner.

It takes about ten minutes from start to finish. Sometimes the awarding of consolation drinks goes on and on while the sun melts the ice. The steel-shod yachts sink dolefully into the lake mud. Then the phones start ringing in Oshkosh for rescue cars to take the yachtsmen home. It takes an hour to drive around the lake to get them.

She took a Cruise—
but missed the boat!
THIS TRIP'S A GYP! THE WAY THE MEN ON BOARD BRUSH ME OFF, I OUGHT TO GET MY MONEY BACK!
JUDY, YOU CAN'T BLAME THE MEN FOR STEERING A WIDE COURSE AROUND—AROUND BAD BREATH! NEXT PLACE WE DOCK, SEE A DENTIST, WON'T YOU?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM'S THE TIP THAT PUT THE ROMANCE IN MY TRIP!
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
NEW! ECONOMY SIZE
EXTRA BIG! EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

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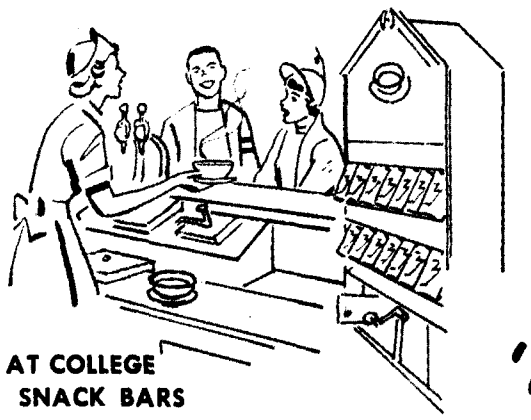
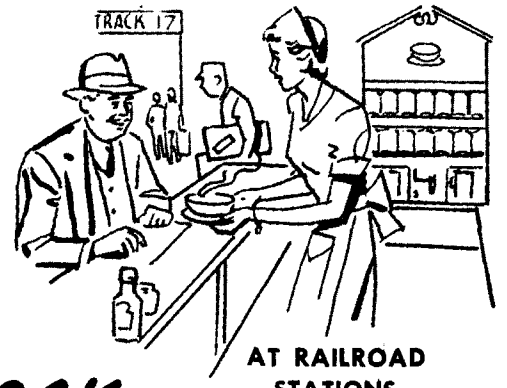


AT COLLEGE SNACK BARS

AT AIRPORTS



AT RAILROAD STATIONS

'ROUND THE CLOCK 'ROUND THE COUNTRY

ENJOY HEINZ SOUPS

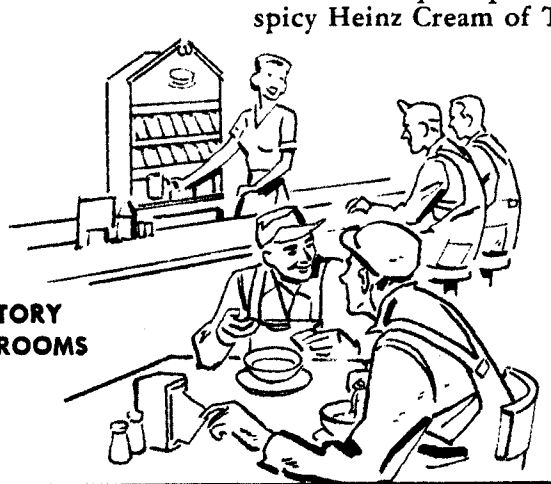
America's favorite quick-meal—at airports, railroad stations, drug stores or bowling alleys—is a great big, tempting bowl of steaming Heinz Soup, with the same old-fashioned flavor you enjoy at home! Two-minute service of your favorite kind is made possible by efficient Heinz Electric Soup Kitchens!

AT BOWLING ALLEYS

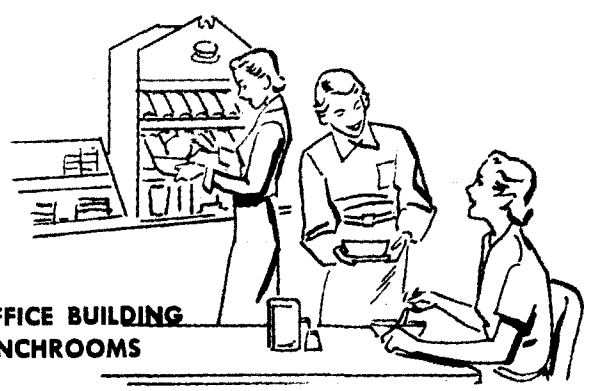
FOLLOWING the sun-and-fun trails West and South—touring the country on business missions or merely enjoying a snack on the job—Americans are relying more and more on delicious Heinz Soups for nourishment anywhere, any time! For Heinz Electric Soup Kitchens are located in factory, bank and office buildings—college lunch rooms, bus terminals and roadside stands!

Maybe you've a hankering for Heinz Chicken Noodle Soup with its glistening, golden broth and tender egg-rich noodles. Or perhaps a bowl of red and spicy Heinz Cream of Tomato or lusty Heinz Vegetable Soup would just hit the spot. Step up to the counter where there's a Heinz Soup Kitchen—and in just two minutes you're dipping your spoon into a bowl of piping-hot, home-tasting soup, fresh from Heinz immaculate modern kitchens!

All Heinz Soups are made the old home way—carefully, painstakingly—with rich, homespun flavor brewed in. Take your pick from the 10 luscious kinds featured wherever there's a Heinz Soup Kitchen. And order an assortment of Heinz Soups from your grocer, too—for mighty good eating at mighty little cost!



AT FACTORY LUNCHROOMS



AT OFFICE BUILDING LUNCHROOMS

LOOK FOR THE —

HEINZ SOUP KITCHEN

57

GOOD EATING WHEREVER YOU GO!

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HEINZ SOUP KITCHEN
2 MINUTE SERVICE
CHICKEN NOODLE • VEGETABLE • BEAN • CREAM of TOMATO
CREAM of CHICKEN • CLAM CHOWDER • CREAM of MUSHROOM

Ask for your favorite Heinz Soup at your favorite eating place! While you watch, the waitress pours the soup into an electric cup.

In two minutes, you catch the irresistible aroma of the fragrant, piping-hot soup the waitress is pouring into the bowl.

3. SERVE

She sets the bowl before you—and you enjoy soup that's rich with a true *homemade* flavor. Take your pick of the 10 savory, nourishing kinds!

PROPRIETORS—
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

New Space-Saver "Utility" Model of Heinz Electric Soup Kitchen Now Available!

To proprietors who have never used Heinz Electric Soup Kitchens, H. J. Heinz Company makes a special offer of the compact, efficient new Space-Saver "Utility" Model! Mail coupon at right for complete details about this new kitchen—or the other models available to fit your needs!

H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. C-2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kindly send me complete details about—

- ☐ The new Space-Saver "Utility" Model
- ☐ Other models of Heinz Electric Soup Kitchens plus details about the Heinz Plan for better service for my customers.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

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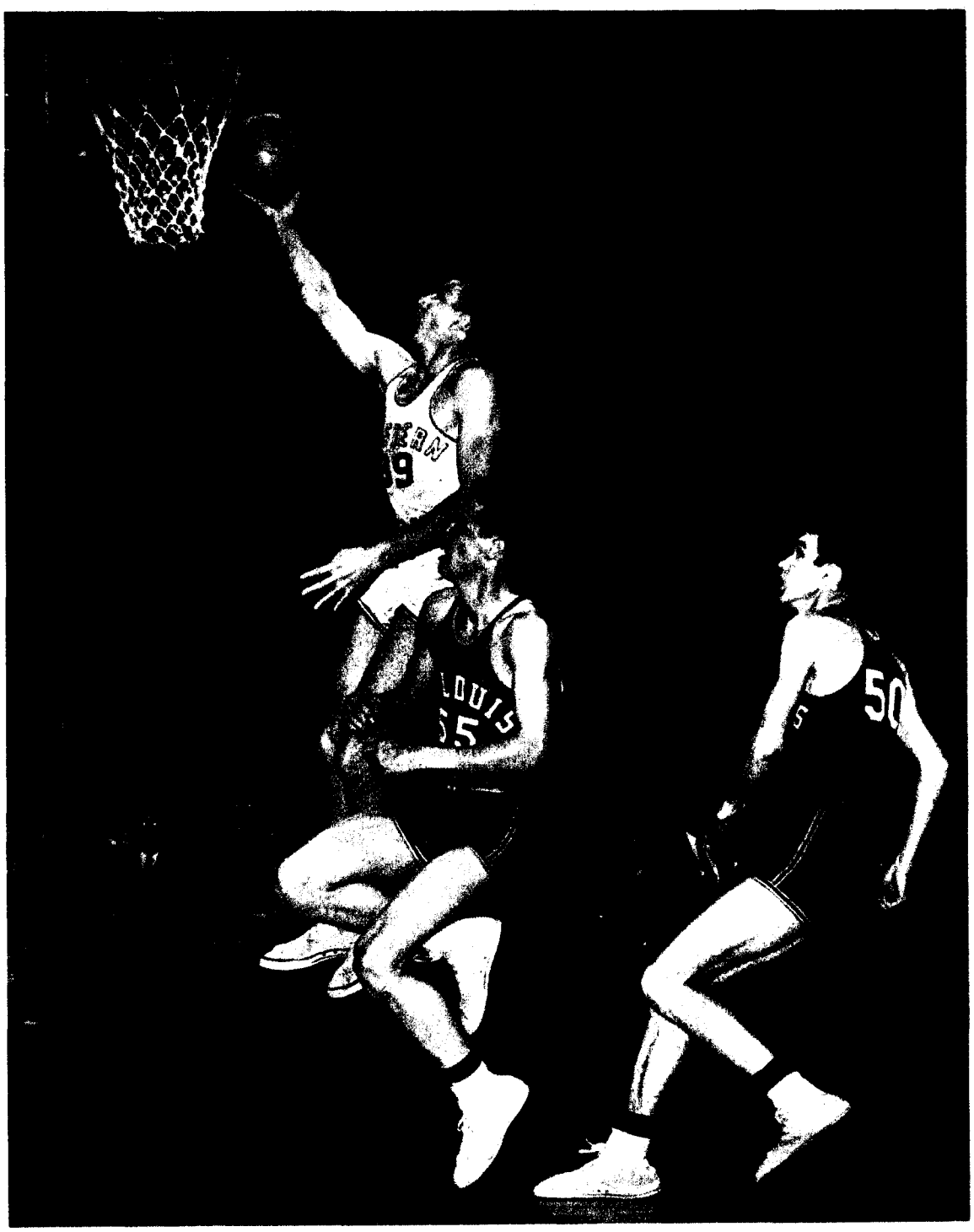
Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

The St. Louis University blues are hot. With a home-grown team they've scored in basketball's big time



WIDE WORLD

Spark plug of the Billikens' rise to power is Ed Macauley (number 50), basketball's Player of the Year

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY is a member of the no-ivy league. It has a functional, midtown campus with red brick buildings and concrete sidewalks instead of ivied walls and shady paths. Its teams are called Billikens, which is, according to St. Louis legend, the nickname of a pinheaded Chinese god who stands for things as they ought to be.

Up until last year, the Billikens were basketball nobodies; now, things are finally the way they ought to be to make St. Louis fans happy. The Billikens are playing college basketball's big-time circuit and, as winners of the 1948 National Invitational Tournament, they're getting top billing.

That invitational title climaxed an amazing season. The Billikens walloped Baylor, N.C.A.A. finalist; upset Holy Cross, defending N.C.A.A. champion; routed perennially powerful Long Island, and whipped Notre Dame. Then the Billikens invaded South Bend and did what mighty Kentucky had failed to do. They terminated Notre Dame's 38-game home winning streak.

While all this was going on, St. Louis (strictly a Cardinal baseball town) went basketball crazy. Attendance skyrocketed. The Billikens had to move out of their cozy campus gym and into the municipal auditorium in order to accommodate capacity crowds of 11,000 frenzied fans.

The long and short of the St. Louis success story are Ed Macauley, six-foot, six-inch center, and Eddie Hickey, five-foot, five-inch coach, who eliminates the team's offensive flaws by studying motion pictures of each game.

Before the invitational finale in Madison Square Garden, Little Hick took Big Mac aside. "Look," Hick said, "you've been playing the full 40 minutes every game. I've told you to rest on offense, never on defense. You've followed instructions. The team still comes first, of course, but I want you to win the outstanding-player award. You deserve it, but you won't get it unless you score more. Tonight, quit resting on offense."

Macauley popped 24 points and was named Player of the Year.

Lawyer-Coach Hickey believes the Billikens are in big-league basketball to stay. With Macauley shooting for All-America honors again this season, St. Louis isn't conceding the national title to Kentucky or anybody else.

"We have a firm foundation," Hickey explains. "Every man on our team is home-grown—it's an all-St. Louis squad. We have a nice freshman squad, too, and they're all local boys who ought to make good."

Moral: Small schools in big towns can become champions by convincing kids that, when the time comes to play basketball, there's no place like home.

GIVE HIM A CIGAR

Sports jack pot: Vince Frechette of Flint, Michigan, has (a) bowled a 300 game, (b) scored a hole in one on a 280-yard hole and (c) pitched a perfect no-hit-no-run softball game.

VIDEO VIEWS

Television's top brass is worried. Pro baseball magnates are on the verge of banning direct telecasts in 1950. Pro football owners fear direct television will kill big crowds in bad weather. Possible compromise: They'll televise game films *after* the game, either the same evening, or the next day.

MANGRUM'S CHOICE

Golfer Lloyd Mangrum gets tired of the steak-and-chicken diet on the plush pro golf circuit. At home in Los Angeles, Lloyd orders a delicacy not found on country-club menus: ham hocks and beans.

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I STOLE A MILLION

Continued from page 13

and he taught me what he knew. About 1933 we branched into fake-accident claims. A Bowery bum got us started.

One day I was standing on a street corner with S——, and a car making a turn hit a derelict. The car stopped. The bum got up, brushed his pants, and went away. I took the license-plate number of the car and reported a hit-and-run case in order to get the accident on record. I then turned the case over to an attorney who knew what it was all about but didn't want me to explain fully as he figured it was a racket. The attorney agreed to work for a one-third cut of the settlement.

I then called police headquarters and told them, "This is Walsh, Badge Number such-and-such," and the fellow on the other end said, "How do you feel today?" I said, "Okay," and gave him the license number and asked him what the owner's name was. He was very helpful and got me the information. I then called the car owner on the phone, saying I represented the social service at Bellevue Hospital.

I told him we had a bill for medical treatment and asked for the name of his insurance carrier, which he gave me. I ventured on jokingly that the fellow has developed a dread disease due to this accident and that I hoped he carried enough insurance. He admitted he carried a twenty-to-forty-thousand-dollar policy and he volunteered the name of his insurance broker.

A summons was served for $25,000, and a physical examination was arranged at the attorney's office. My partner dressed as the bum for the act and displayed an X ray showing a fracture of the shoulder. I had not known about this X-ray side line before.

Three weeks after the examination my partner and I called an adjuster we knew in this particular company and asked him to see what figure he could put on this particular case, if any. Later in the day he gave us a figure of $4,000.

We waited a little while and then called this adjuster again and told him we needed another $500 to settle the case, which brought the figure up to $4,500. We then told the attorney that we had to bribe the adjuster with $1,000, which we kept. Later we gave the adjuster $200 to keep him happy, and the lawyer, who was working on one-third and thought we really gave the adjuster $1,000, came in for a piece. He never knew we chiseled him and split $3,100.

A Partner With Bad Habits

Now that I had seen the way my partner's pattern worked, I became very much interested. At this time my partner was losing his money on horses and in dice games and was forever borrowing money from me to support his habit. I quit him and went on my own. He has no police record. He was never caught. But he is on the rocks today.

I saw immediately that I would need a file of X rays to build up my pattern of operation. My first step was to go to the Municipal Lodging House, which had bums and derelicts. I spoke to a bum with a cast on his arm and asked him how old the injury was, where the break was, how he got it, and if there was any lawsuit pending. I then took him into my car, saying I was a student from some medical school and was making a study of fresh fractures. If he would comply with my request and have X rays taken at a doctor's office in the Bronx I would give him two bottles of whisky and $5 for himself.

Ten minutes after the X ray was taken the doctor convinced me this bum was telling the truth that it was a fresh injury. I then made a deal with the doctor for a dozen plates with two views of this fracture, and gave him $75 for these X rays.

Later I got X rays of other fractures, but these first X rays were all alike except each plate had different initials and there was no doctor's name on them to trip me up. They usually put a patient's initials on X rays for purposes of identification. One plate had the initials "D.C.L." on it and I used it under such names as David C. Levy, Daniel C. Levine and others. This fooled the insurance investigators, who were always checking to see if a claimant had a previous accident with them.

I now set about getting people to work for me who could pretend they got hurt in the fake accidents as the victim. They were called "floppers" and "divers." A flopper is a person who knows how to fake getting hit by a car making a turn at an intersection. This person dashes out to cross the street as the car comes around the corner at low speed. He puts his hands on the front fender and flips over backward and lays in the street groaning.

"It got so crowded I put your shaving things in the top of the hall closet"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

It is very hard to get good actors. Some floppers were very good actors, but others would only wince here and there. Floppers could work at any time of day, but not divers. Divers were best at night.

A diver is a person who takes a car going straight down the street, maybe thirty miles an hour. This party stands several feet off the curb and as the car approaches he runs out and sort of crouches while he slams his hand against the door, making a very loud noise. He then falls into the street. The car stops, and from there on the routine is the same as it is with a flopper.

I collected $1,750 on my first case. I found a truck driver who would play ball. He told me the stops on his route and I introduced the party to be injured to the driver. I then selected a street corner that had no drugstore. I did not want them picking him up and carrying him into a drugstore instead of sending him to the hospital, which was very important as I had to have official records when I got ready to make my claim.

Before the "accident" took place it was necessary to set up a fake address for the "injured." I soon found this was the most important link if my case was going to stand up. This job took several days.

If possible I preferred to deal with prostitutes who operated in apartment houses, since they moved around a lot and were hard to keep track of. However, I also knew many other people I could go to who would say the injured lived there if an insurance investigator came around. I would give them $10 or $15 to say this.

I would give the injured a name like Joe Marino and the next day I would go to the superintendent of the building and ask him what apartment Marino lives in. The superintendent would say no, there was no Marino there. I would then say, "Oh, he lives upstairs with John Jones," and the superintendent would give me the number of the apartment that Jones lived in.

A day later my lieutenant would go to the superintendent and ask him again what apartment Marino lived in. The superintendent would still not remember Marino so my lieutenant would say, "He is the fellow that broke his elbow in that big accident. He lives with John Jones." Now the idea was planted in the superintendent's brain, and when the insurance investigator finally got around to checking the address the superintendent would tell him, "Sure, Marino lives here. He's the guy who broke his elbow in that accident. He lives with John Jones upstairs." This would convince the investigator that there really was a Marino and that he really lived there.

Now comes the accident. I picked up the flopper in my car, told him his name and address, and drove around for an hour to make sure I was not being tailed. Finally we got to the street corner I had picked. The truck arrived on schedule and the flopper went into his act. I paid him $10 for this. It was a good performance.

While my flopper was laying in the street groaning, a cop came up and wanted to know what is going on here. I stayed off in the crowd and watched the stage play. The cop called an ambulance, which soon arrived, and after the flopper was taken away the cop made out his report describing the accident. Now the accident was on the police record, which was important.

At the hospital the flopper made out that his elbow was badly injured. The act had to be very good in order for the intern to suggest X rays. However, the flopper then refused to have X rays taken there, saying he wanted his own doctor to take them. The intern then entered the case in the hospital records as a possible fracture. It was important for the intern to diagnose the injury as a possible fracture, since it opened the way for me to use one of my phony X rays later. If the intern diagnosed the injury as contusions or abrasions I would have to drop the case, as contusions and abrasions are not worth the trouble.

One week after this phony accident I turned the case over to an attorney. This attorney was what you call book-smart, but he could not move around very fast and he did not know I was outsmarting him with a fake. All he was interested in was his check. The attorney sent a claim letter to the owner of the truck, which was forwarded to the insurance carrier. By the time the insurance company got the letter, there was already a lawyer in the case and they could not push us around.

In about ten days the adjuster from the insurance company called up the attorney and asked what the injury was. The attorney said it was a bad injury but that he could not tell him any more as he did not have a complete medical report. He then told the adjuster to arrange a physical examination with the insurance company doctor, but said it could not take place for several weeks since the injured party was not available just then.

The Doctor Was Gullible

It was important now to get a private doctor to put this fake case into his own files. I went to see a doctor who thought I was a legitimate insurance adjuster and told him things looked very bright for him in the future as I was interested in him and would like to see him picking up some extra change as an insurance-company doctor.

I then told him about the case and asked him to make out an index card for his files showing that he had treated the "injured." I told him he had nothing to fear so long as he did not give me anything in writing. All I wanted was for him to say he had seen the patient if the insurance company called and to tell them to call the attorney if they wanted more information. I paid him $50 for this, but before I left his office I lifted some of his letterheads and put them in my pocket.

The next step in this pattern was to make out a medical report on the doctor's stationery. I forged the doctor's signature on this report, which I wrote myself. The report stated: "This patient is under my care for the following injuries sustained on such and such a date: contusions and abrasions of right elbow; fracture of internal condyle of right humerus. X-ray examination reveals fracture of internal condyle. This patient will require further treatment."

I did not use the original flopper to take the insurance-company examination as I did not want to make him feel too important in the setup. I hired a thief instead from the Bronx who had the same type of build as the original flopper, and I gave this bum $15 to take the examination.

Eight weeks after the "accident" the doctor from the insurance company examined the patient. The reason it was eight weeks was that it takes about eight weeks for adhesive-tape markings to go away, and I could not appear in, say three weeks, with this bum who showed no evidence of ever being bandaged.

First, though, I took the bum to the scene where the "accident" happened so he could answer questions. I gave him his age and fixed his date of birth. I told him the name of the doctor who was supposed to have X-rayed him and treated him. I further explained to him when the X ray was taken, when the adhesive

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strapping was applied, how often he saw the doctor, when the strapping was removed, the amount of bakings and massagings that followed, and the medical fees up to date.

At the examination the insurance doctor just looked at the phony X ray and asked the patient to squeeze his hand to see if there was a loss of restriction. After this quick examination the insurance company settled for $1,750. That was as far as it went. In later cases I found that insurance-company doctors are usually too busy to be thorough, as they are looking to examine a lot of patients for purposes of money. I also found that big doctors are pushovers as they have big egos.

In the 15 years I worked this racket I came up against only a few thorough doctors. They were real heavyweights, but I had a system for them, too. When one of my injured was to be examined by a heavyweight I knew was thorough, I would use an old pickpocket's trick to discourage him. I just gave the "injured" a couple of shots of whisky and all the garlic he could eat and I have yet to see a doctor who could stand the smell when the patient blew in his face. The doctor would get desperate from this man's breath and would give him a fast once-over and tell him to put on his coat and wait in the outer office while he filled out his report. It was easy.

In all, I cashed over a million dollars' worth of insurance-settlement checks but I never kept any records. I never put a cent in the bank, even under an assumed name, as it would have been lost if I died. Sometimes I had as much as $20,000 in my apartment in the Bronx which I paid $60 a month for. I kept the money mostly in $500 bills and concealed them in a book called Ivanhoe, which was in a stack of other books in a closet.

My files were in my head. I had to be thinking all the time as it would have been fatal to backtrack on myself. I had to be careful that a flopper did not take two flops in front of the same cop or be picked up by an ambulance and taken to a particular hospital where he could be recognized as a repeater.

Shun Low License Numbers

I also learned not to let a flopper or a diver take a car with a low license number, as this would indicate that the car belongs to an important individual and I did not wish to become involved in a lot of publicity. Once a flopper picked such a car in front of the Waldorf-Astoria, and when the cop came over to question the driver I heard him say, "Hello, Judge." I became somewhat nervous on hearing that this fellow was a judge so I eased over to the flopper and told him to get going. The flopper then picked himself up and said, "Sorry, I did not watch where I was walking," and we let the case go.

Another time one of my floppers was recognized by a cab driver who was a friend of his and saw him laying in the street after an accident. The cab driver yelled, "What's the matter, Johnny?" and it became necessary for me to go over to this cab driver and explain to him that this was no Johnny and for him to keep moving.

I also had to be careful not to let an insurance company maneuver me into a position where I would have to permit a re-X ray since my client naturally had not been injured in the first place. If a company got suspicious and requested a re-X ray, however, I would still not be licked. Luckily, an insurance company cannot get a re-X ray without a court order, which they can obtain only by claiming fraud.

However, if the company got stubborn and tried to make me agree to a re-X ray, I would immediately go up and see the company adjuster and would represent myself to him as a lawyer. I would give him a little bottle of Chanel No. 5 for his wife and then we would talk about the case. I would tell him I was short of money and was trying to settle the case in a hurry as I was selling my client out by not fighting for a bigger settlement for him and this naturally was to the company's advantage. This worked about 90 per cent of the time. When it did not work and the company still wanted a re-X ray I would drop the case as it would be too risky to argue any more.

Swapping Old X Rays for New

I could do more tricks with my X rays than a monkey with a peanut. By this I mean I could easily switch a right shoulder to a left shoulder or a right elbow to a left elbow. As I built up my file of X rays I specialized in shoulders and elbows. When these X rays got old and started to darken I would send them to a town in Pennsylvania or Indiana, and have fresh X rays made from them by some process.

When I had X rays taken of these Bowery bums, I made sure they were taken from an angle where the heart did not show. If it did show, I could not switch rights and lefts. Sometimes I would get a lady bum on the Bowery with a broken shoulder and would have her X-rayed. In cases like this I would make sure that the X-ray angle did not show her breast shadow as I could not pass it off as a man's picture if such a shadow showed.

In one of my early jobs I used an X ray of a broken shoulder which I had stolen off a doctor's desk. Twenty-four hours after the insurance-company doctor saw this X ray the company offered to settle with me for $4,500 if I would sign a release then and there. I was speechless for a moment, as this particular fracture was not worth more than $2,000, but I signed the release and left the insurance company very much disturbed.

I called the attorney on this case and arranged a meet on Thirty-fourth Street and Second Avenue. The attorney met me and I told him what happened. He thought we were in a trap. He wanted me to take the case out of his hands for the sole purpose that this amount was too excessive. Attorneys are the first guys to crack under these circumstances. I told him not to worry.

Later I went to see another doctor with this particular X ray. I asked him what was on this picture. He said, "There is a fractured shoulder and *two fractures of the spine.*" I then realized the insurance company had gypped me. This fracture was worth at least $10,000.

There was another thing about this particular case. When the insurance-company doctor examined the X ray he asked the "injured," who was with me, if his back hurt. Not knowing what to say as this part was not rehearsed, the injured said, "A little." The doctor never stopped to think that the injured would be in a hospital and not in a doctor's office if he had just had a broken back. To top it off, the doctor got so excited when he noticed the spinal fracture he never realized he was looking at the X ray of a woman instead of the fellow beside me. When I looked at the picture later I could see the outline of a woman's breast.

If the cops or the insurance-fraud investigators could have trapped me with this phony X ray in the doctor's office they could have saved over a million dollars, as this is the amount I took them for later. But I did not make this mistake again and it was fifteen years before I made another mistake.

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THE GREATEST DRUG SINCE PENICILLIN

Continued from page 26

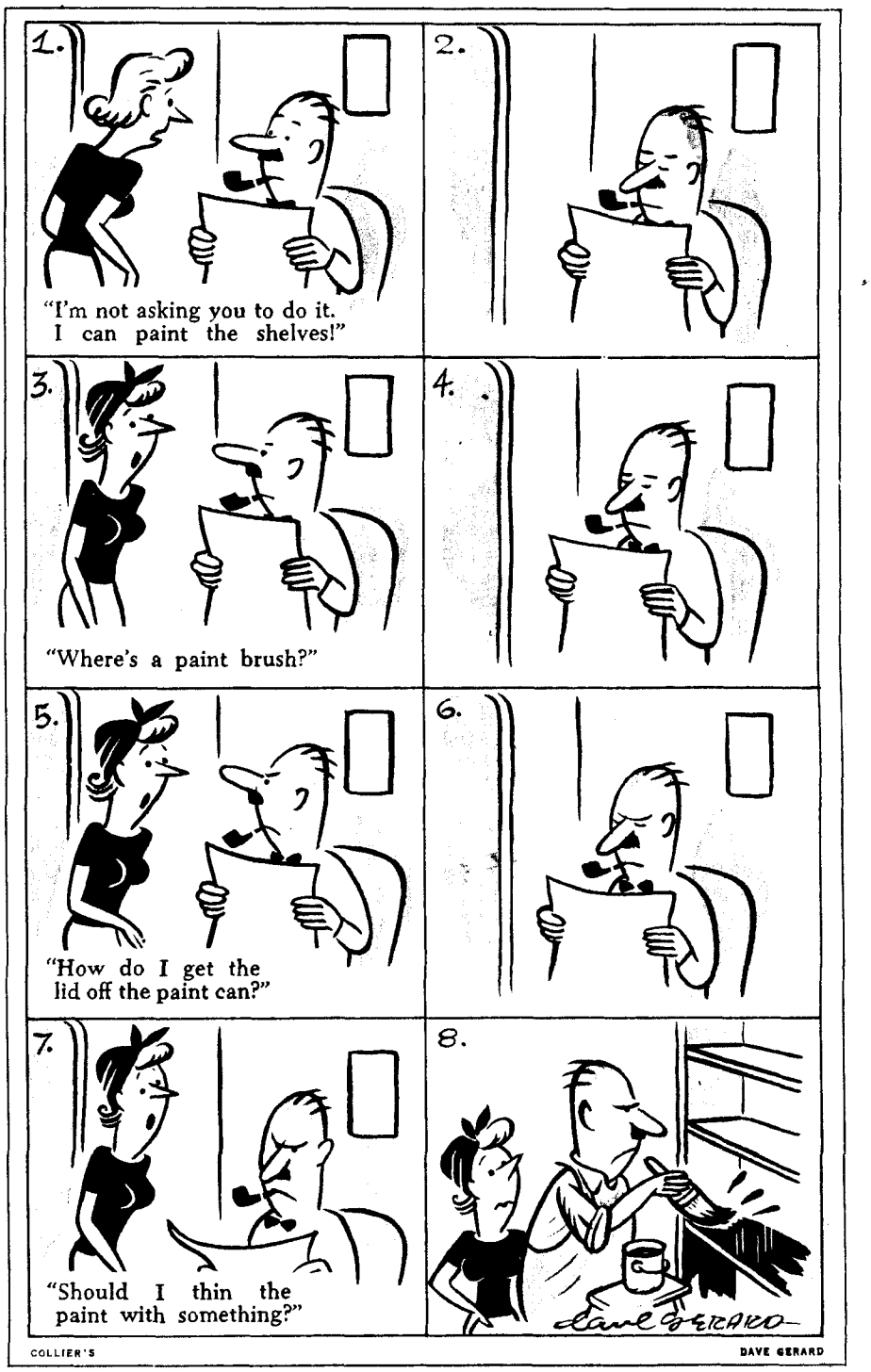
There is nothing very mysterious about the way in which this is done. One simply makes a muddy soup of a soil sample, then streaks it across a small glass dish containing agar—a bacterial fodder. The microbes in the soil start feasting, growing. Next, you streak samples of common disease microbes across the muddy path. If molds or bacteria in the soil attack and kill the disease organisms, it is visible to the naked eye. There is a clear spot left on the plate at the scene of battle. When this happens, using a microscope you fish out the particular microbe responsible for the killing, start growing it in flasks or test tubes.

In the course of such routine testing of thousands of soil samples, Burkholder got a promising microbe. It was in a soil sample from Caracas, Venezuela. This microbe—at the time unidentified—was a powerful battler against bacteria which caused intestinal disease, and against the tubercle bacillus and others. In these preliminary experiments, it looked interesting enough for further work. Accordingly, Burkholder sent it along to Parke, Davis & Co., in Detroit, sponsors of his work.

Parke, Davis assigned a crack research team to study the new microbe: Drs. John Ehrlich, bacteriologist; Quentin Bartz, chemist; I. William McLean, Jr., virus expert. The group decided to pit the soil microbe against a particularly unpleasant man-killer: Rickettsia prowazeki. This is the creature which causes typhus fever. The microbe is named for two men who fought that disease and died at its hands: Howard Taylor Ricketts of Findlay, Ohio, and Stanislas von Prowazek of Hamburg, Germany.

Ehrlich, forty-one, a quiet, dark, almost painfully shy research man, prepared cultures of the microbe X which Burkholder had discovered, then filtered off the "beer," hoping it would contain the killing chemicals. He handed this brownish fluid along to McLean.

McLean devised his experiment. He inoculated fertile eggs with Rickettsia prowazeki, which, let alone, would swiftly kill the chick embryos growing in the eggs. Then he attempted to save the lives of the unborn chicks with the microbe juice prepared by Ehrlich. McLean injected the eggs with enough of Burkholder's microbe X concentrate and the microbe toll stopped. Instead of dying, a good part of the embryos went on to hatch into healthy chicks!



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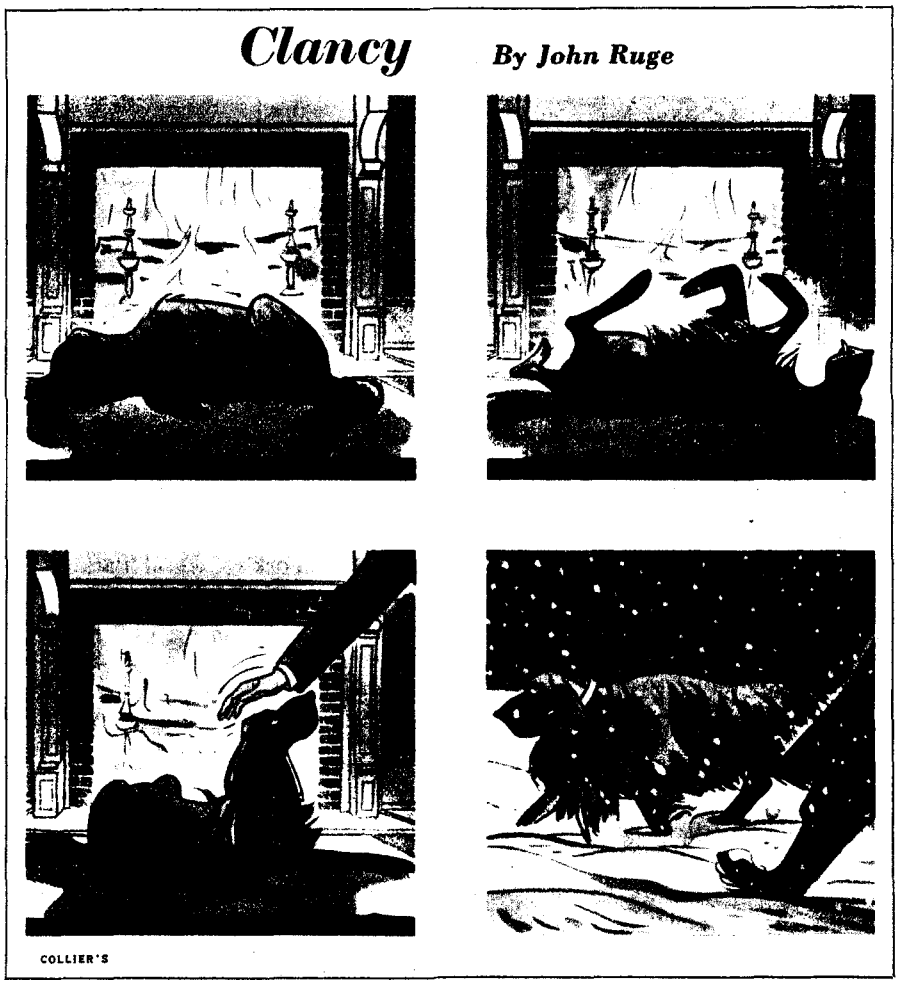

This was the first time in history any drug had shown marked activity against one of the most murderous of all microbes.

Quentin Bartz, the research team's chemist, got the signal: Drop everything, start working on this microbe juice. Try to extract the chemical stuff which killed off the typhus microbe—get it in pure, crystalline form. Then try to find what the chemical is. Bartz worked two months on the job, came up with the concentrate he was looking for.

Ehrlich, McLean and other Parke, Davis researchers hurried along with the task of seeing what this new microbe slayer would do. They infected mice with whooping cough—enough of the microbes to kill them with almost 100 per cent regularity. The drug would save lives of such mice with almost unerring regularity. They tried it on mouse and guinea pig tuberculosis; on dysentery bacteria; and on one type of killing pneumonia untouched by penicillin. The drug worked well. But it was the typhus work that got everyone excited.

Preparing for New Tests

At this stage, Parke, Davis research directors wanted tests of a type that their own laboratory was not equipped to handle. The problem was laid before Dr. Joseph E. Smadel, head of virus research at the Army Medical Center, Washington. Could he handle tests with virus and rickettsial diseases—typhus, scrub typhus, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, psittacosis or parrot fever, lymphogranuloma venereum—a particularly unpleasant, persistent, crippling venereal disease? He undertook the job. Again in the laboratory, the drug turned in brilliant results. The time had come for tests with human beings.

Early last winter, Dr. Eugene H. Payne of Parke, Davis was going to Bolivia to be decorated by the government for his war work. He had been a member of a medical mission sent to Bolivia in 1942 by the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

Payne, an amiable, graty-voiced physician, decided to take some Chloromycetin with him, since typhus generally shows up each year in the Bolivian uplands. Natives there, mostly Aymara Indians, have a religious taboo against bathing. As a result, body lice are common—and so is the typhus that goes with them. From the laboratory, Payne was able to scrape together 200 grams of the drug, just under half a pound.

Payne and typhus reached Bolivia at about the same time: in late November, 1947. As stated, the village of Puerto Acosta was hit particularly hard. Payne borrowed a car in La Paz, enlisted the help of two Bolivian doctors and headed for the village on the Peruvian border.

He commandeered a storeroom, converted it into a makeshift hospital, started moving patients in. Typhus kills 20 to 60 per cent of those stricken, epidemics varying in severity. Local figures indicated this particular visitation was taking one life in three.

To get trustworthy data on any new drug, it is necessary for a physician to use "control"—give the drug to some people, withhold it from others equally sick. Comparison of results in the two groups gives a fairly accurate picture of the new drug's worth. Working along these lines, Payne selected his first three patients—three sisters. Two would get the drug, one wouldn't.

The first sister to get Chloromycetin had fever of 105 degrees, a pounding heart, tender abdomen, stunning pain in her back and an almost unbearable headache. Her mouth was crusted with dried mucus and her tongue was partially paralyzed. The first day she got two one-gram doses of the drug by mouth. Within eight hours, pain started subsiding, fever dropping. That night she slept peacefully. The second day, she got two more doses of drug, and fever dropped to normal a few hours afterward.

The second treated case was almost exactly the same—marked improvement by the second day, fever to normal by the third. After a ten-day observation period, this patient, a sixteen-year-old girl, was released from the hospital.

The third sister, who did not get Chloromycetin, died the second week of her illness.

There was enough drug to treat 19 additional patients, and with each one the results were precisely the same: almost immediate improvement, uneventful recovery. People too sick to swallow the drug got it by injection, and their severe head- and backaches began to disappear in ten minutes!

Natives, grateful for the medicine which had saved life with 100 per cent regularity, held a party for Payne on the shores of Lake Titicaca, a few miles out of town. A *siruci* band—composed chiefly of drums and bamboo whistles—furnished the music. Entertainment was provided by gallons of fiery native brandy. The last Payne heard when he left town the next day for La Paz, the party was going strong, gathering momentum.

Dr. Smadel decided to pit the drug against a related disease—scrub typhus. Look at this sickness, which kills 20 to 50 per cent of those who get it. It is spread by mites—cousins of the chiggers which plague picnic parties. Some Pacific Islands were so badly infested that the Japs had to abandon them. The disease struck down 25,000 Allied troops. Among the British in southern Asia, it killed 28 per cent of the stricken, left others so weakened that they were in hospitals a month or more.

Smadel selected the team which would work with this disease: Drs. Theodore Woodward, Herbert Ley, Jr., Cornelius Philip, Robert Traub. He gathered the entire world supply of Chloromycetin—one pound of the drug—and flew the team to Kuala Lumpur in Malaya.

Again, Chloromycetin turned in a record of triumph. In all, 25 patients were treated: Europeans, Indians, Chinese, Malayans. On the average, fever was gone in 31 hours, as opposed to the usual 18 days. There were no deaths. In the course of this work Smadel and his colleagues came on two puzzling cases—puzzling because fever didn't disappear right on schedule, at the end of one day, but lingered through three days. Laboratory work showed why. The two patients didn't have typhus fever. They had typhoid! Up to this point, no one had suspected that Chloromycetin was a cure for typhoid but here was convincing evidence. Instead of being feverish, miserably sick for a period of a month or more, these two patients had got well inside a few days!

Smadel followed up. He collected 13 typhoid patients. At least two of these were almost sure to die, since physicians have never had a drug to fight this disease. One of these patients had severe intestinal hemorrhage. In the other, microbes had so weakened intestinal walls that they had perforated. When this happens, infection usually spreads through the abdominal cavity, bringing death swiftly. Yet both these patients recovered promptly—as did the others.

The next step in Chloromycetin's lifesaving came in Baltimore—with one of the most fearsome of all diseases: Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Dr. Woodward's associate, Dr. Maurice Pincoffs, professor of medicine at the University of Maryland, had followed the work in Malaya. He wanted to try the drug on spotted fever, and had started work when Woodward returned from Malaya.

This disease, spread by tick bites, kills 22 per cent of those stricken. Survivors run high fevers for 15 to 18 days and may be too weak to work for months afterward. The two researchers gave Chloromycetin to 17 victims. Again, it was the same story; the story that by now Chloromycetin was telling with encouraging regularity. In these patients, fever was gone in two days, and they were on the road to recovery in three.

A Glance at the Record

Add up the score to this point. Chloromycetin had proved itself a tremendous weapon against four major diseases for which no satisfactory medicines existed before: typhus, scrub typhus, typhoid fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever. *Not one patient who had received the drug had died.*

What else will this miracle drug do?

In the laboratory, it has proved a promising weapon against tuberculosis. But note, there is a great gap between laboratory and clinical work in this particular disease. Dozens of drugs which have behaved handsomely in test tubes have been miserable failures when given to patients. A final evaluation of Chloromycetin in tuberculosis may have to wait several years.

With another disease, one which increases each year, the picture is far more immediately hopeful. This disease is undulant fever, spread by unpasteurized milk from sick cows, goats. This disease strikes an estimated 40,000 Americans a year.

All laboratory evidence indicates that Chloromycetin will handle this sickness as effectively as penicillin takes care of pneumonia. As already noted, a similar situation exists with whooping cough, that always serious and often fatal disease which strikes from 70 to 80 per cent of all children before they reach the age of nine. (There were 1,241 deaths in 1946.)

Chloromycetin promises to be a powerful drug against many of the dysenteries caused by bacteria, and against the urinary tract infections that spell disaster for thousands of older people. Again in the laboratory, it has proved an effective weapon against cholera and bubonic plague.

If Chloromycetin lives up to its early promise, with all these diseases, it will take its place alongside penicillin as one of the greatest medical discoveries in history.

What is its status now? Production to date has been on a laboratory flask and pilot-plant scale—meaning negligible production. To a degree, the early story of penicillin has been re-enacted. Hearing of the wonderwork of the drug, physicians, big businessmen, even U.S. senators have frantically telephoned, telegraphed Parke, Davis & Company. The messages have been alike: All hope was lost for the patient in question unless the drug could be supplied. And in nearly all cases, the answer has been the same: There was no Chloromycetin available.

Techniques for mass-scale manufacture in vast fermenter vats have now been worked out, and as a backstop, chemists are confident they can produce the drug artificially. So the shortage may ease in the next few months.

With production under way, Chloromycetin can start writing a record of real, mass-scale lifesaving. It will further close the gap that remains in man's complete conquest of his microbial enemies.

THE PRESIDENT'S BOSS, BESS

By EDITH ASBURY

Appealing, and as friendly as meeting the folks who live next door, the first complete story of America's First Lady will appear

In Collier's *next week*

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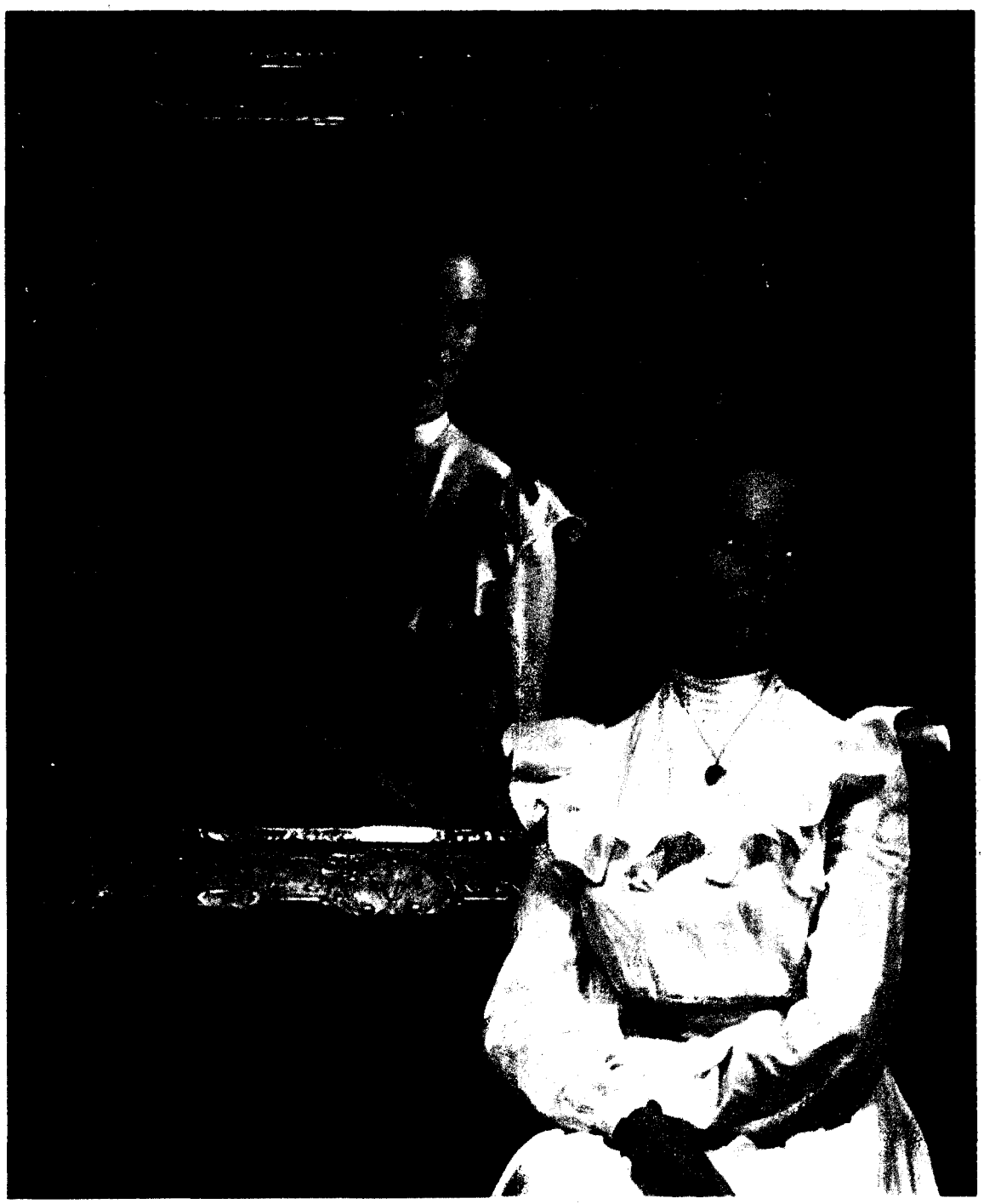
Collier's MOVIES

By WARREN PHILLIPS

The Week's Preview

The ethereal charm that first endeared Jennifer Jones to the public, and a New England hurricane make Portrait of Jennie a superb motion picture



Robert Brackman's portrait, which motivates the plot, effectively captures Miss Jones' spiritual beauty

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE, the movie, is thoroughly star-studded, with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore and David Wayne playing out a tender, mystical love story. But the character who steals the show is an inanimate object—a New England hurricane.

Producer David O. Selznick has built the hurricane up to menacing life-size proportions, and it provides the climax and the high point of excitement to a movie that starts out gently and moves forward quietly, with only occasional hints of the catastrophic disturbances to come.

Based on the book by Robert Nathan, the picture is concerned with a young and struggling artist, Eben Adams (Joseph Cotten), who starves his way through discouraging years of unsuccessful effort to sell his work.

Finally he meets Jennie—a lonely little girl playing hopscotch in New York's Central Park. "I know a song," the little girl tells him, and sings:

"Where I come from
Nobody knows;
And where I'm going
Everything goes.
The wind blows,
The sea flows—
Where I come from
Nobody knows."

It is the beginning of a strange, unearthly romance, which transcends the limits of time and space. As Eben transfers to canvas the otherworldly quality of Jennie—Jennie as a child, as a convent-school student, as a young woman—his skill as a painter and his love for Jennie grow.

To hold the story down to earth there are a few three-dimensional characters—the cabdriver Gus (David Wayne), who fixes it up so that Eben can get his meals free in exchange for painting a mural over a restaurant bar, and Miss Spinney (Ethel Barrymore), the assistant in the art gallery where Eben sells his first sketch of Jennie.

This sketch leads him at last to the production of a masterful full-scale portrait of Jennie and an honored spot in the Metropolitan Museum.

The scenes are laid in New York in the thirties, with sights and sounds familiar to any New Yorker. Many scenes were shot on actual location in and near the city. A number of convents around New York were tried out for the convent scenes in the film, but Director Dieterle finally decided to use the Cloisters, the medieval museum with the hushed atmosphere, for convent backgrounds.

The portrait used in the film was painted by Artist Robert Brackman, with Joseph Cotten watching while he worked to learn how to handle brushes properly. And this portrait did actually hang for a time in the Metropolitan. The musical background for the picture is the work of Debussy.

But of all scenes, those of the New England hurricane and tidal wave were the most difficult. They were made by a crew of stalwart cameramen during an actual hurricane last winter.

To accentuate the drama of these scenes, two technical innovations are used. As the storm breaks, the screen you watch expands, apparently, and the sound effects expand, too. To produce this transformation all first-run theaters will utilize a cycloramic screen, measuring 30 by 30 feet, and a new multisound system, accentuating the thunder of the wind and waves.

For Jennifer Jones there have been nothing but "big" pictures under David O. Selznick. Selznick, her sponsor throughout almost all of her motion-picture career, has seen to that. Her first big role, in The Song of Bernadette, won her an Academy Award in 1943, and it was followed by Since You Went Away, Love Letters, Duel in the Sun, and Cluny Brown. In this new effort, Miss Jones returns in a way to the ethereal charm of her Bernadette portrayal. Both the movie and her performance in it are strong bids for the next Academy Awards.

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The finest, the costliest cars in America seat you in the smooth riding center-section. So does the new Ford—with a new "Mid Ship" Ride!

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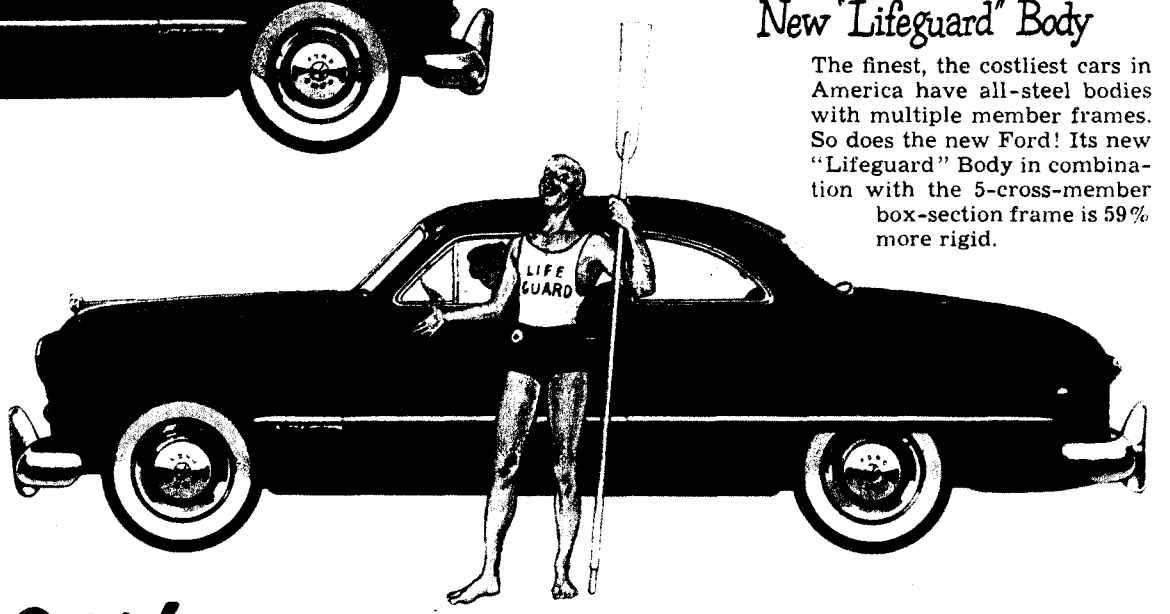
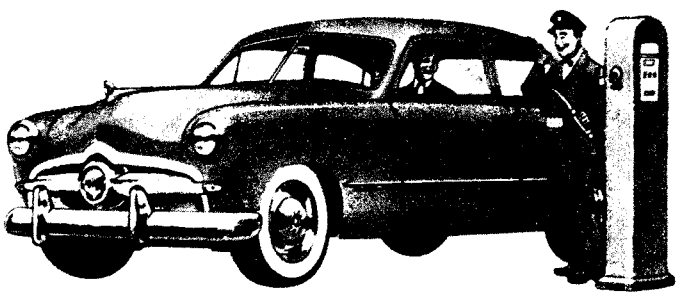
The finest, the costliest cars in America have all-steel bodies with multiple member frames. So does the new Ford! Its new "Lifeguard" Body in combination with the 5-cross-member box-section frame is 59% more rigid.



The '49 Ford's out Front

...the fine car of its field!



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The finest, the costliest cars in America are powered with V-8 engines. Ford offers your choice of V-8 or Six. Stepped-up economy, too—up to 10%.

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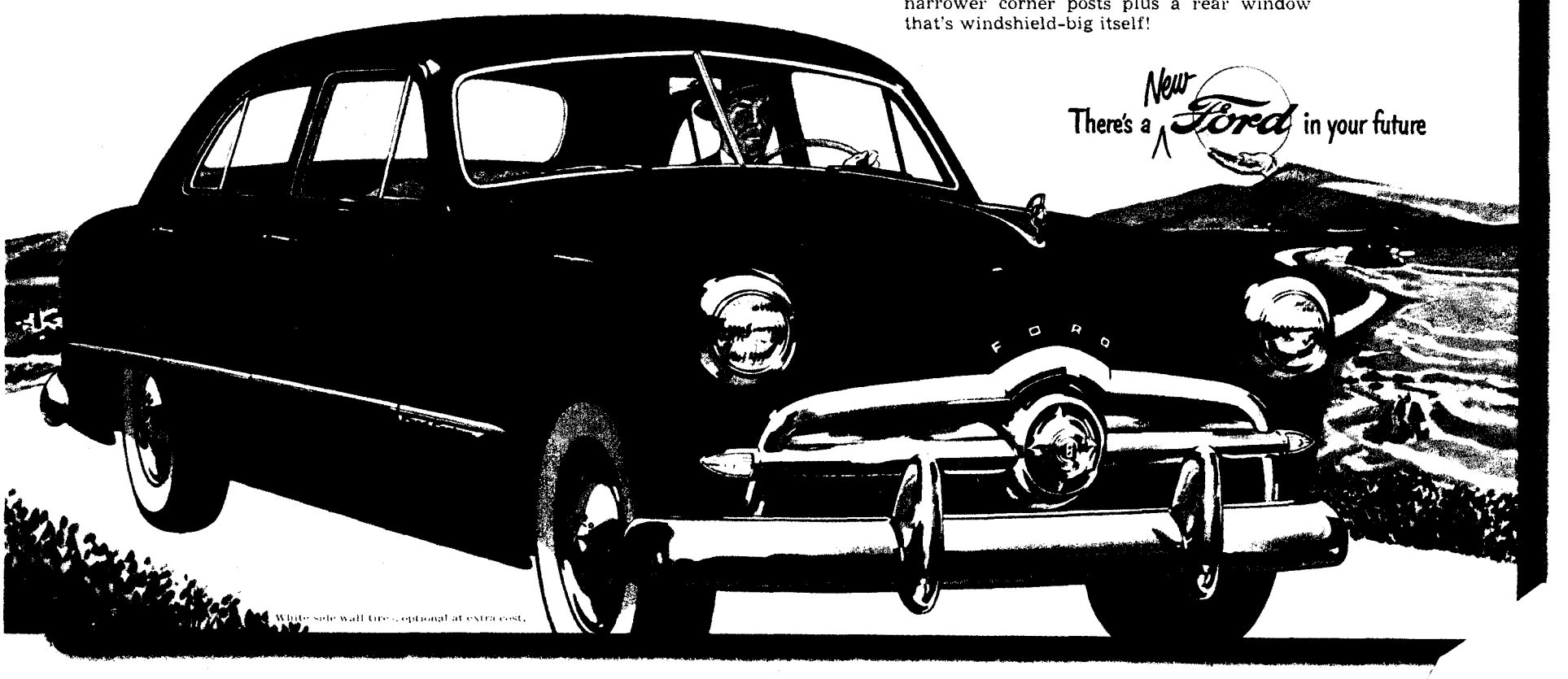
The finest, the costliest cars in America have independent front wheel spring suspension. So does the new Ford. New "Hydra-Coil" Springs in front, new "Para-Flex" Springs in the rear.

New "Picture Window" Visibility

The finest, the costliest cars in America accent visibility. So does the new Ford with "Picture Windows" all around. Bigger windshield with narrower corner posts plus a rear window that's windshield-big itself!



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White side wall tires optional at extra cost.

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Colgate Tooth Powder
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Gets Teeth Sparkling And Super-Clean

OVER 4,000 DENTISTS, IN A NATIONWIDE SURVEY, APPROVE THIS EASY CLEANING METHOD

1 Simply brush teeth for two minutes, morning and night, with Colgate Tooth Powder.

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REMOVES DULL FILM—REFRESHES THE MOUTH

See how easily this routine removes dull film, gets teeth naturally bright. You'll love Colgate Tooth Powder's refreshing flavor, too. Leaves breath sweet.

NO BREATH WORRIES... Colgate Tooth Powder leaves breath "romance-clean."

No dentifrice can get Teeth and Breath cleaner!

RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Continued from page 27

was time, she thought, that she gave some attention to the operation of Leo's Place. Oscar opened the door of the office and said, "This is gonna help us, Aggie. We'll get the matches we want after this."

"Yes," Agatha said. "I hope they don't lay it on too thick." She felt restless, and made a decision on the moment. "I'm going back to Menasset for the week end, Oscar. And, Oscar, I wonder if you could get hold of Mr. Franklin for me. I think I ought to go over the books with him."

While Oscar telephoned Tony Franklin, Lefty came back for a farewell handshake. His bright eyes probed hers, but all he said was, "See you Monday."

Agatha passed the afternoon in the office with Tony Franklin, and when she was through she had learned the rudiments of cost accounting. She knew what rye cost wholesale, and how many drinks could be poured from a quart; she went over electric bills and laundry and ice and grocery bills, and when they had all been added up and charged off against receipts there was a tidy profit. The bar was clearing a little more than the hundred a week Tony had predicted, in spite of the extra barman, and in spite of the fact that, at Agatha's insistence, Oscar Gumper was still paid his salary by Leo's Place.

Agatha told Tony Franklin that she was allocating the profit from the bar temporarily to her other project, the development of Lefty Langan, and told him that when she returned from Menasset she would bring the ledger in which she had entered all training expenses.

Agatha retained her room in the hotel, and left her things there. She took a cab from the bar straight to the station and caught the three-o'clock train by an eyelash. She had not telephoned her mother to be met, so she walked home from the station, along Menasset's main street. She was stopped several times on the way, and the recurrent phrase was, "Our boy did fine." Menasset had adopted Lefty Langan, it seemed. He was the home-town fighter now.

NEXT morning, with the New York papers spread before them, Agatha and Gwen read the feature stories about Agatha Christopher, "socially prominent," who had inherited a barroom and a fighter and had made her debut in the fight racket. There were several photographs, but most of the shots had been discarded except those showing her with Lefty Langan. Lucille had not got into the pictures.

The telephone began ringing early. Menasset was agog. Two nights before Agatha had been seen on television through the relay, and the following news stories left nothing else to talk about in town but Agatha Christopher and the boy who stayed up at her place, the pug from New York.

Agatha had come home from New York to escape the nervous pressure that had disturbed her there, and now she was just as eager to leave Menasset behind her and return to the refuge of the city. After the first half-dozen calls, Gwen said thoughtfully, "It's about time I went to New York on a shopping spree. Winter's on the way, and I don't have a thing."

"Then come to town with me tomorrow," Agatha said. "Let's shop."

So Gwen took the train with Agatha, and managed a room on the same floor in the Hotel Westbrook. But when she was checking over the department store advertisements in the morning papers Agatha said, "Before we hit the stores, Mother, I have business. Lefty is starting his workouts in Skelly's Gym. Want to come?"

"I think it's a good idea," Gwen said.

When they arrived, Oscar was already there, and came over to make them feel at home.

"The boy's working on the heavy bag," he said. "He'll be down in a minute to box three rounds. The Kid's here to spar with him, and the Kid will make him look good."

"Does he need somebody to make him look good?" Gwen asked.

"It helps," said Oscar.

Agatha and Gwen found chairs in the last row, and they watched the sparring in the ring directly in front of them. Oscar went off up the iron stairs to the balcony, and returned with Lefty. He wore a white T-shirt and red trunks, and danced about the ring, shadowboxing, while the automatic clock ticked through the one-minute rest period. A voice on the loud-speaker said, "In ring number one, the boy in the white shirt, Lefty Langan, boxing Kid Dalton."

Agatha heard a murmur in the gymnasium, and here and there a laugh, then she was aware that many heads were turned her way. A small man with a very new hat approached her, and she recognized Benny Small, Lefty's former manager. With him was a man only an inch or so taller than Benny; his sandy mustache had waxed points.

"Hello, Miss Christopher," Benny said. "I want to present Monte Wharton."

"I read the papers yesterday, Miss Christopher," Monte Wharton said. "It was good stuff. You're doing fine with the boy. I'll see he gets some good fights."

Agatha said, "Are you a promoter?"

Monte Wharton smiled and shook his head. His lips were thin, and disclosed small, even teeth when he smiled. Benny said soberly, "Monte's got connections, Miss Christopher. He says the word, Lefty will do okay."

Monte Wharton smiled again. "I like to see a good boy come along, Miss Christopher." He bowed his head slightly. "Glad to of met you."

They walked away and Gwen said, "Who are those odd little men?"

"One of them is Benny Small, who used to be Lefty's manager," Agatha said. "You know as much about the other one as I do."

She turned her attention to the ring, watching Lefty spar with Kid Dalton. The Kid kept boring in, leading with a straight left that gave Lefty a chance to slip inside and work his right cross.

At the end of the three rounds, after Lefty had been sent off to the shower, Oscar came over. "Keep your fingers crossed, Aggie," he said. "We got a chance for a Garden fight, with Lippy Hardner. Remember, the guy who lost that split decision to Eddie Manolo? First we got to knock off some middleweights in the lower brackets. We're taking on a boy named Sammy Venturo at St. Nick's next Monday." He bent closer to Agatha. "What did that Monte Wharton character want?"

"Nothing at all," Agatha said. "But he did volunteer to help Lefty get some good bouts."

"Oh, he did?" Oscar was frowning.

"Who is he, Oscar?"

"Monte Wharton is a big-shot gambler. They call him Three-Card Monte Wharton. He's one of the West Side crowd."

"Well," Agatha said, "he'd better bet on Lefty."

Oscar grinned, but his eyes were not smiling.

LEO'S PLACE had never been so crowded as it was that night, and there were only a few familiar faces.

Tony Franklin was there, with the thin, pinched look of a man whose figures had not balanced, and he was crowded into a corner with fat Si Kraft, who also had a sour expression. Oscar was helping Billy Walsh behind the bar.

"Agatha," Jack Barlow said, "you see what's happened? Strictly from uptown. Look over there. Mink! Bet you it's the first mink in Leo's Place."

As he brought out a table for them and took their order Walter said, "There's a guy here wants to talk to you, Aggie. A newspaper colyumist. Billy Baer. Want I should bring him over?"

Billy Baer was the escort of the girl with the mink. A ponderous man with an engaging grin and a whispering voice, he sat next to Agatha for five minutes, asking soft questions and scribbling words in a small notebook.

When he had gone Jack said, "Agatha, you know what you are now? You're café society. You're an item."

"I suppose so," Agatha said.

"With man-about-town Jack Barlow," he said. "Better not happen too often or it will be, 'Is Amazon Aggie that way about J.B.? Or vice versa?'"

"Vice versa will have to speak for himself," Agatha said.

He grinned and said, "Or maybe it will turn up a little nastier. Something like, 'Does Aggie's right hand know what her Lefty is up to?'"

Agatha flushed and said angrily, "Does J.B. know he's trying to needle me?"

"Sorry," Jack said. "But that's how it will be."

Agatha was still angry. "I think I can handle such matters when the time comes." Resentments she had not even suspected flared up. "You thumb a ride and you're like a smug, superior hitchhiker who complains that the engine isn't running right, and the car is going a little too fast for safety. It's my car and I'm going to drive it the way I damned well please."

Her face was hot and her voice had risen. Heads were turned in their direction, and she glanced down at the tablecloth. At her elbow Walter's gruff voice said, "Get you something, Aggie?"

"No," Agatha said. "No, thanks. We're going." She got to her feet and went quickly to the door, without saying good-by to Walter or Oscar. There was a taxicab at the curb and she opened the door and was getting in when Jack came up behind her. He held the door open as she was about to slam it, then pushed his way in beside her.

"I forgot about your temper," he said. "Hotel Westbrook, driver."

DARKNESS IS DANGER

By J. C. FURNAS

For the full story and the means of preventing the grim and gory traffic deaths that take place on the too many poorly lighted streets of our cities and towns, read Darkness Is Danger by J. C. Furnas . . .

In Collier's *next week*

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"Don't forget it again," Agatha said. She was beginning to feel ashamed of her outburst. At last he said, "I hadn't thought about my attitude, Agatha, but certainly it isn't superior. Whatever my manner is, I can't help it. I guess I'm a hitchhiker, all right. You came into my office that day and I hitched a ride. I've been hanging on by my fingernails."

She turned her head, saw his face, very white as the cab passed a street lamp.

"The truth is, Agatha, I'm envious," he said. "I guess I ought to call it jealous. I'm jealous of Lefty Langan."

Agatha said, "That's ridiculous!"

"All right, it's ridiculous," he said. "But I can't help it. You've made sort of a dent in me, Agatha, but I haven't been able to make the slightest impression on you."

"You have no right to be jealous of anyone," Agatha said.

"That's right," he said. "I haven't. But when a man tries to get his hands on something, and it slips through his fingers, he's going to feel something. He can't help that." Suddenly he laughed and said, "Oh, hell, we're not getting anywhere, are we?"

The laugh was genuine. It was neither bitter nor affected, and Agatha looked at him, for a moment suspecting that she had encountered some new tangent in a male on the make. But at once she decided it was not that. She decided that Jack was a simple, honest person and that possibly she had hurt him. She said softly, "Maybe we did get somewhere. Maybe we understand each other a little better."

"Maybe," he said. "Maybe you understand me, but Lord knows I don't understand you."

Agatha laughed this time, and he joined in, and her temper was gone, every vestige of it. His hand took hers, and his fingers pressed, neither insistently nor subtly—just a medium, honest pressure.

"Agatha, I'm not exactly the type of man who asks permission," he said, "but I'm going to kiss you."

THE result was not the casual gesture Agatha had half expected. His arms were a firm cradle and his lips pressed down on hers with urgency. Her own response brought a little shock to Agatha, and she realized as she moved away from him that the cab had stopped and the driver had twice said, "Hotel Westbrook."

Agatha had her compact out, not looking at him, and made a dab with the rim of her handkerchief. She drew in a deep breath, murmured, "I was beginning to think something was wrong with me."

"I hope I reassured you," he said.

She slipped out of the cab and ran into the lobby before he could follow. In her room Agatha turned on the lights, put her handbag and key down on the bureau, and dropped beside them a slip of paper the clerk had given her. She did not look at it immediately. She turned and moved over toward the window, opened it wide.

She had been taken completely by surprise by that kiss in the taxicab. She had invited it, of course, but the invitation was not intended to include this emotional disturbance. She did not want emotional disturbance, Agatha told herself. But the image of his pale, lean face was still in her mind, and the nervous movements of his long, thin hands, and her heart was touched by his shy, appealing manner. Damn it, she thought, she was not going to fall in love.

She strode quickly across the room to find a cigarette in her handbag, and as she opened it she noticed the slip of paper the clerk had given her. It was a message to call Benny Small. She picked up the telephone.

The phone rang a number of times, and Agatha was on the point of hanging up when she heard a click and a sleepy voice saying, "Hello."

"Mr. Small?" Agatha asked.

"That's right."

"This is Agatha Christopher. I know it's pretty late, but you called me, and I thought it might be important."

"Yeah," Benny Small said. "I called Leo's Place and they told me you were at the Westbrook. There was something I wanted to tell you, Miss Christopher. Remember the guy I introduced to you, Monte Wharton?"

"The gambler?" Agatha said. "Yes."

"You got him right," Benny said. "What I wanted to tell you, Miss Christopher, you got to make your reports to him."

"I've got to *what?*" Agatha cried.

"What I mean is, Miss, Monte owns that cut of Lefty Langan. That ten per cent I held out, I held it

CASEY JONES

Love Lyric

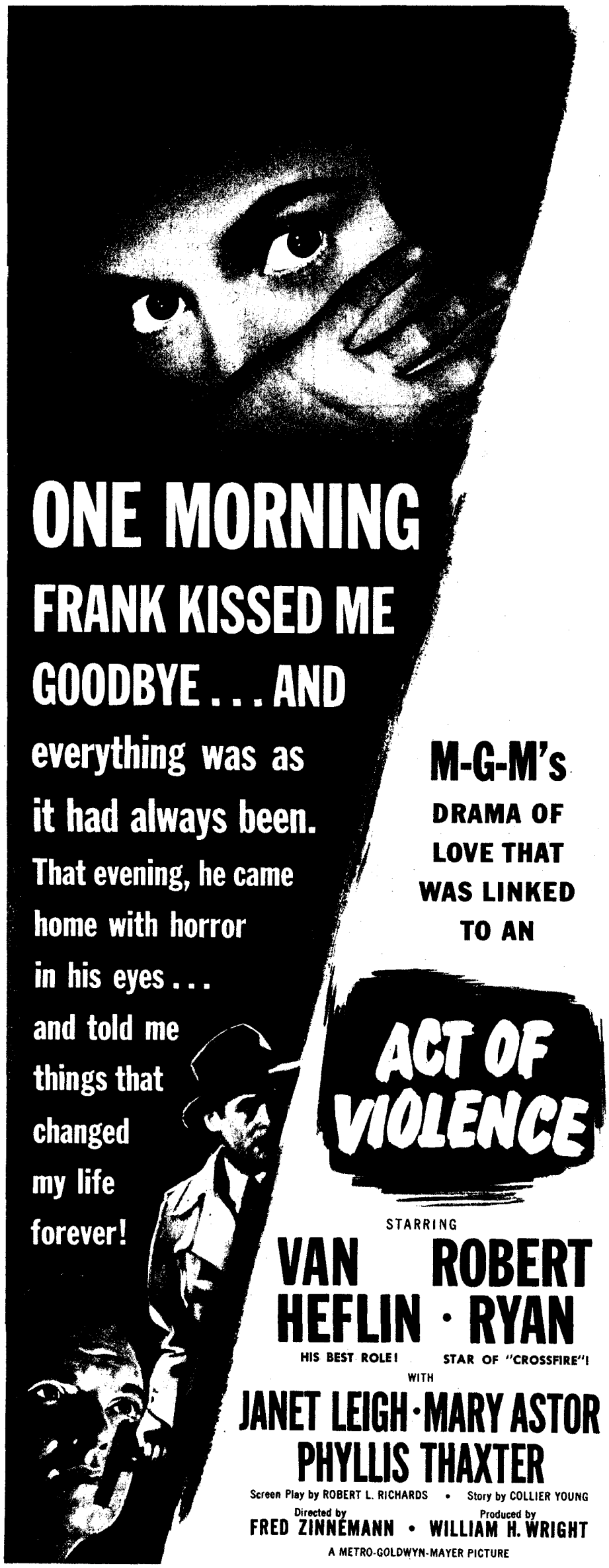
TO A NEST OF ROBINS IN MY HAIR WITH THEIR MOUTHS WIDE OPEN

At times, morosely I complain
Of marketing, so have my brain
Examined, please, if I protest
When toting pot roasts to my nest.

Though my maternal shoulders sag,
I know my bloated shopping bag
Means I'm as lucky as can be
That I love you and you love me.

While single blessedness is restful,
My savage life is far more zestful.
But may I beg you, on my knees,
For one day off in seven, please?

—MARGARET FISHBACK



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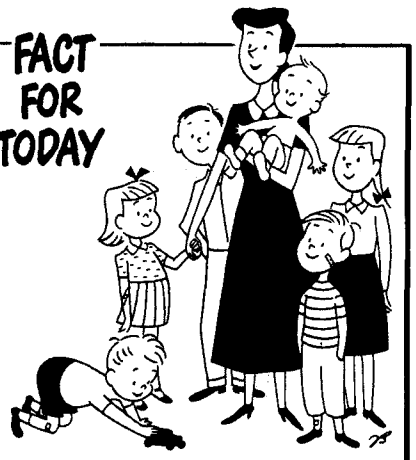
FACT FOR TODAY



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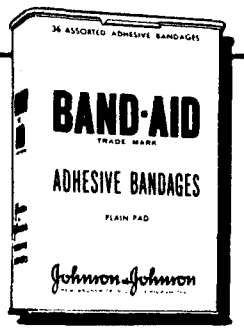

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Acid indigestion at bedtime may rob you of hours of sleep. Don't let it! Take Tums! No mixing or stirring—slip Tums in your mouth just like candy mints. Almost instantly, Tums relieve heartburn and gas—let you get to sleep faster, sleep better. No baking soda in Tums. No danger of overalkalizing — no acid rebound. Get Tums—get your sleep!

To feel better, try one or two TUMS after breakfast.

for the tummy

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out because I'd already let Monte have that cut. See?"

Agatha said, "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"It's this way, Miss Christopher. Monte done me a favor, and I let him have that ten per cent. That kind of thing goes on all the time. I guess Monte will be getting in touch with you one of these days, if Lefty still goes good. I just wanted you to know."

"Thanks," Agatha said.

"What the hell!" Benny said. "It's only ten per cent. You're lucky. He's got bigger cuts of other boys. Twenty-five per cent of Eddie Manolo, they tell me. So what's ten per cent, Miss Christopher? It won't hurt your pocketbook."

"Thanks for telling me, Mr. Small," Agatha said. "Good night."

SHE hung up, and the bleak impersonality of the hotel room seemed suddenly to swallow her up. She felt a chill stiffness in her breast, and an oppressive sense of loneliness. She had stepped gaily into a little puddle and had gone down neck-deep in a morass.

Agatha could not shake off the anxiety that Benny Small's call had caused. She thought again of Jack Barlow, and with an urgent need of his advice, she picked up the telephone and called his number. The sound of his voice was cheerful and reassuring.

"Jack, I'm worried," Agatha said. "I just had a call from Benny Small, who used to be Lefty's manager. Do you know who owns that ten per cent of Lefty Langan? Monte Wharton! A gambler from the West Side crowd, Oscar said." She drew in a deep breath. "Jack, I don't like it."

There was a pause, then he said matter-of-factly, "I don't think you need be alarmed. These aren't the days of mobsters any more. And after all, Agatha, I don't see how a share in a club fighter could interest a gambler very much. On the record, Lefty's not much, you know. He's got nothing to excite a big-time gambler."

Agatha had called him for comfort and advice, and quite inexplicably they were arguing about the merits of Lefty Langan in the prize ring. She said fiercely, "He's got enough to excite *me*. I think he's going to be middleweight champion of the world."

"My suggestion is that you buy that interest from Monte Wharton. I think he'd let you have it for a couple of hundred bucks, but if he won't, why worry? If Lefty gets to be middleweight champion, then you can worry."

"Oh, the hell with your advice!" Agatha cried, and slammed the receiver on the hook.

A moment later she laughed. It had been a ridiculous scene, with no cause whatsoever for anger. There was a fundamental conflict, within herself, and between herself and Jack, that brought these sudden angers and resentments. But at least she felt better, and was no longer enclosed and frightened in the hotel room. Jack was right; she had only to buy back Monte Wharton's cut. There was nothing sinister about it. She laughed again, soft laughter this time, and went to bed. Yet her sleep that night was fitful, and the next morning she called Oscar and asked him to meet her at Leo's Place.

They talked in Agatha's office. It had a stale smell from the kitchen that morning, and Agatha felt confined. There was an emptiness in her like the hollowness of air after a great rush of wind as she told Oscar about the telephone call from Benny Small.

"I had an idea it was something like that," Oscar said unemotionally. "I'd say just keep our mouths shut and play 'em close to our chest, Aggie. We don't want to fool around with that crowd."

Agatha pressed her lips tightly together. "Oscar, I certainly don't want that little man as a partner, and I think we should buy that interest from him. How do we get in touch with him? Does he have an office?"

Oscar grinned. "There's a way to get in touch with him," he said. "I'll call Si Kraft."

He pulled the telephone over and dialed a number, and jotted down a telephone number Si gave him. He hung up, and passed the sheet of paper with the number on it to Agatha. Without a word she dialed the number.

She had to explain to a low-pitched voice at the other end that she was Miss Agatha Christopher, telephoning about the prize fighter, Lefty Langan, before Monte Wharton came to the telephone.

"Hello, there, Miss Christopher," he said. "I see you made a match with Sammy Venturo."

"I understand you own that ten per cent of my fighter," Agatha said.

There was an instant's hesitation, then Monte said, "That's right, I do."

"You worry me, Mr. Wharton," Agatha said. "I'm afraid you're just one too many cooks, and I want to buy that share. After all, Oscar Gumper and I are managing Lefty Langan, and we want to do it our way. You see?"

"You're doing fine with the boy," Monte said. "Go right ahead. I'll keep my hands off, Miss Christopher. I just own a souvenir. I want to keep it."

Agatha said, "Then you won't sell?"

A flinty note came into Monte Wharton's voice. All he said was, "Nope," but the flatness of it convinced Agatha there was no use arguing about it.

"I'm not surprised," Oscar said. "But don't let it worry you, Aggie. We got to play with him or we got to play without him. Just keep your mouth shut and he'll help us get the bouts we want. We can't afford to make an enemy of Monte Wharton, just over ten per cent. Nobody's ever proved anything on him. Look here, Aggie, it's only ten per cent!"

"That's ten per cent too much," Agatha said.

"It's pretty small potatoes to Monte Wharton," Oscar said.

"All right," Agatha said. "I'll try and forget it."

After Oscar had left her alone in the office, she called Jack Barlow and he said at once, "I was going to call you, Agatha. Maybe I wasn't sufficiently concerned last night. If you're worried about Monte Wharton, let me handle it."

"I'm going to let it ride," Agatha said.

"I see." He hesitated, then said, "Agatha, I don't suppose you've thought about getting rid of your own interest and pulling out of this racket?"

"No," Agatha said firmly. "I haven't."

"I see." His voice was toneless. "Will you go with me to the Venturo fight?"

"Oh, it's just another club fight, Jack."

"I suppose you'll never forget I said that, Agatha."

"Not until you've eaten those words," she said. "And you'll eat them."

Before she left town that day, Agatha got out her ledger and she and Oscar brought it up to date. They added up the column of expenses and the receipts from the two purses Lefty had earned, and Agatha said ruefully, "We're still a long way from the black, Oscar."

"A long way," Oscar said. "But this Venturo fight will help." . . .

Gwen checked in at the Westbrook, with Agatha, who had been staying in Menasset, the day before the Venturo fight. Agatha had promised to call Jack Barlow when she returned to New York, but she put off the call until the following morning, and she went alone that evening to Leo's Place to talk to Oscar. She was astonished at the change that had come about.

In his Broadway column Billy Baer had written that "the veddy social Agatha Christopher is luring café society from the East Side over to the West to look at her personal palooka. . . ." And Agatha saw how true it was.

Walter had run in a better line of whiskies, at higher prices, and presided sourly over a hybrid establishment in which the old customers formed a resentful habitat group around one end of the bar. Beer drinkers are generally quiet folk, whose hands are a tender cradle for a glass, but the cocktail and highball crowd that descended upon Leo's Place was a very different sort. They had voices like blue jays.

WALTER told Agatha it would not last long, but meanwhile they might as well cash in. He had proved his salt as a manager. He had bought up dozens of prize-fight photographs and prints, even forging an autograph here and there, and had put a double line of them on the wall, and he had hung up Lefty's boxing gloves behind the bar, above a new photograph of Lefty, which Oscar had taken.

Oscar talked to Agatha in her office. He squeezed her arm just above the elbow and said, "I'm glad to see you back, Aggie. We've all missed you around here, and I'm worried about Lefty—he's seeing too much of Lucille. Couple of nights ago I smelled whisky on his breath. Let me tell you I gave him hell. Help me out, will you?"

"I don't know what I could do," Agatha said dubiously. "But I'll try. I'll be in here tomorrow night after the fight."

ziuQ

Here's another installment of a new game that works like this. We give you a series of phrases or sentences. All you have to do is guess the questions that prompted them. When you give up, turn to page 73.

1. The Cullinan diamond, weight 3024.75 carats.
2. To get to the other side.
3. Samuel Clemens, Sydney Porter.
4. One hundred and forty-five Days.
5. (A) 42 years old; (B) 36 years old.
6. 5,280 feet.
7. Antidisestablishmentarianism, 28 letters.
8. It can accommodate 255 persons.
9. Setter, cocker and springer.
10. New York, New Haven & Hartford; Pennsylvania; Erie.

—CARL H. WINSTON

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"I'll tell him," Oscar said. "He'll be here."

It was Gwen Christopher's first meeting with Jack Barlow the next night when he called for them at the Westbrook. They met in the lobby and Agatha, with a vague uneasiness, went to meet him and turned to introduce him to her mother. Gwen's approval was evident, and the uneasiness was abated, but very little. It was only when they were on their way to the Arena in a taxicab that Agatha had a moment to realize that she was glad to see him again.

Coming so soon after the upset of Joe Broag and the extravagant publicity that had followed, the Langan-Venturo bout filled the Arena. When Agatha arrived with Gwen and Jack, the wolf whistles began as they started down the aisle.

THE man in the seat behind Agatha had a big grin for her, and she noticed how she was being pointed out. When Lefty climbed to the ring for the main event they were shouting "yoo-hoo" from the gallery. Lefty was calm, as always, and made a point of walking across the ring, leaning over the ropes, and clasping his gloved hands in a gesture for Agatha alone. It brought a tremendous reaction from the crowd.

She had never seen Lefty fight as he fought that night. Venturo was a clever boxer and a seasoned club fighter, and Oscar had given Lefty orders to go in and rush him, to make it a fight from the bell. Almost at once Lefty had slipped inside, and there was furious infighting along the ropes, and when Venturo broke away his face was already bloodied. He began retreating, but his jab could not keep Lefty away. They mixed it near the ropes just above Agatha, and when Lefty dropped Venturo with a right cross he fell to the canvas directly in front of Agatha. He was counted out; the elapsed time was one minute and seven seconds of the first round.

"So that was the nice, gentle boy who stayed up at our place," Gwen said. "It seems we nourished a tiger."

The Arena buzzed with the murmur of the crowd. This Lefty Langan wasn't all build-up, they were saying. This Lefty Langan could hit. Maybe it didn't mean so much that Eddie Manolo took him in the second round. He upset that Irish Joe Broag and he took Venturo like an apple on a stick. The boy could hit and he might go places.

Agatha stood at ringside with her mother and Jack Barlow long after Lefty had left the ring. She stood watching Venturo's seconds bringing him around. Venturo was on the way down, and Agatha felt sad as she watched him move at last up the long aisle. . . .

Walter had a table for them at Leo's Place well back in a corner, and Gwen sipped her drink and studied the crowd. Her comment was, "It looks like any other bar and the people look like any other people."

Most of the talk in Leo's Place was about the fight. When Lefty came in with Oscar, strangers to Lefty swarmed around him and patted him on the back.

Lefty came over to speak to Gwen and Agatha and to ask modestly how they liked the fight, and Gwen said, "Frank, I never suspected you were so bloodthirsty."

"That's the fight game, Mrs. Christopher," Lefty said. His eyes met Agatha's briefly, and she saw an odd, lonely expression that she did not understand.

"You don't have to come around here at all, Lefty, if all these strangers are disagreeable," Agatha said. "We can do without this carriage trade."

"I don't mind," he said. "I get a kick out of it. And another thing, Aggie"—His smile was shy—"The only chance I get to talk to you is when I see you in Leo's Place."

"Yes," Agatha said, "I know. These are busy days. And, by the way, I don't see Lucille here tonight."

Lefty smiled. "Tell you, Aggie, Leo's Place ain't what it used to be. I mean it's no good for a quiet beer these days and when Lucille walks her dog she walks him to a joint over on Seventh. But I see her pretty often. I eat my dinner where she works. Aggie, I'd like to talk to you a minute."

"We can go back to the office."

They moved back through the barroom and as Lefty held the swinging door open Agatha saw Jack Barlow watching them, his eyes narrowed, his face expressionless. Gwen raised her eyebrows elaborately.

In the office Agatha lighted a cigarette. "Anything in particular on your mind, Lefty?"

"No," he said, and smiled. "How did you like the fight?"

"You were wonderful," Agatha said. "But I must admit I felt sorry for Sammy Venturo."

Lefty shrugged contemptuously, said, "He's a bum."

Agatha studied him, the sloping, confident shoulders, the erect head and dark, shining eyes. "Do you hate them, Lefty, when you go in there to fight?"

"Hate them?" He looked surprised. "No, Aggie." He smiled again. "I get a kick when the old left hook gets in there, but I couldn't say I hated anybody. No, I just go in there to get it over with." He put out his hand suddenly and his fingers gripped her shoulder. "Aggie, I didn't come back here to talk about the fight. I had to find out how I stand with you, that's why I came back here."

The pressure of his fingers was near the point of pain. Agatha said, "Why, the same as always, Lefty. You can always count on me as your friend."

"Yeah," he said. "That's what I mean. Look here, Aggie, I'm gonna step over that line again." His bright eyes met hers and his face was flushed; it was not the calm fighter's face she saw in the ring. "Aggie," he said, "have I got a chance with you?"

Agatha moved her shoulder uncomfortably, but he did not take his hand away. She said softly, "Lefty, I thought we had an understanding."

"We got nothing," Lefty said. "We got nothing at all. Every now and then I see you and we say a word and you come watch me fight, that's all. The way it is, Aggie, we got nothing at all. I can't help it. I know how the odds lie. You did me a big favor when I was a bum. I'm not fooling myself. But still, I got to know how it stands."

Agatha glanced down, and bit her lip. Although Lefty had dropped his hand at last, her shoulder muscles still throbbed from the pressure of his fingers. She was very much aware of his physical nearness.

He whispered, "Aggie, look at me," but she did not raise her head. She said, very low, "Lefty, you should know how things stand. I haven't any romantic interest in you, or anybody."

"Look at me, Aggie," Lefty said, and moved nearer her.

"I'm sorry it's got complicated," Agatha said. "I didn't want it to." She raised her head. "I tried to avoid it."

SHE knew that he was going to kiss her, and she had decided she would let him. When she looked up her eyes met his, level and direct, and she knew very well that she was experimenting with her own emotions. There was a physical attraction she could not deny, and as his arms went around her a little sigh escaped her. Then there was a sudden click in her brain and she pushed him away.

"Lefty, I'll admit I'm attracted to you," she said. "But it's only that. I mean it." She pushed his hands away. "Please."

His hands dropped to his sides. "Aggie, I want it straight. Is it that other guy? That lawyer out there?"

"It isn't anybody," Agatha said.

"I see," he said. "You mean no chance at all."

"Can't we keep it the way it was, Lefty? Just business? Just good friends?"

"Sure. Oh, sure." He drove the knuckles of one hand into the palm of the other, and the slapping noise was loud in the small office. His voice rose. "Okay, Aggie, we understand each other. Just good friends, that's us. Just business, that's us. I know how it is. I'm just a bum from the West Side who can use his fists. But let me tell you something. You just stay away from me, and let me fight. You just stay away from me, that's all."

"Lefty, you don't mean that," Agatha said.

"You're damned right I mean it, Aggie," Lefty said stridently. He snatched the door open, and pushed through the swinging door into the bar. Agatha sat down on the couch. Her legs were trembling a little and her eyes smarted. She had handled it as best she could, but it had gone very, very wrong. She had known how sensitive he was, and now she saw that he had a temper hot as fire, a thing she understood.

Agatha remained in the office until

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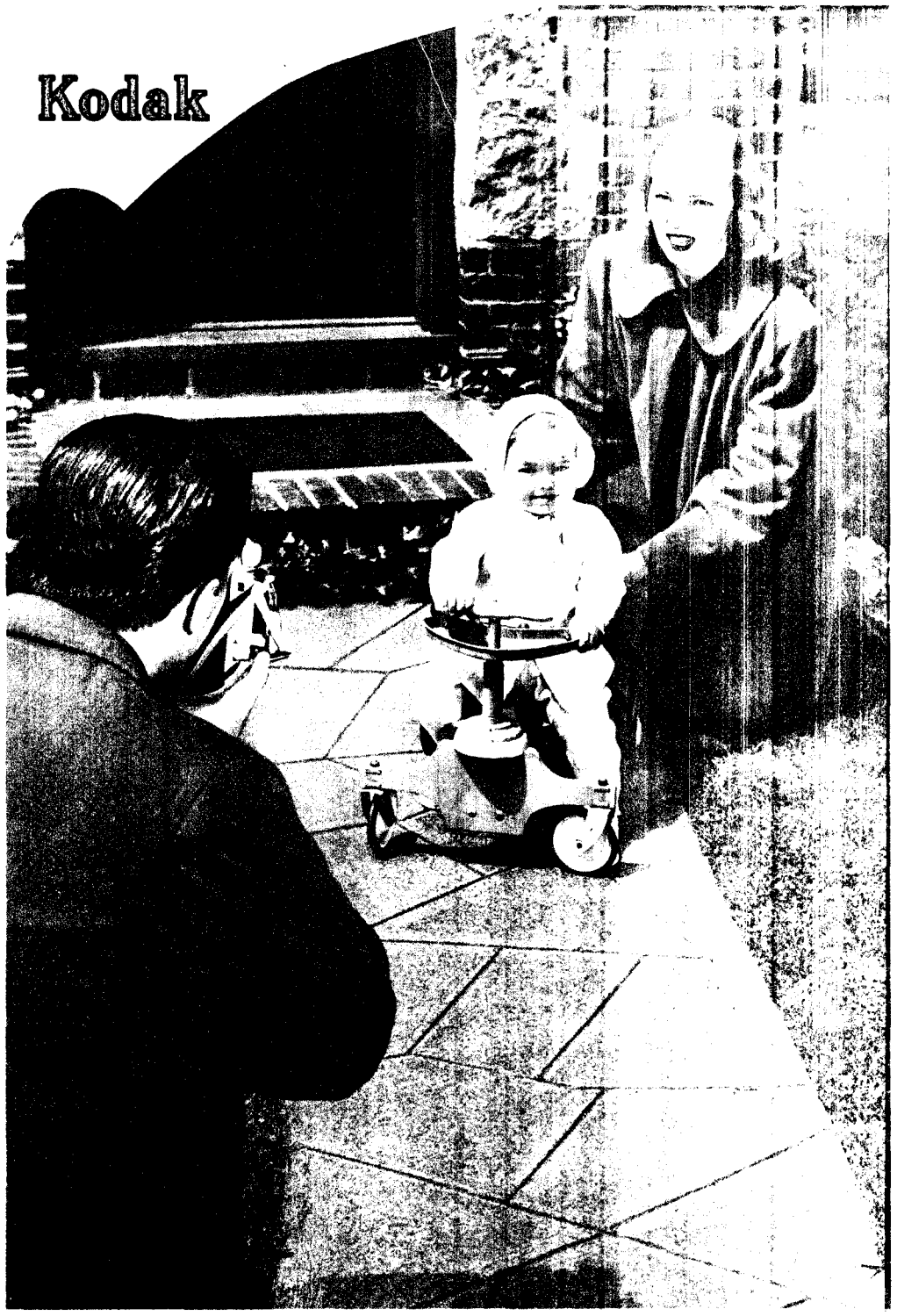

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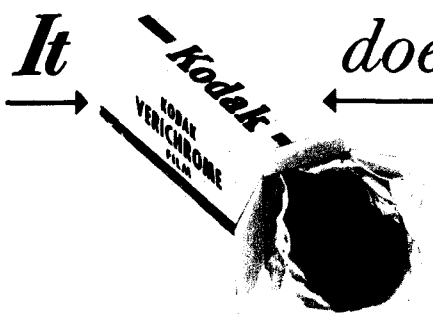

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she was sure of her composure, then she went out to face her mother and Jack Barlow. Gwen asked bluntly as soon as she reached the table, "What happened back there? Lefty came through here like a football fullback."

"It's his bedtime," Agatha said. "He has to stay in training, Mother, all the time."

"Whom will he fight next time?" Jack asked, and Agatha thought it rather sympathetic of him to help her turn the conversation. She shrugged and said, "I don't know. That's up to Oscar."

LATER, Jack dropped Gwen off at the Hotel Westbrook and took Agatha dancing. After they had danced a while, and listened to a throaty singer, Jack said, "Agatha, I'm going to take a chance on that temper of yours. I'm going to take up where we left off the other night, and I'm going to say again that I'm jealous of Lefty Langan."

"Go ahead and say it," Agatha said. "But it's nonsense."

"I was watching you tonight at the fight," he said. "It was like watching a child at a puppet show. Your eyes were as big as lollipops."

"Naturally," she said. "It was a good fight—and if I had any particular feelings," Agatha said, "sympathy for Sammy Venturo predominated." She put her hand on his. "Now look, do we have to go on perpetually analyzing everything? Let's just let it ride."

"All right," he said. "Let's dance."

Agatha resented what she felt was nagging on the subject of Lefty Langan. She did not like the feeling that there was pressure on her to assert herself one way or another, and she was still shaken by the scene with Lefty. When they returned to the table she told Jack, "We're having fun. Can't we go on without making a production of it?"

"Sure we can," he said. "If you don't mind the fact that I'm a little bit in love with you, Agatha." He got off the line with the smoothness of a character in a drawing-room comedy, but Agatha sensed the difference that lay behind it.

"And," he added, "if you don't mind a small case of jealousy."

Agatha looked at him, bit her lip, and said, "Jack, I settled matters with Lefty Langan tonight. I'm simply not looking for entanglements. I don't want anything like that."

He smiled. "All right, that's understood. But when you *do* want anything like that, Agatha, I'll be waiting for the signal. Just wave your handkerchief or something."

As she met his eyes, Agatha's lips quivered, and she felt burning tears. All at once she was sobbing and fumbling in her handbag for a handkerchief. He pulled out his own handkerchief and passed it to her under the table, and she heard him murmur, "I guess an uncomplicated life is pretty hard to achieve, Agatha."

She whispered, "Will you take me home, Jack?"

He called for the check and paid it, and got her very unobtrusively out of the night club and into a cab. By that time the tears had stopped and Agatha said apologetically, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I suppose there's simply been too much excitement and my nerves are on edge. I'm worn out."

Agatha wished that he would speak, and say what was in his mind. She would rather have a spoken criticism than this unfathomable silence. But he did not speak, and when the cab reached the hotel he made no move to kiss her. Agatha was grateful for that. She had experienced all the emotional disturbance she wanted that night, and was in no mood for further experiment.

His parting was a warm pat on the shoulder and an unexpectedly friendly smile. . . .

Gwen called Agatha at ten o'clock and told her that a breakfast was already ordered. Agatha got listlessly out of bed, and dressed so slowly that Gwen telephoned again to say that room service had arrived. At last she went along the corridor to her mother's room. The door stood ajar, and Gwen was seated at a table by the window, squinting over a grapefruit.

Her good morning was so cheery that Agatha made a face. "Now, dear," Gwen said, with a certain breakfast-table gusto that sank Agatha's spirits even lower, "let's have it. You promised to keep me posted, you know."

"I know," Agatha said. She sipped her coffee, met her mother's eyes, and said, "I suppose you know pretty well what it is. Lefty Langan is in love with me. I did everything I could to avoid it."

"Is it something to take so hard?" Gwen said. "Lots of people fall in love every day without reciprocation. It's true there's no reciprocation, isn't it?"

Agatha gave her mother a pale smile. "Mother, I'm upset because of Lefty, not myself. He's sensitive. He has a warm, impulsive nature, and he's easily hurt. I'm afraid I've hurt him. Now he's told me to 'keep away' from him."

In silence Agatha began her breakfast, uncomfortable with the thought that perhaps she had not been entirely honest. Was it true that she had not led Lefty on? There had been the excitement of it, and the bizarreness. Jack Barlow had sensed her uncertainty; there must have been a quality of expectancy that had influenced Lefty. She put down her knife and fork with a clatter on her plate.

"The ducks are flying at Menasset," Gwen said. "And the trees are turning. It's the best time of the year in Connecticut, Agatha. Let's go back and enjoy it."

"But I do have an obligation, Mother," Agatha said. "I can't run away. I got Lefty back into the ring and I'm his co-manager. Do you think it would be good for his morale if I went away? No—I've got to see him again, Mother. I can't go off to the country and leave it like this."

"Kiddy, I'm going to be a parent about this," Gwen said. "You're coming back with me."

Agatha met her mother's eyes, and saw they had a determined look. Agatha smiled and said, "Yes, Mother, but later this afternoon. I want to see Lefty first. I can catch him at Skelly's Gym about one o'clock."

CLIMBING the stairs toward the sound of punching bags, she felt nervous. It was no place for a talk with Lefty, here in Skelly's Gym, at the kitchen door of the fight racket.

As soon as she entered the gymnasium she saw Oscar, eating a sandwich at the small lunch counter. He waved his hand and approached her quickly, gulping down his last bite to say eagerly, "Aggie, I got big news. We're going into the Garden."

"The Garden?" Agatha cried.

"We had a break," Oscar said. "Sailor Brennan was gonna fight Steve Williams next week and Steve pulled a muscle and he can't go on. Lefty is going in there against the Sailor a week from tomorrow."

"That's wonderful," Agatha said. "Is Lefty here?"

"Any minute now. Aggie, this Sailor Brennan is pretty good. It won't be no one-rounder this time. The chances are it will go the distance. The Sailor can cover up like a hard-shelled turtle, and he's only been knocked down twice in his professional career. I hope I'm not bringing the boy on too fast."

"We all have confidence in you, Oscar," Agatha said.

"The point is, we couldn't pass up a chance like that," Oscar said. "Of course the boy's a draw, but still we were lucky

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to get the match, Agatha, and I got a good idea why."

"You mean all this publicity we've had?"

"Yeah," Oscar said. "That's right." He gave her an angled glance. "All this publicity."

But his eyes had drifted away and Agatha, glancing across the gym, as he had, saw a slim man standing against the wall. She recognized the sandy mustache, the small receding eyes of Monte Wharton. He took off his hat and made an elaborate little bow to Agatha.

Oscar said, "There's our boy now."

She turned, and saw Lefty Langan close beside her at the entrance door. She had not observed before that he had undoubtedly asked the name of a tailor from some other fighter. He was wearing a new, loose-draped suit that emphasized his powerful shoulders. When he saw Agatha he stopped short. Then he came slowly toward them.

Agatha said, "Hello, Lefty," but before he had a chance to speak Oscar said, "Lefty, I got you a fight in the Garden. Steve Williams got himself hurt and we're gonna fight the Sailor."

"Sailor Brennan?" Lefty said. "Say, he's number three in the division. He'll be tough, Oscar."

"Lefty, do you have time for a cup of coffee," Agatha asked. "I'd like to talk to you."

Oscar said, "Excuse me a minute. I got to talk to a guy."

Abruptly he walked away, and they were left alone together, in a corner where the lunch counter projected from the wall. Agatha said, "I couldn't leave it the way it was, Lefty."

At last his eyes met hers and he smiled. "It's okay, Aggie. We got nothing to talk about. Everything is okay. We're good friends," he said. "So let's shake on it." His big hand took hers and squeezed it hard, then he turned and walked off toward the locker rooms.

Agatha stood watching the stiff movement of his shoulders and was taken by surprise when a low voice beside her said smoothly, "Think your boy can take the Sailor? I suggested the bout."

Agatha turned. Monte Wharton was smiling and tapping a cigarette on a silver case. Agatha looked at his carefully manicured hands, tapping the cigarette. His smile broadened and he put the cigarette in his mouth and lighted it. Agatha murmured, "We'll take any bout we can get, Mr. Wharton. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a train to catch."

"Don't rush off," he said. "I'd like to talk to you about your boy. You called me the other day, wanting to buy that little piece of him."

"Yes," Agatha said, with eagerness. "Will you sell?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I was thinking of what you said about too many cooks. I was thinking maybe you'd like to get off the back burner yourself, Miss Christopher. Maybe you want to sell me your interest."

"No," she said quietly. "Mr. Gumper and I wouldn't think of it. Not a chance, Mr. Wharton."

"I'm interested in the boy," Monte Wharton said. "I can do him some good, Miss Christopher. I got connections in this game. Gumper is a good man," Monte said. "I'd want to keep him in there, handling the boy. But, Miss Christopher, this is no game for a woman. Look here, you think Lefty likes it, having a dame hold a cut of his purses? Just ask him."

"I will," Agatha said. "But I don't care to discuss it any more. I won't sell, and that's final."

MONTE moved away, and Agatha caught Oscar's eye, as she went toward the door. He joined her on the landing and she said, "Oscar, he was after me to sell him *my* share of Lefty."

"I had an idea that was it," Oscar said.

"But tell me something, Oscar. Does Lefty resent my owning that share?"

"I wouldn't say he resented it, Aggie," Oscar said slowly. "But Lefty's kind of mixed up. He don't know what he wants. Last night he was pretty hot and he bent my ear most of the night, but he'll get over it. You did all right, Aggie. You're okay."

"But it *does* hurt," she said. "It hurts pretty deep, Oscar. We started off so well— I suppose the best thing to do is to sell my interest and get out of it."

"To Monte Wharton?" Oscar cried, with sudden anger. "Sell to Monte Wharton? Like hell you will, Aggie! Now see here, you forget that boy's sulks. Pay no attention to what he says. Aggie, hang on to your share. You're not gonna sell to Monte Wharton."

"It might be best for Lefty, Oscar."

"The best thing for Lefty is for you and me to stay behind him," Oscar said. "Let me handle this, Aggie. I'll bring him around. Now listen here, you got to make me a promise. We'll stick together on this. We won't either of us do anything without consulting the other. That okay with you?"

"That's okay," Agatha said.

He put out his hand, and they shook hands. Agatha whispered, "Oscar, I hope Lefty will understand someday how good a friend he has in you."

Oscar grinned self-consciously. "You coming in for the Brennan fight, Agatha?"

"I wouldn't miss a fight, Oscar," she said. "Please tell him I'll be there at ringside."

"I'll tell him," Oscar said.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "He sure asked me some trick questions, didn't he?" DEDINI

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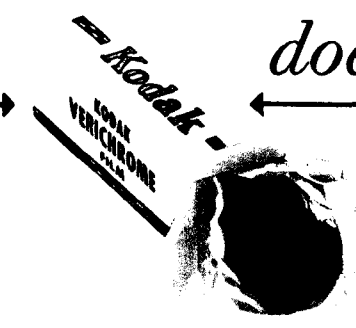

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MRS. O'BRIEN CURES THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH

Continued from page 36

Pedro's presence in the house was not objectionable. As a matter of fact, it was a relief to have somebody around who wasn't worried to death about the coming law exams. But I couldn't help wondering why Mrs. O'Brien had rented him a room. One day, when I found her alone on the front porch, I sat down beside her and picked up one of the peas she was shelling and chewed on it.

"Come clean with me," I said. "You're always saying that nobody can live here except law students from Ivy League colleges. How did Pedro Montoya get into your house?"

MRS. O'BRIEN opened another pod of peas and popped one of them deftly into her mouth. She gazed into space.

"I haven't forgotten about that ten dollars you lent me last week," she said. "I'll try to squeeze it out of my old man's pay for you Friday. But the Lord only knows how I'll make ends meet. The bill collectors are closing in on me again."

"Don't change the subject," I said. "The Harvard freshman class won't take Pedro. Why did you?"

Mrs. O'Brien turned her gaze slowly toward me.

"The Good Neighbor Policy," she said, without batting an eye. "Mr. Montoya is from Peru. I am doing my bit to promote good relations between the Americas."

I stared at her skeptically until she broke under the strain.

"All right," she said, sitting back in her chair. "I'll let you in on it. But don't go blabbing it all over the College Yard so that everybody in the university will know about it."

I removed the casebooks from my lap and lighted a cigarette.

"I admit that Mr. Montoya does not meet the requirements of my house," Mrs. O'Brien said. "But I let him in here because renting him a room is part of a little deal he and I have made."

"A deal?"

"Yes, a deal. I have guaranteed to get him through the entrance examinations and into Harvard this year."

Mrs. O'Brien knew how to get the most out of a good line. When she had the audience in the palm of her hand, she did not hurry to close her fist. She calmly shelled several peas without another word, savoring suspense.

"Bribery is a dangerous racket," I said, trying to seem casual. "And I understand that the people who correct those exams cannot be reached with any amount of money."

Mrs. O'Brien did not even bother to comment. I tried again.

"Isn't tutoring a bit out of your line? Besides, how can you hope to succeed where the best exam tutors in Cambridge have failed?"

"It isn't a question of tutoring. Mr. Montoya is a fair-enough student, although he is weak in English literature. Last year there was a question about poets. He said Wordsworth was a man who owned a string of five-and-ten-cent stores."

"If it isn't tutoring," I said, "what is it?"

"Girls," Mrs. O'Brien said.

There was another dramatic pause. I waited it out.

"Perhaps I should say too much politeness on Mr. Montoya's part as far as girls are concerned," she said. "I had a long talk with Mr. Montoya and Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones is the tutor who has been handling Mr. Montoya for the past few years. Well, the three of us agreed that Mr. Montoya is being kept out of Harvard by only one little thing."

"His brain."

"Don't be so smart. Mr. Jones says Mr. Montoya would be sure to pass those exams if he would only stay in his room and study the night before he takes them. Of course, he studies for months and months. But Mr. Jones says that, in order to pass, he needs a last-minute review of everything. For seven years something has always happened the night before the exams. And for seven years he has flunked the exams the next day."

"Let's get more specific," I said. "What happened last year?"

"He made the mistake of leaving his room and going out to buy a package of cigarettes."

"Don't tell me there was a girl inside the package."

"Shut up. Do you want to know about this or don't you? The girl who sold him the cigarettes told him that she was getting through work in a half hour. Mr. Montoya, always the gallant Latin gentleman, insisted upon driving her home. Turned out that her home was in New Hampshire."

"I get awfully tired of this traveling back and forth to Reno. Sometimes I think I ought to settle down and stay single"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"And the year before last?"

"Some South American girl at Radcliffe was catching the midnight train to New York. If Mr. Montoya didn't carry her bags to the station, she would have to carry them herself. Naturally, Mr. Montoya carried her bags. The year before that some dame was having guests for dinner and she wanted to serve a Spanish dish of rice and chicken and fish that only Mr. Montoya could cook. Mr. Montoya cooked it and his own goose, too."

"But this year, I take it, things will be different."

"You're darned right," Mrs. O'Brien said grimly. "The deal we've made is that I am going to see to it personally that Mr. Montoya stays in his room and studies the night before the exams. And I am the one who can do it. Now you know why I moved him into the house. So I can keep my eye on him."

I started to ask another question but just then my roommate, Jerome Lydecker, emerged from the front door. "Eating at the Inn tonight?" he asked me.

"Be right with you," I said.

As Jerome sauntered down the porch steps and ambled toward the gate I stood up and looked at Mrs. O'Brien.

"It's none of my business," I said. "But I hope Pedro is making this worth your while."

Mrs. O'Brien smiled. "He's a wealthy man," she said. "You have to be wealthy to spend seven years trying to get into Harvard. And you know I'm not a small-time operator."

Mrs. O'Brien gathered up her peas and her empty pea shells. She stood up and brushed off her apron.

"As long as I've told you this much, I might as well tell you the rest of it," she said. "But for Heaven's sake, keep quiet. Mr. Montoya lent me four hundred and eighty dollars to keep the furniture company from walking out of here with most of my furniture. If he passes those exams, I'll owe him nothing and still be ahead on our deal. Sounds expensive but he has a good reason for wanting to get into Harvard."

"He told me he can't go home until he does."

"That's only half of it," Mrs. O'Brien said. "He's engaged to a girl in Peru who has about as much money as Doris Duke. If he doesn't go back to Peru soon, she'll get tired of waiting. And he can't go back to Peru until he gets into Harvard."

"Girls are keeping him out of Harvard," I observed. "And a girl is making him waste the best years of his life trying to get into Harvard."

"Something like that," Mrs. O'Brien said. "That girl's money has a lot to do with it, too." She nodded at Mr. O'Brien who was approaching the front gate. "Here comes my lord and master. If I don't get the dinner on the table, he'll break all the dishes in the kitchen." . . .

During the next few weeks, the Law School examinations made me forget about Pedro and Mrs. O'Brien. Then Jerome and I went to New London for the Harvard-Yale boat races.

My mother and father were in California and our home in Bronxville was closed and I had to live someplace for two weeks before I went on a fishing trip in Canada with Frank Thomas and Bill Loughlin.

So I decided to go back to Cambridge and impose on Mrs. O'Brien. I had a few things to do there and I had met a new girl in Brookline whom I wanted to investigate a little more carefully. I sent Mrs. O'Brien a wire from New York and she wired back to come ahead. Her wire also had a closing line in it that I did not understand:

TOMORROW NIGHT IS THE BIG NIGHT. MAY NEED YOUR HELP. COME EARLY AND I WILL SAVE YOU RINGSIDE SEAT.

I was still trying to figure it out the next day when I left the Yale Club and walked across Vanderbilt Avenue to Grand Central to get the one o'clock to Boston. Then I remembered Pedro Montoya and realized that this was about the time of the month when six years ago I had sweated through my own College Boards.

My train was scheduled to arrive in Boston at five thirty. I would get to Cambridge just in time for the show.

I thought about getting off the train at the Back Bay Station and seeing if there was anybody I knew in the Ritz Bar but I felt as though Mrs. O'Brien was depending on my moral support. So I stayed on until the end of the line at the South Station and went down into the subway and rode to Harvard Square and climbed the stairs to the street. Cambridge seemed deserted with no undergraduates cluttering the brick sidewalks.

WHEN I turned into the gate, one of the windows on the first floor opened and Mrs. O'Brien's head appeared. "How was New London? Did you see any of my old boys?"

"Lots of them," I said. "And not one of them sober. Fred Porter and Bill Summers. And a man named Winkler or Wintler."

"Stewart Wintelser," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Fine fellow. He lived here in 1922. I saw an announcement of his daughter's wedding in the New York Times last Sunday. How time flies."

She was in the front hallway when I opened the door.

"On your way upstairs," she said, "stop on the second floor and give my protégé a word of encouragement. He's eating his supper. I wouldn't take a chance on letting him go out to a restaurant so I cooked it myself. What time is it?"

"About twenty past six," I said.

"At seven o'clock sharp, I am locking his door. I'm closing his windows, too."

"But it's a warm night," I said. "He'll suffocate."

"I can't help it. I'm not trusting him for a minute. One of those girls might yell up to his window and get him to listen to something silly. I am cutting him off from the rest of the world from seven o'clock tonight until seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Trying to see him will be like trying to get into Oak Ridge."

Pedro was eating chicken fricassee from a tray on his study table, with an open copy of a poetry anthology at his elbow. He waved to me cheerfully. "This is the condemned man's last meal," he said. "Tomorrow I make another attempt to become the oldest living Harvard freshman."

"You'll knock them dead," I said.

"I have been knocking them dead for

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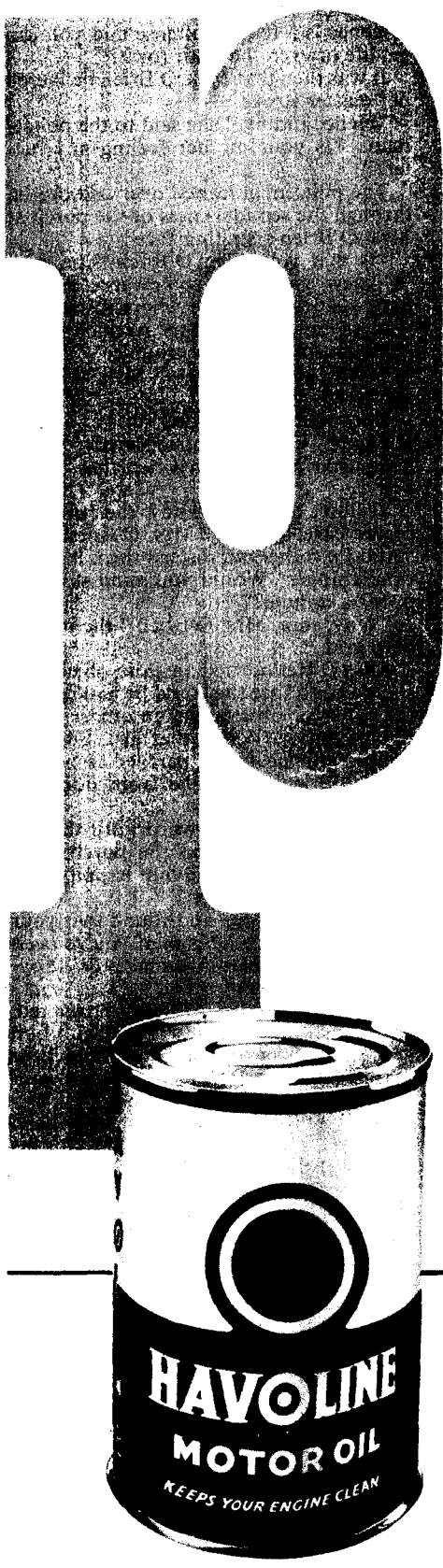

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seven years," Pedro said. "My tutor says I'll pass this time if I make a complete review of everything tonight. But I am not so good at English literature. Can you tell me who wrote the poem about the village horseshoer?"

"Longfellow."

"Tall or short, what was his name?"

I muttered a few wishes of good luck and beat a hasty retreat. I decided that Pedro was wasting his time trying to get into Harvard. He would have made a good living appearing on radio quiz shows.

I washed and changed my shirt and went out and had something to eat. When I came back, Mrs. O'Brien was occupying her station on the front porch. Her husband, a bald-headed and rather impatient man, was sitting in a remote corner of the porch with his pipe in his mouth, reading the evening paper.

"Doing guard duty?" I asked Mrs. O'Brien as I sat down.

She nodded.

"Anything doing yet?"

"A girl called up Mr. Montoya three times in the last hour. I finally told her he was shooting lions in the White Mountains and wouldn't be back until a week from Friday."

Mr. O'Brien lowered his newspaper and glared a moment at his wife over his horn-rimmed glasses. He turned to me.

"Isn't this the damnedest nonsense you ever heard of?" he said. "This woman is always getting herself mixed up with the craziest things."

Mrs. O'Brien glanced at him coldly. "Like the time I married you?"

Her husband retreated behind his newspaper.

"Do you know who the girl is?" I asked. "Or why she wants to see him?"

"She said it was very important, a matter of life or death," Mrs. O'Brien said. "I told her I'd heard that one before. I told her I wasn't born yesterday. She said to tell him Miss O'Reilly called. O'Reilly, mind you. Imagine one of my own kind causing me trouble on a thing like this?"

"Maybe it is important," I said. "Why don't you give Pedro the message?"

"He'll get no messages until after the examination."

THE telephone rang inside the house and Mrs. O'Brien arose to answer it. "Probably her again," she said.

Mr. O'Brien grunted behind his newspaper.

When Mrs. O'Brien finally reappeared on the porch, I could tell from the way she sat down in her chair that there had been some fireworks.

"Smart girl," she said. "She did some detective work and discovered that there are no lions in the White Mountains."

"And now what?" I asked.

"We might have a visitor," she said. "She says I am holding Mr. Montoya a prisoner against his will and she is coming over here to set him free."

"Are you sure her name's O'Reilly?" I said. "Sounds more like an official from a Soviet consulate."

Mr. O'Brien gave up the pretense of reading his newspaper and laid it aside and pointed his finger at Mrs. O'Brien.

"Now you listen to me. If anybody starts anything, don't throw any punches unless they try to hit you first."

"Oh, shush!" Mrs. O'Brien said to him. "Look what's telling me to listen to him. I haven't listened to him since he predicted that Landon was going to win by a landslide in 1936."

Mr. O'Brien appealed to me. "She doesn't know her own strength," he said. "She'll swing at somebody and the whole thing will be in the newspapers. And I'll never hear the end of it from the boys in the shop where I work."

"Keep your voice down," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Remember that Mr. Montoya is upstairs trying to study."

We waited less than ten minutes before a taxicab pulled up in front of the gate. Mrs. O'Brien remarked that the girl must have been near by when she telephoned and maybe she had been watching the house from behind a neighborhood tree.

We saw a young lady jump out of the taxicab and slam the door hard behind her. Her high heels rapped quickly along the asphalt path to the porch steps, which she cleared in what seemed like one stride. Before we knew it, she was standing before us.

"Is this Mrs. O'Brien?" she demanded in a cool voice.

Mrs. O'Brien adopted an air of polite surprise. "Why, yes," she said innocently. "I'm Mrs. O'Brien. Can I do anything for you?"

It was quite dark on the porch but the hallway light was on and I could see the girl very clearly. I remembered that Jerome and I had made wisecracks about pin-stripe suits and fawn-colored double-breasted vests and stiff collars that Pedro wore instead of the unpressed flannels and tweed jacket that were considered the correct uniform in Cambridge. But

COLLIER'S "Why, Mr. Greenley, you old jackpot, you!" BARNEY TOBEY

now I decided to see a tailor the first thing in the morning about a pin-stripe suit.

The girl was not the type that my mother, a garden-club president, would have welcomed as a daughter-in-law. She was neat but also gaudy. She struck me, too, as a girl who was not used to having people get in her way. I wondered if Mrs. O'Brien, for once, had not taken on more than she could handle.

"I want to see Pedro Montoya," the girl said. "And I want to see him right now, this minute. Please produce him."

"Now, Miss O'Reilly, don't get excited," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Let's be ladylike. As I told you on the telephone, you can see him tomorrow afternoon. But not now."

Miss O'Reilly glared. "As *I* told *you* on the telephone," she said, "I'll see him now. Not tomorrow. Now."

"What's the hurry?" Mrs. O'Brien said. She pointed at me. "If you want somebody to carry your bags somewhere or if you need somebody to do some Spanish cooking, Mr. Robbins here will be glad to help you out, I'm sure."

Miss O'Reilly glanced at me and it was evident that I did not suit whatever she had in mind. "I do not know what you are talking about," she said. "Who is this man, anyway?"

"He's my lawyer," said Mrs. O'Brien calmly.

"Stand aside," Miss O'Reilly warned. "I am going upstairs and drag Pedro Montoya down here by the hair of his head."

"What makes you so sure he's upstairs or in this house at all?" Mrs. O'Brien said.

Miss O'Reilly pointed in the general direction of the second floor front. "I saw those lights burning up there," she said. "That must be his room."

"Oh, that room," Mrs. O'Brien said. "My Heaven's sakes alive, a friend of Mr. Robbins lives in that room. He does most of his work at night. What sort of work does he do, Mr. Robbins?"

I groped for words. "Oh, I guess you would just call it nightwork," I said. "At least he does it mostly at night."

"How interesting," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Practically everyone else I know works in the daytime."

"Listen," Miss O'Reilly said. "I don't care when his friend works. I'm going to search this house until I find Pedro Montoya."

I held up my hand. "As the attorney for the owner of this house, I must warn you that you will be breaking the law if you attempt to search these premises without a warrant," I announced. "You will have to get permission first from the civil authorities." I was impressed with myself. For a lawyer who had been admitted to no bar yet except the Ritz Bar and the like, I felt I was doing pretty well.

"Very well," Miss O'Reilly said. "I will go to the police."

She turned on her high heels and stamped off to the taxicab, which was still waiting.

Mr. O'Brien groaned. "A big help you've been," he said to me. "Now you've got the cops after us."

"Mr. Robbins, pay no attention to this squash-headed husband of mine," Mrs. O'Brien said. "You did the right thing. But what do you think ought to be our next move?"

"If you ask me," Mr. O'Brien said, "we ought to get that silly Montoola or Mazoola, or whatever his name is, out of this house before the cops come. Otherwise he won't be able to take those examinations tomorrow because he and you and me and your legal-minded friend here will all be in East Cambridge jail."

"Maybe you're right," I said. "If we had an automobile—"

Mrs. O'Brien shook her head. "Nothing doing," she said. "Nobody is disturbing Mr. Montoya tonight. I don't care if that girl comes back here with Harry S. Truman."

"How about moving him to some place in the house where they won't find him?" Mr. O'Brien said. "I could fix up a light for him down in the coalbin so he could study there."

"I imagine it would be cooler down there, too," I suggested.

"You men are all alike," Mrs. O'Brien said. "You talk big until the pressure is on. Then you go to pieces."

In what seemed like no time at all, the taxicab parked again outside the front gate. This time a police radio car parked behind it.

MISS O'REILLY stepped out of the taxi and waited until two large policemen fell in on either side of her. Then the three of them marched to the front porch. The larger of the two policemen addressed Mrs. O'Brien.

"Lady," he said. "What do you mean by frightening and threatening this poor, defenseless, innocent girl and keeping her separated by force from a man who wants to see her about a very important personal affair? Don't you realize that kidnaping somebody and holding them prisoner is a federal offense and you can get life or even the chair for it?"

It was then that Mrs. O'Brien delivered her master stroke.

"Hello, Jimmy," she said to the policeman. "Is your mother feeling any better?"

The policeman leaned over and peered through the semidarkness of the porch at Mrs. O'Brien's smiling face.

"Is that you, Mrs. O'Brien?" he said. "I knew you lived somewhere around here but I wasn't sure where. Ah. As I was saying, I hope this woman hasn't been causing you any trouble."

"Why, what do you—" Miss O'Reilly sputtered.

The policeman turned on her. "One at a time," he commanded sternly. "We'll hear what Mrs. O'Brien here has to say first."

"I don't think you know the full facts of the case, Jimmy," Mrs. O'Brien said. "And I'd rather not discuss them in front of a stranger. Would you mind stepping in for a minute?"

"Why, sure, Mrs. O'Brien," the policeman said.

Miss O'Reilly tried again to object but she was told that she could be hauled into the clink for obstructing an officer in his line of duty. "Watch that girl, Ed," the policeman said to his partner as he and Mrs. O'Brien closed the front door behind them.

None of us said a word until the policeman reappeared on the porch, with Mrs. O'Brien following him happily. He spoke to Miss O'Reilly.

"I've investigated and found that your charges are false. This man you've been trying to see, Mr. Monterra or Moytana—"

"Montoya," Mrs. O'Brien prompted.

"Mr. Montoya. I just talked with him and he says he is not being held here against his will. He says he does not want to talk to you. So that's that."

Miss O'Reilly held up her head proudly. "I'll go," she said. "If that's his attitude, I don't want to see him."

She turned to Mrs. O'Brien and held out her hand.

"Thank you very much for showing up that worm in his true colors," she said. "I'm sorry to have caused so much trouble. Can you do me a favor? Let me have a piece of paper and an envelope. I want to leave a note for him."

"But you can see him tomorrow," Mrs. O'Brien said.

"The note will do," Miss O'Reilly said. "By tomorrow I will be in Cincinnati, Ohio, and will I be happy."

She went inside and wrote the note and sealed it in an envelope, which she left with Mrs. O'Brien. As she departed with the two policemen, she seemed ex-

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ceptionally cheerful. I tried to figure it out and gave up. Mrs. O'Brien called:

"Jimmy, tell your mother to go easy on cabbage in this warm weather."

Mr. O'Brien said to his wife, "And what did your friend upstairs have to say when you walked into his room with that cop? Did he think he was getting arrested?"

Mrs. O'Brien looked at her husband in disgust.

"Lord help your poor head," she said. "Sometimes I think you have no brains at all. I told you I wouldn't disturb Mr. Montoya tonight. And I didn't."

I said, "You mean Pedro didn't tell the policeman that he didn't want to see Miss O'Reilly?"

"Of course not," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Jimmy and I made that one up because we felt it was the only way we'd get rid of the girl. Well, Jimmy didn't make it up. I did. I told Jimmy that this girl was harmless but she had an idea that Mr. Montoya wanted to buy the Statue of Liberty and take it back to Peru. I said she wanted to fix it up so the United States government would sell it to him and she had been pestering him and he wanted to get away from her for one night so he could study in peace. That's all I told him."

"Wasn't that enough?" Mr. O'Brien said.

Two large policemen fell in beside her. They marched to the front porch

"So Pedro doesn't even know that Miss O'Reilly was here?"

"No, he doesn't," Mrs. O'Brien said. "I was afraid he'd hear her voice a few times when we were all shouting. I'm glad I thought to close his windows. It kept the noise out."

"I know why he didn't hear anything," Mr. O'Brien said, nudging me. "I'll bet you five dollars," he said, "that fellow has been sound asleep up in that room since seven thirty."

It was the most sensible opinion I'd heard expressed all day.

I WAS sitting on the front porch with Mrs. O'Brien the next afternoon when Pedro dragged himself limply home from the college entrance examinations. Plainly, he was getting a little too old for that kind of harrowing ordeal. He collapsed in a chair beside us, and managed a brave little smile.

"This time," he said, "I think I passed. At least I answered all the questions and I have not been able to do that in the last five years."

"Congratulations," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Or, anyway, I hope it is congratulations."

She had been holding Miss O'Reilly's envelope in her lap and she handed it to him. "A friend of yours dropped it here last night and left this for you. Rather a nice-looking girl. She had a couple of men with her."

Pedro summoned up the effort to tear open the envelope and glanced languidly at the note inside. Then he sat up in his chair and read the note again with his eyes bulging. He read it three or four times, examining every word. He closed his eyes and dropped the note and slumped back in the chair again.

"Carmelita!" he muttered. "My Carmelita, she is gone! And all that money is gone, too!"

"What are you saying?" Mrs. O'Brien asked.

"My fiancée from Peru. She has left me. She has run away to Cincinnati, Ohio, to marry a leader of an orchestra named Frank Dixieland Haselbrucker."

"Your fiancée from Peru?" Mrs. O'Brien said. "Are you sure? This girl said her name was O'Reilly."

PEDRO explained, "That's right. Her name is Carmelita O'Reilly. Many of our oldest families in Peru have Irish names. You know how the Irishmen will go anywhere to get into a fight? There were a lot of revolutions in our country fifty and a hundred years ago. So naturally the Irishmen came there in droves."

"I never suspected she was that girl in Peru," Mrs. O'Brien said. "What was she doing up here in Cambridge?"

"She was studying last year at Ohio State University and she fell for this Frank Dixieland Haselbrucker when he was leading his orchestra in Columbus, Ohio. But she did not feel free to marry him because her family had arranged an engagement with my father for me and her to become married. So she came here last night to see if I still wanted to marry her. While she was here, from all I can make out from this note, she decided to marry Frank Dixieland Haselbrucker instead. I wonder why?"

"Too bad," I said.

"I do not mind losing Carmelita. When we were children, she was always kicking me and tripping me when nobody was looking. But I hate the thought of all her money going to Frank Dixieland Haselbrucker instead of to me." . . .

I did not get the end of the Pedro Montoya story until I returned to Cambridge for the reopening of the Law School.

"Yes, he passed," Mrs. O'Brien told me while I was unpacking my trunk. "Not exactly with flying colors. But he passed."

"And now, he's finally a Harvard freshman."

"Oh, no. He never bothered entering college."

"Wait a minute," I said, straightening up from the trunk. "What are you giving me? He spends seven years trying to pass the entrance examinations for Harvard. No, it's eight, now. And then, when he passes them, he doesn't go to Harvard?"

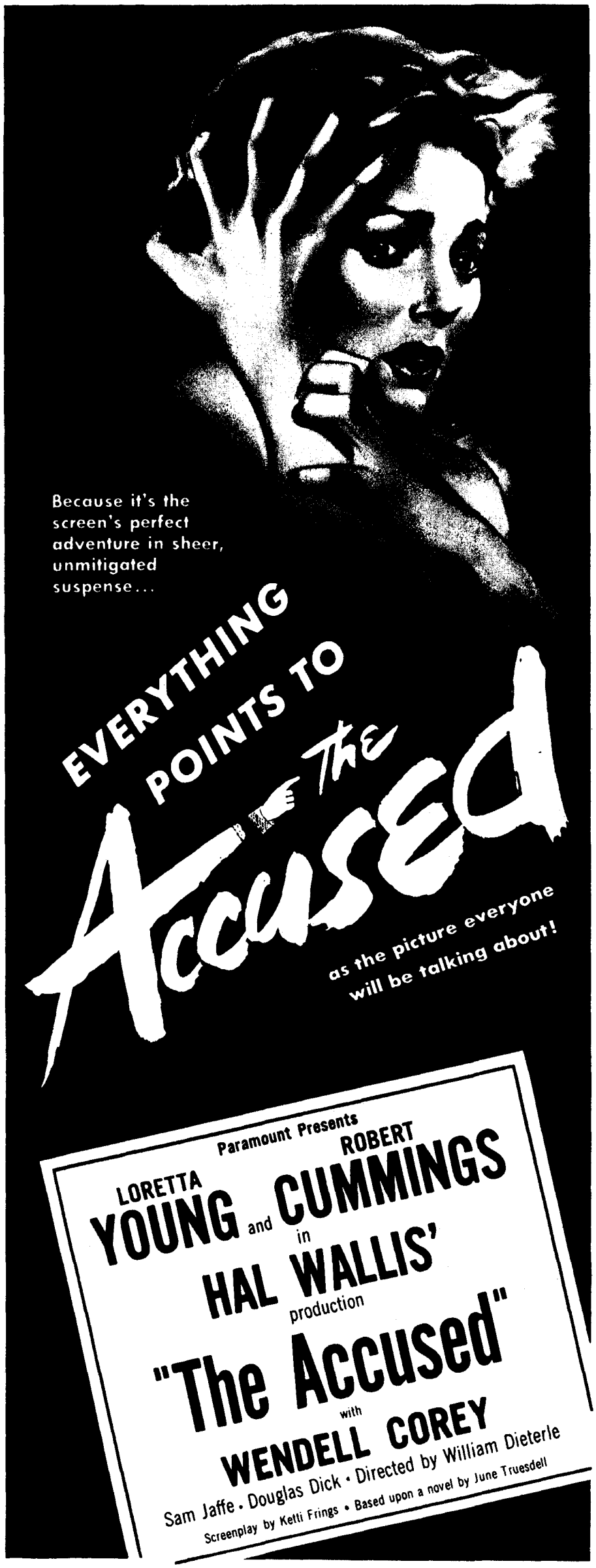
"But I told you the reason he wanted to go to Harvard was so that he could go back to Peru and marry into Carmelita O'Reilly's millions. Without her millions, he has no reason to go back to Peru. He always hated Peru, anyway. And so why should he bother going to Harvard now? At his age?"

"What is he going to do?"

"He's going to marry that girl from New Hampshire who sold him the package of cigarettes last year," Mrs. O'Brien said. "And he is thinking of settling down here in Cambridge and starting a tutoring school of his own. He says nobody else can equal the experience he has had in that field."

I looked at her. "Doesn't your conscience bother you? After driving away Miss O'Reilly and her millions?"

"What do you mean?" Mrs. O'Brien said. "I got him through the exams, didn't I? That's all I was supposed to do. By the way, I hate to ask you this on your first day here before you've even had a chance to unpack your trunk. But could you lend me two dollars? The old man will be coming home for his supper in a half hour and I haven't got a bit of meat in the house."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Good to taste, exciting to use, citrus fruits
are vital to health and available the year around

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ELLESTAD—RAWLINGS STUDIO

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Citrus Fruits are Sunny

You may like it fresh from the squeezer

By CHARLOTTE ADAMS

Aerate your concentrate for flavor

THERE was a time when people ate whatever was in season with never a thought for things like vitamins, minerals, phosphates and such. But that's all been changed in the last couple of decades. We've learned how to eat for health and vitality. That's called nutrition. And we've also learned how to raise larger and larger quantities of produce. That's called agronomy.

On top of all this we've learned how to process foods so that they will stay fresh and how to transport them—fresh or processed—fast. That's called technocracy. And all these skills have combined to make more food in greater variety available at the American table all the year round instead of merely "in season."

Citrus fruits are a conspicuous case in point. Thirty years ago orange juice and grapefruit were expensive, seasonal delicacies. Today they are everyday necessities, available to everybody almost all the time.

As crops and demand have increased, prices have come down and the season of 1948-49, according to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, should yield the largest citrus crops ever. This circumstance should mean a heavy supply of oranges and grapefruit at costs so low that every member of every family can afford a beaker of orange juice or a half grapefruit every day.

Today there are more ways than one to get orange juice. You can still, if you've a mind to, buy fresh oranges and squeeze them. And let's admit that this procedure still yields the most flavorsome orange drink. But canned orange juice has been getting better and better and the frozen concentrate is virtually indistinguishable from the real thing.

If you're the squeeze-your-own type, it's important to know a thing or two about how to buy fruit. Give it a thorough scanning to be sure that the skin is fine-textured. Feel it to be sure it's firm and heavy. Don't let surface scars frighten you but, on the other hand, steer clear of fruit that has deep creases in the skin, or fruit that is puffy, spongy or light in weight.

The season's crop will be history's top

Certainly the quick-frozen concentrate is the big news in orange juice nowadays. It has several wonderful qualities. As long as it's frozen it loses no Vitamin C content. Furthermore it comes in tiny tins that are easy to stow away in your freezing compartment. And the juice couldn't be easier to prepare. Just remember to follow directions about pouring it from one container to another. Its flavor and tang depend on this aeration process.

Orange juice concentrate is reasonably priced and is becoming more and more available every day. Last year only four per cent of the total orange crop was frozen. This year the figure is 14 per cent. Canned orange juice is the cheapest of all and constitutes, along with canned sections of all citrus fruit, the country's largest canned fruit item.

Canned citrus juices lose a slight, but not too important amount of Vitamin C when they're processed. They can lose it in even larger quantities if the cans are stored in a hot place. Knowledgeable housewives keep their canned orange juice cool.

The fugitive-when-hot quality of Vitamin C is something to keep in mind when you're inventing or preparing citrus dishes. If citrus fruit is to be good for you as well as good to eat, it should be raw.

But citrus fruits add zest to all sorts of cooked dishes whether they supply vitamins or not. And there are many ways to use them raw—aside from their obvious contribution to the breakfast menu.

Tangerines and oranges give cole slaw an excitingly novel taste and go well in either French or mayonnaise dressing. Orange and onion rings, arrayed on lettuce and laved in French dressing, are the ideal companion piece for duck.

Grapefruit sections taste just right with broiled meat. Alternate them with bouquets of parsley or water cress around the edge of the platter for a clever combination of beauty and flavor. Good to taste, exciting to use, citrus fruits give you sunshine with your meals.

Grapefruit with Snappy Sauce

2 tbsp. butter; 2 tbsp. catsup; 2 tbsp. vinegar; 2 tbsp. sugar; ¼ tsp. Tabasco; salt and pepper. Heat in a saucepan or double boiler. Serve hot over cold or broiled grapefruit as a first course at dinner. This makes enough for 4 halves.

Oranges Stuffed with Sweet Potatoes

4 medium-sized sweet potatoes; ½ cup milk; 2 tbsp. butter or margarine; 4 oranges; 3 tbsp. sherry; salt and pepper; ¼ cup chopped pecans. Boil potatoes in jackets until done. Peel and mash perfectly smooth. Combine and heat milk and butter. Beat into mashed potatoes until light and fluffy. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add sherry and nuts. Cut off tops of oranges. Scoop out pulp and serve for breakfast or lunch. Fill orange skins with potato mixture. Bake in 375-degree oven for ½ hour. Serves 4.

Tangerine Custard Meringue

6 tangerines; 1 cup sugar; ¼ tsp. salt; 2 cups milk; 4 eggs, separated; ½ tsp. vanilla. Peel and section tangerines; remove white membrane; cut sections in half and take out seeds. Arrange on bottom of a large serving dish. Add ¼ cup sugar; chill thoroughly. *To prepare custard:* beat egg yolks slightly; beat in ¼ cup sugar and salt. Scald milk in top of double boiler; add small amount to egg-sugar mixture. Pour mixture into milk in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and coats a metal spoon. Chill and add vanilla and pour over chilled tangerines. Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually beat in remaining ½ cup sugar. Drop heaping tablespoons of this meringue on top of custard. Garnish with small cubes of red jelly or maraschino cherries. Serves 6 to 8.

Orange Fluff

1 cup heavy cream; 1½ cups orange segments; 1 tbsp. confectioners' sugar; 2 tbsp. chopped nut meats; 2 tbsp. lime juice; 4 tbsp. orange marmalade. Add sugar to cream and whip until stiff. Add marmalade. Fold in orange segments and nut meats. Add lime juice and blend thoroughly. Pile lightly into sherbet glasses and set in refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Serves 4.

Grapefruit Alaska

2 grapefruit; 4 tbsp. rum; 1 pint vanilla ice cream; 2 egg whites; 2 tbsp. sugar. Cut grapefruit in half, loosen pulp, remove core. Pour 1 tbsp. rum over each half. Fill center with scoop of vanilla ice cream. Top with meringue made by beating egg whites with sugar (be sure whole top of fruit is covered) and bake in hot oven until meringue is lightly browned. (No more than 5 minutes.)

Lemon Surprise

1 pt. sour cream; 1 cup powdered sugar; ½ cup lemon juice; ½ cup sherry; 2 tbsp. grated lemon rind. Beat cream until stiff. Gradually add sugar. Fold in sherry, lemon juice and rind. Pour into mold. Chill in refrigerator. Serves 4.

If you wish to receive these citrus fruit recipes printed on file cards, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Food Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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PEAK OF A SKYLINE

Continued from page 32

That the Empire State survived not only all gibes, but its location at Thirty-fourth Street when business was moving north, is probably due to the fact that its fame is not only national, but international. "Empire State Building" is a business address known from Alaska to Zanzibar. Frank Powell, manager of the observatory, has a special guest book for Very Important Persons. Many of the signatures he can't even read. They're written in Chinese, Arabic, Persian, etc. And in 1939, when Ecuador issued a set of air-mail stamps, it chose for a design the Empire State Building against a background of snow-capped Andes.

A Building with Dignity

The Empire State has developed a personality; it's not only very tall, but very dignified. The owners have emphatically refused to turn it into a billboard or a freak attraction. Douglas Leigh, who makes those superspectacular signs for Broadway, is itching to transform the top into a giant soft-drink bottle, or a glowing cigarette. Human flies want to walk up the front, flagpole sitters want to sit on the lightning rod, and high-wire artists want to traipse through space over to the Chrysler tower at Forty-second Street. The answer is "No."

However, the Empire State always cooperates in serious research. General Electric, in particular, has for some years been conducting an investigation involving one of the weirdest and most hair-raising jobs anybody ever worked at —in the building's "attic."

The attic, above the 102d-floor level, is merely a steel grating hung in the nose of the tower. Here a pile of gadgets are hooked up to NBC's television and F.M. antenna, and a 60-foot lightning rod tops the building's tip, which towers 1,250 feet above the ground.

Since it practically shakes hands with thunderclouds, the rod is usually struck many times during a single storm. For several summers a young engineer was quartered in a near-by hotel. When thunderheads gathered he would rush to his roost in the attic, and wait with scientific calm while 100,000-volt bolts of lightning crashed on the rod and made records on his machine. Meanwhile a confederate in another skyscraper photographed each flash.

Last summer science made progress: The apparatus was turned on automatically by a device sensitive to gathering lightning, and recording cameras were set up in two other buildings. The lightning fireman tended one, and started the other by dialing a secret phone number.

Needless to say, lightning has no effect on the tenants or the building. All tall steel structures act as lightning rods.

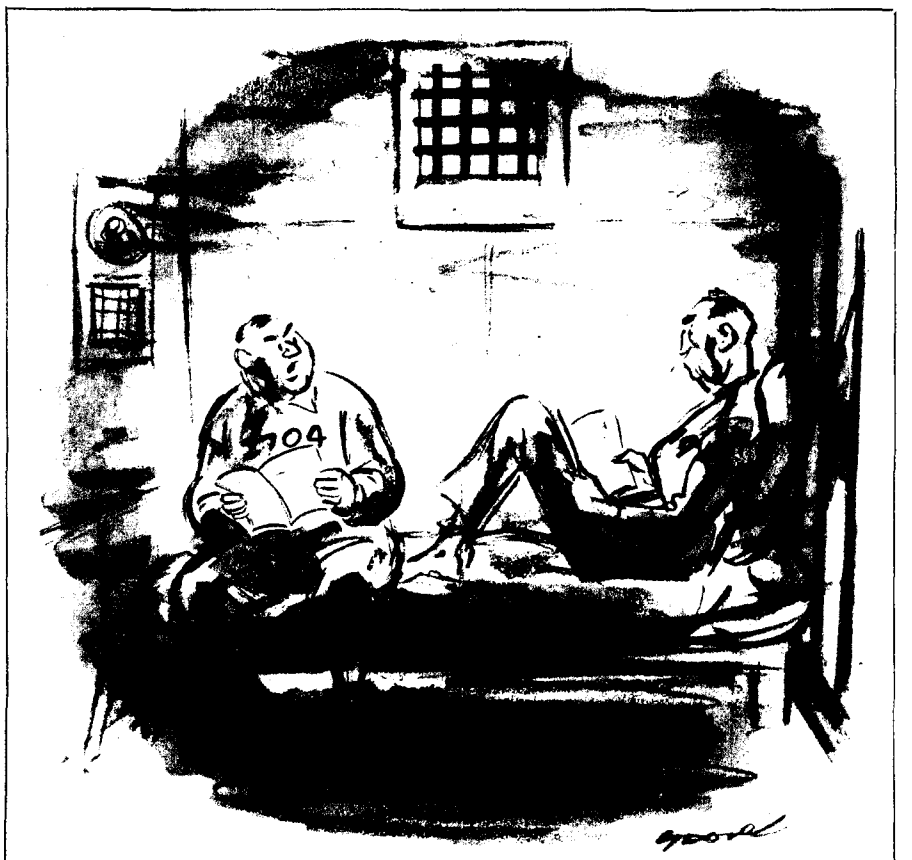
The sky-bound top of the Empire State once nearly played a spectacular part in the nation's developing aviation picture. Dirigibles were a big thing in 1931 and people thought that in no time at all everybody would be riding to Europe in them. So a mooring mast—the top 200 feet of the building—was built. It was strong enough to withstand a tug of 50 tons. There was talk of using the 86th floor as a kind of airport waiting room to accomodate travelers to Europe.

While the streets swarmed with gaping citizens, attempts were made to tie up dirigibles and blimps. But a powerful updraft created by the huge structure (which delights sight-seers on snowy days by making the flakes swirl up instead of down) wrecked the ambitious plans. It bounced the airships so vigorously they couldn't make contact.

The mooring mast has been profitable and useful in other ways. It attracts tourists to its 102d floor and serves as a base for N.B.C.'s television antenna—the highest on any man-made structure. This is topped only by G. E.'s lightning rod, which comes up inside this antenna.

The Empire State played another role in aviation more than a decade after the dirigible spectacle. This was a tragic one. On the morning of July 28, 1945, a heavy fog hung over New York City. A little before ten o'clock people in the streets suddenly saw an Army bomber skimming out of the overcast barely 900 feet above the sidewalk. As they watched, horrified, the plane, a B-25, shot straight for the midtown skyscraper.

For a fraction of a second the pilot appeared to be pulling up. But it was too late. He crashed into the Empire State with a shock that seemed to make it rock to its base. The plane's wings were sheared off, the gasoline tanks exploded, and brilliant flames enveloped the tower.



COLLIER'S **"Doesn't it make you sick the way those fellows in Alcatraz brag about the California weather?"** LEONARD DOVE

The 78th and 79th floors were wrecked. Gasoline ran down corridors and stair wells, as far as the 75th floor. Thirteen were killed and 26 injured. One of the plane's engines lunged through two elevator shafts, shearing all cables and dropping the cars to the basement. The other engine went clear through the building and destroyed a studioful of sculpture in the next block.

After the tragedy, building and Army engineers, interested in the survival possibilities of skyscrapers in a future war, examined the structure critically. It was as sound as ever, and showed no ill effects beyond the local damage.

Just how big is the Empire State? At the end of a workday the four mail chutes are choked with mail, and between five and seven, four special postmen lug away *sixty bags* of "Dear Sirs."

Counting everybody, 50,000 people enter the building every day. Down in the subbasement, porters daily make 180 gallons of liquid soap, with which 214 cleaners keep the place spotless. Seven full-time window cleaners crawl constantly over the outside giving nervous citizens goose-pimples as they polish its 6,400 windows.

Including freight lifts, there are 74 elevators (five of which are private cars used by tenants to reach safe-deposit vaults, etc.) operating in seven miles of elevator shafts. One of these vaults, belonging to the Manufacturers' Trust Company, nestles in the rockbound cave which was once the Waldorf-Astoria's wine cellar!

The elevator cables must be renewed every 35,000 or 40,000 miles, or every four years. A staff of 19 mechanics does little except work on the cables.

Every few years some muscular lad climbs to the top, just to show off, but it is hard on the heart, and the building discourages that sort of stunt. Back in 1932 the Polish Olympic ski team climbed from the fifth to the 102d floor in 20 minutes, but presumably they could take it. People really had a chance to climb, but not for fun, in September of 1945, not long after the bomber crash. Most elevator operators in New York City had gone on strike, and some 2,000 tall buildings were left without service. Since the Empire State was the tallest of all, it got a big play in the newspapers.

There was the loyal employee who plugged all the way up to the 46th floor, and was the only one who reported for work. And there were the N.B.C. television engineers (cloud hermits) stranded on the 85th floor. They had provided themselves with cots and a refrigerator filled with food. Another man stayed on the 68th floor for three days waiting for an important phone call. He got it. A few who climbed to work on lower floors could get out for food. But a luncheonette operator toted 150 sandwiches and jugs of coffee way up to the 31st floor. He got a $75 tip from a brokerage firm.

Visitors sometimes get a little nervous over the prospect of a flight up the tower. But once you're in the elevator and the pilot has punched the 80th-floor button in his automatic control board, there's nothing to it.

You just go up and up and up, in silence. All you feel is a little clicking in your ears from the change in atmospheric pressure. You swallow a couple of times, and you're okay. You're going 1,000 feet a minute. At the 80th floor you change to a poky little shuttle car that takes you to the 86th-floor observatory. Then you step across the hall to the tower car that takes you to the 102d level.

Al Smith used to take a tremendous pride in the building's height, and often showed distinguished guests around personally. They say that once a fearful old lady hesitated before stepping into the tower elevator. "Governor," she asked, "if something goes wrong, will I go up or down?"

"Lady," Smith answered, "that all depends on what kind of a life you've led."

Frank Powell has developed into quite a weather prophet in his ten years in the clouds. He's had to—his business depends on visibility. If he orders up a lot of perishable food for his 86th-floor kitchen and the weather's bad he'll be stuck. But if it's a day on which you can look far out to sea and spot the Queen Elizabeth, customers will swarm up and eat everything he's got.

Among the sight-seers Powell remembers best were a honeymoon couple —and part of the Soviet navy. The honeymooners came up one October 12th, ordered champagne—and came back every year for ten years for a repeat order. (Note: They don't stock champagne in the 86th-floor cellars any more; not enough orders.)

The Comrades appeared during the war when their ship was in port. They weren't much interested in the view, but bottled beer fascinated them. Laughing uproariously, they opened it explosively all over the place, until the floor was like a lake.

How to Prove You Were There

If you go up and feel the folks back home are going to be skeptical, you can not only get your picture made by the official photographer at the top but you can make a recording of your voice. Half the visitors go home clutching a record beginning, "Well, here we are on top of the Empire State . . ."

How many suicides jump from the building daily? None any longer, for a suicideproof fence of stainless steel was recently built to stop this activity. Actually, there have only been 16 such deaths in 17 years, a very small suicide rate compared to that of any big bridge.

Will there ever be a building taller than the Empire State? People in Houston, Texas, have been talking about one to reach 140 stories, to top anything, anywhere. But right now no new buildings are going up much above 40 floors, even in New York. The tower-building race is over, and it looks as though the Empire State will hold the crown for a long time.

The economies of a skyscraper are severely restricted by the fact that elevator shafts, stair wells and other things take out so much rentable space from each floor. Architect William F. Lamb says he built the Empire State as high as it could go and still earn its keep. Another ten floors would have meant another bank of elevators, eating up valuable space on every floor. Engineering advances might make a difference today, he thinks, but that's problematical.

As to how long this, or any other skyscraper, will last, steel experts guess anywhere from 500 to 1,000 years.

Anyway, no matter what future designers dream up, the Empire State seems due to fascinate and excite mankind for years to come. Certainly the remark a British visitor made when it opened will remain valid a long time.

"Gives an impression of height, doesn't it?" he said.

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THE GIRL WHO WASN'T FOR SALE

Continued from page 15

old-fashioned," she told him. "Papa is first pastry chef at the Hotel Elysium. He's awful proud and artistic and all. I *do* hope he likes you."

"Well," said Sonny, whose courage no one had ever had reason to question, "let's go and call on him. Then I'd like to take you out to see the Sphinx and meet my mother and father."

"He'll wonder where we've been all night," said Rosemarie.

Sonny pondered that a while. Then his face lighted up as he came upon the solution. "We'll just tell him."

Papa Chranik was not in a benevolent humor on this particular day. As Rosemarie had observed, he was pretty terribly strict, and he treated his daughter and Sonny to a frigid reception on this rosiest of rosy mornings.

"But, Papa—" Rosemarie protested unhappily, "he's a millionaire!"

"Personally," said Papa Chranik, "I have not a word to say against millionaires except that I don't like them. Wait until some nice young fellow comes along, and then be married."

"But, Papa, we're in *love!*"

"Love," said Papa, and on his tongue it sounded like stealing milk bottles from front porches, "love! Ha, ha. Don't make me laugh."

"Sir," Sonny began. "I—"

"Young fellow, you have said enough!" cried Mr. Chranik.

"But, Papa—"

"You are beyond twenty-one," said Papa Chranik coldly. "Whoever you want to run around with, that is your private affair. But to marry such a person, that I draw the line through. The name of Chranik goes back almost indefinitely. I forbid you permission to mix me up with wealthy aristocrats. Marry this millionaire, and I disinherit you out of our family forever! The interview is closed. I go to work."

Turning on his heel, Papa Chranik strode from the room.

"He *is* kind of strict, isn't he?" murmured Sonny, somewhat perplexed.

"Yes," said Rosemarie glumly, "and I don't know what to do. The last thing I would ever want to do is marry somebody against Papa's will. I would hate to be disinherited out of the family even for the sake of being a millionairess." She hadn't realized there were any pyramids or sphinxes in the United States, but the Carringtons probably owned one of everything.

THEY cuddled together in the low-slung Capricletto on their way out to Old Southbury, less in rapture than for consolation.

"I'm sure we'll find a solution," Sonny said. "We'll talk about it to Mother and Father."

Rosemarie moistened her lips. "I wonder what they'll think of me? Oh, gosh! Why did I have to go and fall in love with a millionaire when I could have had any one of a dozen ordinary fellows? Well, that's Rosemarie Chranik for you. Once a dope, always a dope."

They were approaching the ell of stables that graced the lower acres of the Carrington estate, a structure designed after the famous stables of the old Duc d'Estremont outside Paris. The car drew up before the arched fieldstone entrance. Rosemarie saw no sign of a pyramid. A groom tipped his cap respectfully. Sonny spoke to him briefly. In a moment the groom emerged leading a huge black colt with beautiful sable eyes.

"This," said Sonny, "is the Sphinx. He's one of the greatest horses in the world."

Rosemarie believed it. She could feel his greatness as an unaccustomed tingling inside her chest. She hadn't been this close to a horse since they'd mechanized the city's milk wagons. Reaching out, she put her hand gingerly to his neck, and the Sphinx, his delicately modeled veins quivering nervously, shifted his right foreleg.

Sonny finally said, "Shall we go up to the house and see Mother and Father?"

Rosemarie swallowed. "Okay."

Caldwell Carrington was a mild little man with pleasant white hair and twinkling blue eyes. Unlike his son, he was not athletic. His fortune he had inherited along with his gentility. Mr. Carrington was content to cultivate his dahlias and collect rare sea shells. People suspected him of being shrewd, but if he was he was careful not to make a display of it.

SONNY related to his mother and father the events of the previous evening, and the predicament in which they found themselves. Mrs. Carrington, a thoroughly devoted mother, examined Rosemarie with a frankly feminine eye. "But what about Gloriana?" Gloriana was a young heiress whom Sonny had been seeing now and then.

"You know I was never serious with Gloriana," said Sonny.

"Tell us something about the young lady's father," said Mr. Carrington.

"Well," said Sonny, "he's—well, I mean—"

"We're sort of old-fashioned, you see," said Rosemarie. "Papa has *such* strong ideas. I guess he just don't like the playboy type. He said he'd never let me mix our family up with aristocrats. He's been wanting me to get engaged to the head salad man at the Elysium."

"You say you're a dancer?"

"Well, dancer is a pretty big word. We have a little chorus, and then I come out in almosts and do some steps."

"Almosts?"

"Well, *you* know," said Rosemarie. "It's really quite a respectable place. Everything we wear has to pass police inspection. It's an honest living until something better comes along."

"And you say your father threatens to disinherit you if you marry against his wishes?"

"Uh-huh."

"But, as Michael here is comfortably situated from the monetary standpoint, why should that prove a stumbling block to your marriage?"

"You don't understand," said Rosemarie. "He'll disinherit me out of the family. I explained how horribly old-fashioned we are. Without Papa's consent—well, I don't know how to put it. It would be like living in sin, sort of. It would be like—like walking down Madison Avenue in your slip, or taking the last olive off the plate. Unless Papa changes his mind, well—" At this point a tear welled in Rosemarie's eye. "Well, I'll just have to give up everything."

Mrs. Carrington was touched. "I'm a little old-fashioned myself, my dear," she told Rosemarie. "I think you are acting most properly."

"We might go and see your father," suggested Mr. Carrington. "Perhaps Mrs. Carrington and I could win him over."

"You don't know Papa," said Rosemarie.

"Does it mean nothing to him that his daughter is in love?" asked Mrs. Carrington.

"Love! Love he laughs at. In the old country, he says, they lock up girls that fall in love."

"It's quite a crisis, isn't it?" said Mr. Carrington.

"Could I have one sail on your yacht

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anyway?" Rosemarie asked Sonny in a little voice. "If it turns out that everything is over between us, it would at least give me something to remember in later years."

"Yes," said Mrs. Carrington. "Do take her out on the Sound, Michael. In the meantime we shall all put our thinking caps on, and perhaps an idea may come that will solve this poor child's problem." . . .

THE Seaspray was yacht-rigged, of course, and carried an auxiliary Diesel. They sailed up the Sound to Sachem Head. Overhead pearl-tinted clouds floated in a sea of blue. Reefing his canvas somewhat, the helmsman handed over the wheel to Rosemarie. She gripped the spokes rigidly. "No," said the sailor politely. "Ease her off if she wants to go, then roll her back when she rises. Keep your eye on the binnacle and work her around when the needle swings past north-northeast. That's it. Now you've got it."

The wind twisted the blond strands of hair into dancing fairies as they strayed from beneath her net. "Oh, gosh!" she exclaimed. "I'll always remember this, always. I'll never forget the time I had a real yacht in my hand."

The wonderful day was over all too soon. They had forgotten sleep entirely. "I hate to leave, but I have to," she said at last. "It's been a beautiful experience. If we're late for work they dock us half a night's pay. Good-by, Michael dear," she said, calling him by his given name. "I'll treasure this experience in my memory book forever."

"There must be something we can do," said Sonny, who had decided to cancel his customary conference with his horse trainer for the purpose of driving her back to town. "I mean, after all, if two people are in love—well, it seems to me that we could do *something.*"

"But what? Your mother and father are adorable. They're just too darling for words. But they weren't able to think of anything."

"Wait a minute," said Sonny as he maneuvered the Caprioletto into the parkway. "Friend of mine—George Ames—is an awfully brilliant chap. Practically all brain. Knows absolutely everything. I'll have a chat with him about it, and I'm sure he'll have an idea."

Rosemarie moved up close to him. "Where true love is concerned, there just *has* to be a way," she murmured.

After seeing Rosemarie to the door of the Blue Giraffe, Sonny stopped off at the office of his brokerage concern. Both George Ames and Lorelei, working late, were pleased to see him. "How is everything, Mr. C?" Lorelei always called Sonny Mr. C.

"Not so good."

Lorelei glanced up, astounded. In all the years she'd known him, Mr. C. had never said "not so good," not even the time he'd broken his collarbone. George Ames also looked up, interested. George was a fellow who liked things to go well. He had an easygoing manner that concealed an efficient and well-oiled mind.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. C?" said Lorelei.

"I fell in love," said Sonny. "I certainly didn't intend to. You know what an awfully tight schedule we have in the polo Open this season. But—well, there it is."

"Couldn't you go away somewhere," said Lorelei, "and sort of let it die down?"

Sonny recounted the happenings of the past twenty-four hours. "So you see," he wound up, "it's not quite a question of dying down."

George Ames puffed thoughtfully on a cigarette. "There's bound to be some kind of an angle," he said. "What's this Chranik joker's weakness?"

"Weakness?" said Sonny. "He hasn't any. He could smash the atom with his bare hands."

"Everybody's got a weakness," George declared. "That's what makes them human. Find his weakness, and put the pressure on. Back him into a corner and make him holler uncle. It's as easy as A B C."

"I don't know," said Sonny uncertainly. "How do I go about finding out what his weakness is? He doesn't let you get a word in."

"Pump the dame," said George. "Put her through the hoops. Bear down on her. Sweat it out of her. Find the chink in his armor. She's on your side, isn't she?"

"All right," said Sonny. "I'll try."

He met Rosemarie after the performance, and they returned to the spot that held so many precious memories for them. The Good Humor man was at his accustomed post. They bought ice creams, then sat together on the curb.

"What's wrong?" the Good Humor man asked. "You look like you got trouble."

Rosemarie told him the story.

"My baby, my little girl. Fred, doesn't she look beautiful!"

"Probably can't even boil water"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

The Good Humor man nodded his head understandingly. After a respectable silence he said, "Try one of these butternut-coated types. On the house."

"You're very sweet," said Rosemarie.

"I talked to George," Sonny told her. "That's the fellow who runs my office. He feels we should try to discover some weakness of your father's, so that we could occupy a better bargaining position with him. He feels that this is the only solution. We must find a chink in his armor, then make him holler uncle."

"Weakness," said Rosemarie. "I don't think Papa has any weaknesses."

"That's what I told George. He insisted everybody has."

"Weakness. Weakness," said Rosemarie, wracking her brain. "Oh, gosh. Well—he has a false upper plate."

Sonny shook his head. "I don't think we can make much capital of that. I could hardly go up and threaten to expose him on this score if he didn't give us permission to marry."

"Most people are daffy about something," said the Good Humor man.

"The only thing Papa is daffy about is wrestlers. He never misses a match. He even owns twenty per cent of some wrestler's contract. Somebody named the Slaughterer. But I don't see how Papa being crazy about wrestling could help us out any."

"No," said Sonny gloomily.

"How about a raspberry ice this time?" said the Good Humor man.

"It's dreadfully kind of you," said Rosemarie, "but—"

"Go ahead," urged the Good Humor man. "Maybe being daffy over rasslers is a weakness after all. Didn't she say you was a millionaire?" he asked Sonny.

"Papa can't be bought, I assure you," said Rosemarie.

"Not with money, maybe," said the Good Humor man. "It's like me. I got a young daughter of my own. A million bucks wouldn't of made me like this kid she begun runnin' around with. So he finds out I got a hobby of billiards. So what does he do? He goes out and buys me a cue, a real handmade ash stick that screws apart in the middle. So I figures maybe I am mistaken about this here kid. Maybe he has got nice qualities that don't show from the surface. I figures a kid that will buy his girl's father a pool cue might do for a son-in-law after all."

"True," said Sonny. "But I don't see—"

"Suppose you went ahead and made him a nice present. Find out who owns this here Slaughterer's contract, and turn it over to him. It is very similar to my own case. A fellow that is thoughtful enough to give the present of a rassler to the father of the girl he loves, why that same fellow is not somebody that you are going to be in a hurry to disapprove of, because it shows that he has nice feelings underneath him." . . .

Sonny remained unconvinced after days of deliberation. Even after he had negotiated for the purchase of a considerable piece of the Slaughterer, doubts continued to assail him, and he argued his skepticism to the very door of Rosemarie's apartment.

"I don't see what harm it can do," said Rosemarie, inserting the key in the lock. "Remember, beggars cannot be choosers."

PAPA CHRANIK was in his undershirt reading Darwin. He looked up irritably. "I told you once you was wasting your time away, young man. I will have no trucking with rich wastrels. Good day."

"Mr. Chranik," Sonny said, "Rosemarie says you have an interest in a wrestler. Is that correct?"

"It is. I own twenty per cent of the Slaughterer."

"That's a curious coincidence," Sonny said. "I happen to own thirty-one per cent of him myself."

Papa Chranik was taken off guard. "You *do*?"

"Yes, Mr. Chranik, I do."

Papa Chranik stared at Sonny. "Young man," he said slowly, "through you I can see like a windowpane. It goes without saying that I am interested. With my twenty per cent this piece gives control of the best wrestler in the business. Such a cunningness I did not expect from a wealthy aristocrat. On the other hand my daughter is not for sale. Also the name of Chranik isn't either."

"You misunderstand, sir," said Sonny. "My only motive—"

"Do not talk motives to me," said Papa Chranik. "I was born longer ago than yesterday. Do you expect me to agree to such a marriage for the sake of a wrestler?"

"Well," said Sonny. "I mean, after all, I simply—"

"I will take it under consideration," said Papa Chranik. "The interview is closed. I will weigh all the circumstances. You will hear from me."

"Papa—" began Rosemarie.

"The interview is at an ending. Don't you understand English?" The puzzled couple turned to go. "Leave that contract, young man. After all, what did you come up here for?"

Their efforts had brought them no clear-cut decision. Rosemarie felt that a measure of progress had been made. Sonny disagreed. It was his contention that he was simply minus thirty-one per cent of a wrestler. Rosemarie argued that it necessarily took some time to dissolve granite. Sonny didn't think they could wait that long. He added that the Sphinx was running at Belmont the next day. Rosemarie's expression brightened. Would he take her? It might relieve the strain of waiting, at least for one afternoon.

SHE had never been to a race track before. A mellow haze hung in the sky, and the fringe of verdure that ringed the outer track was like a bracelet of smoky emeralds. When it came time for the stake race, the sight of the Sphinx going to the post made her heart leap. The gate sprang up and they were away.

The Sphinx ran easily, as though he had all day. At the far turn he was fourth. She began to jump and shout. "Come on, beautiful! Come on. Come *on!*" He practically sauntered into third place.

Entering the stretch the boy lay forward along the Sphinx's neck, his face close to the animal's ear. Suddenly the Sphinx began to run. It was as though the other horses had died in their tracks. The crowd went crazy. At the finish there were five lengths between the great black colt and the nearest horse. Rosemarie virtually collapsed with excitement.

Sonny insisted that she return home with him for dinner. When they arrived there the housekeeper handed him a package. "It came in the afternoon's mail."

Untying the string, Sonny brought out a curious velvet box. Inside the box was a strange collection of odd-shaped little silver forms. Enclosed was a letter. The script was peculiar but legible. Sonny read it aloud:

" 'Young man. These have been in our family since times immemorial. As I have no son to leave them when deceased, I hereby present them to you. They are the heritage of the Chraniks, a name that goes back almost indefinitely. Where these are, there goes the blessings of Theodolphus Chranik. P.S. Be at the Palladium Friday night eight thirty sharp to see our boy murder Nick the Bonecrusher. Yours. Theodolphus J. Chranik.' "

"We did it!" cried Sonny. "We dissolved him! But—but what *are* they?"

"Those," said Rosemarie, her cup of happiness running over, "are pastry forms, the ones used by the chef to King Louis the Twelfth and handed down in our family for generations."

"Well, what do you know!" said Sonny.

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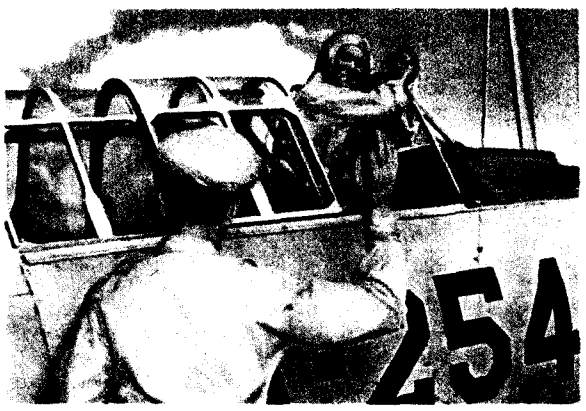

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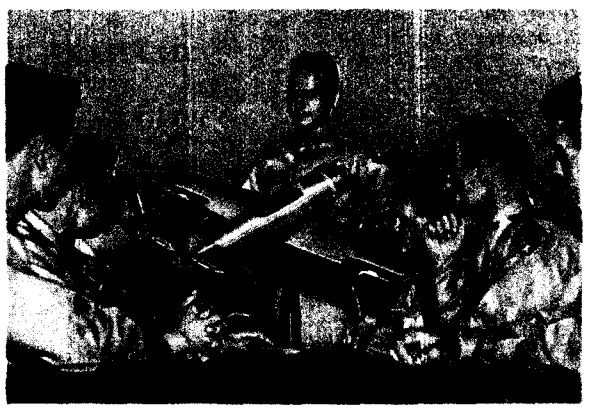

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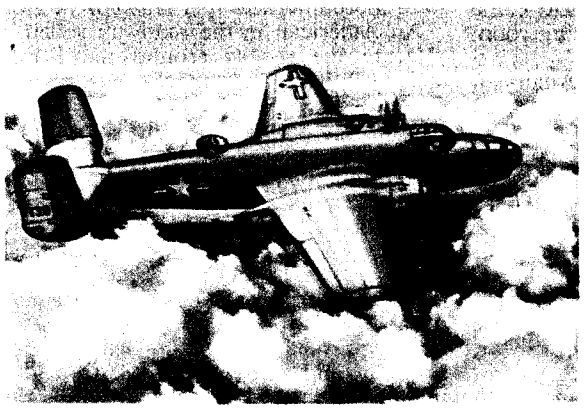

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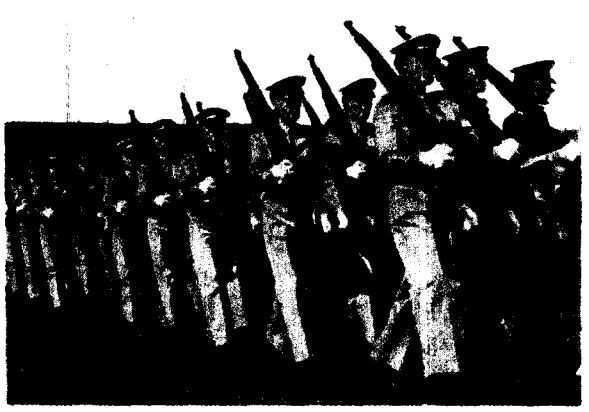

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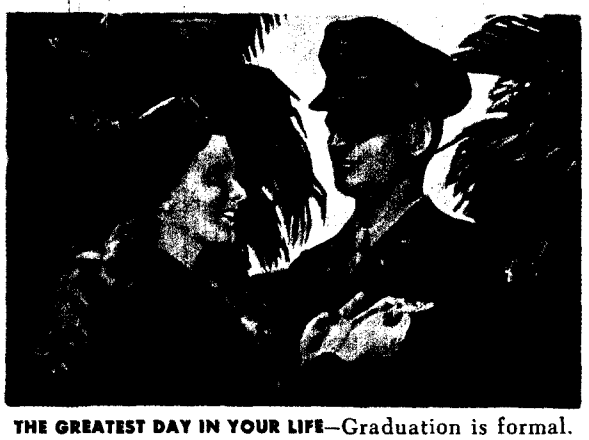

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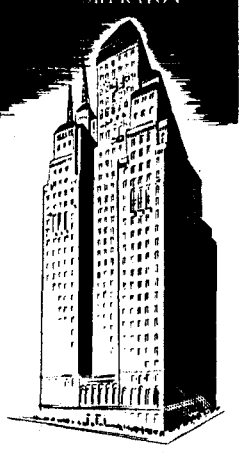

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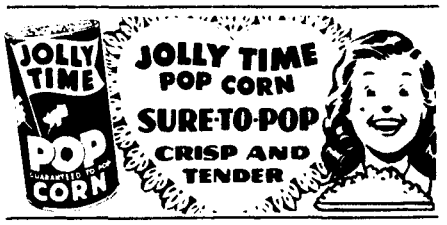


Mission Accomplished

JIM AND HARRY, who had been wartime pals in a sub-chasing unit, were on a camping trip. Jim, the early riser, got breakfast the first morning, including a pot of fragrant, nut-brown, hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal.

He was about to call the snoring Harry when the barking of the dogs caused him to drop everything and go out to see what they had treed.

The chase took him some distance and when he returned empty-handed he saw Harry far out in the lake fishing. The Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal was all gone but a large scrawled message had been left on the camp table.

"Sighted grub; sank same!" (ADV.)

NIGHTMARE IN SANTO TOMAS

Continued from page 34

We all knew the story. Late in the afternoon ten fighter planes had sped over the Main Building, flying so low you could see the pilots grinning. Shortly after they had passed, the rumor had spread through camp that one pilot had tossed his goggles into a patio. A note attached to them read: "Be seeing you soon."

Maybe the story was true. A man hardly dared hope. We had waited so long—my diary told me I'd been a prisoner for 1,098 days and nights. Of one thing we felt sure: American troops were very close to the city. Everything pointed to that. No Nip planes now rose to challenge our fighters and bombers, and there was no antiaircraft fire over Manila. Certainly the Jap defenses against air attack had been wiped out.

"It'll probably be four weeks before we're freed," Suares said.

That's a nice conservative estimate, four weeks. "Out in ten days," they used to say, the confident ones, back in February, 1942. But here we are, caged on the second floor of the Education Building, and starving, and it's February, 1945, and I won't be around a month from now. Not me, with my weight down to less than a hundred pounds and my energy gone. I got a date for St. Valentine's Day, me and my fluttery heart. Me and a lot of fellows aren't going to be around.

An outburst of gunfire roused the brooding internees. It sounded as if it came from the suburbs north of Manila. About 5 P.M. we had heard heavy firing to the north, perhaps seven or eight miles away. It was nearer now.

"Somebody's catching hell."

"Maybe it's guerrillas on the rampage."

Please, God, watch over my family. They're out there somewhere in the black night.

For over three years I had been separated from my family who, at the outbreak of war, had fled to southern Luzon to stay with friends. When the Japs finally caught up with them eighteen months later, my wife's Philippine citizenship had saved her and the children from imprisonment. They were now in the city, living in a small house near the prison camp.

The shooting stopped abruptly.

Older Men Were Exhausted

Could we hold out till the boys got there? The internees past fifty were weakening fast, dying fast—six or seven a day now; they had no reserve strength to fall back upon.

There was no mistaking the furious machine-gun fire. It was heavy, and not far away.

"That shootin's down at the front gate!" Jess Hodges cried.

"Look at the flares!" Slim Brown yelled.

The sky glowed a pinkish blue above the Jap guardhouse and barracks near the gate. "What are those damned Nips signaling for at this hour?"

The internees streamed forward into the rooms, elbowing one another for space on the narrow balconies. The men who had tried to sleep rose from their cots and joined the others.

A searchlight played on the Main Building some two hundred yards from us. It was the first time a light had violated the blackout since June, 1944.

The sky was aflame with flares now.

The roar of motored vehicles grinding up the camp road toward the Main Building came to us. A searchlight on the leading machine swept from right to left and back, as it churned up the road.

"Tanks! Big tanks!"

Other motored vehicles streamed up the road. When the tank's light stopped moving, we could see the American flag draped across it.

"Our tanks, fellows. We're free. That's our flag." The speaker choked up.

We stared at the flag. We could not speak. There was a lump in every throat.

One man wiped his eyes.

"I see three tanks now," Ed Price volunteered.

We watched men, women and children rush out of the Main Building and surround the vehicles in the patio. They shouted. They screamed.

Jess Hodges cleared his throat. "I'd been thinking I'd never live to see this day."

"I tol' you *Americanos* come pronto," the Indian said. "Now who are *estúpidos?*"

Others found their voices: "It's been a long time, fellows" . . . "The flag sure looks good." . . . "Grand old flag."

Several families from the nipa huts near the Education Building had come in. They jostled us for standing room on the balcony.

"Mommy, where's the American soldiers?" It was five-year-old Tommy Anderson. "Pure brat," everyone called him. He was a cheeky little fellow.

"That's them down there, Tommy boy," his mother said, sobbing. "That's the American flag—your flag."

"You won't have to bow to the Japs any more, Tommy," Bruce Anderson said, smiling down at his son.

I saw thin Ted Marks and his wife Anna, and a middle-aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smoot. I did not know the Smoots very well. Mrs. Smoot was Spanish.

Mike Hansen yelled: "Gangway, everybody! I want to go down and shake hands with those boys." His voice caressed the last word.

"Let's all go!"

It would take some effort, that walk to the patio. It would be slow. Some of us would have to hobble. Many would have to rest after walking a few yards.

We left the balcony and surged into room 216. There our progress toward the corridor in the rear of the building was suddenly halted. Five Jap soldiers in full field uniform blocked the doorway. Their rifles, bayonets in place, covered us. As they motioned us to keep back, a squad of Nips carried our beds, mattresses, rickety chairs and stools into the corridor.

The Japs used sign language. They ordered us to sit down on the floor.

Activity Among the Enemy

Like frightened ants, the Japs in the corridor scurried about, piling our beds and bedding and chairs against the rear windows and the stair well at the north end of the building.

As we huddled together I counted faces. There were 43 of us. Forty-three people packed into a room that at best accommodated 21; three terrified women, one whimpering little boy, and 39 frightened men.

We heard the rumble of tanks. Ed Price, who could see beyond the balcony, whispered, "There are three tanks down there."

In the silence we forced ourselves to realize the truth: We were the hostages of the jittery Japs who had barricaded themselves in on the north wing—in the internees' quarters on the second floor. Everyone in rooms 215, 216 and 217 was a hostage. Above us, on the third floor, were more internees, perhaps 200 in all.

An American in the roadway yelled: "Vacate the shacks around the Education Building at once! You're in danger. There'll be shooting."

The tanks roared into position. "They're putting a tank on each wing of the building," Ed Price said. "The boss man's tank is right in front of the center door."

Many of us ignored the grunt of the Jap guards and watched the activity below us. American soldiers, tommy guns ready, crawled to the rear of the tanks; some squirmed forward on their bellies to get behind small mounds in front of the north wing.

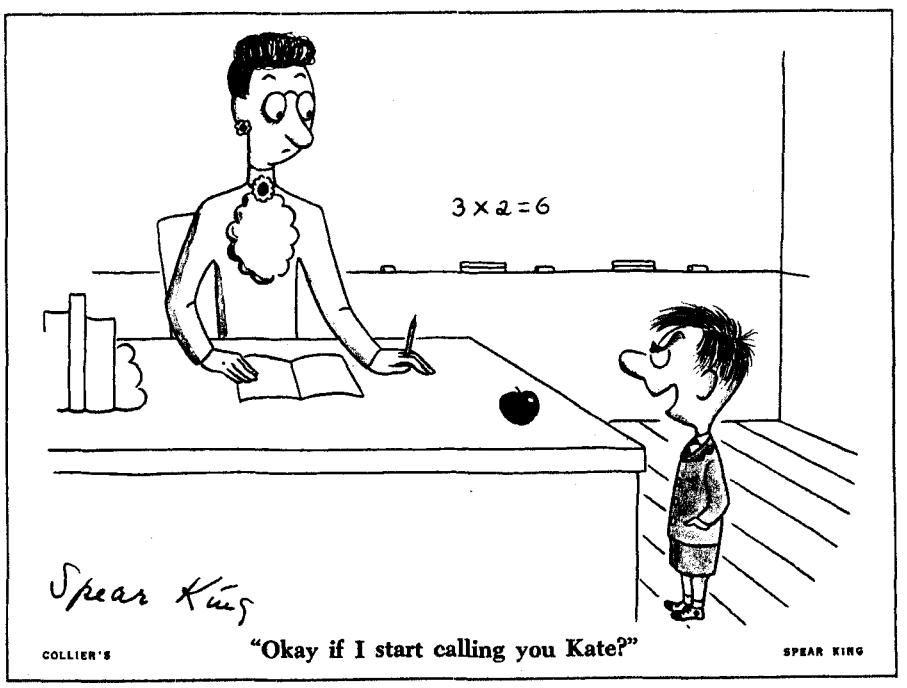
"Those are big fellows, those tanks," someone whispered, fear in his voice.

WHITE WEDDING

By EILEEN TIGHE

A pretty girl and her prospective mother-in-law were at swords' points. A snowstorm settled the issue, in this Star Story.

In Collier's *next week*



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"Some day let's look back on all this and laugh, but, please—not now!"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

"They got a mighty wicked-looking cannon sticking out of the front end."

"They're medium tanks," Slim Brown said authoritatively. His voice had the calmness of a university lecturer's. "They carry a 75-millimeter cannon, two .50-caliber machine guns, and one .30-caliber machine gun. That 75 can blast a real hole."

The big 75s were in motion as the gunners sought the correct elevation.

A hard-faced, mustachioed officer stuck his head out of the turret of the tank facing the center door of the building. "We'll give you Japs just three minutes to come out with your hands in the air!" he shouted. "If you don't come out walking, we'll blast you out!" As he spoke, the 75s stopped moving. Their snouts pointed directly at the rooms on the ground floor.

Protests to Tank Commander

"Hey, you!" cried an internee from somewhere on the second floor. "We're up here on the second and third floors. We're Americans!"

Another prisoner shouted, "The Japs got us cornered here!"

The tank commander yelled back, "I know it!" His voice was brittle. "Keep your nerve and you'll be all right."

A man near me muttered, "You and me ought to swap places, Captain."

Three Jap officers crept up to the windows in room 216.

We heard a commotion in front of the building. "Keep right on coming toward us! Keep your hands high!" shouted the tank officer.

Two Japs in civilian clothes, Hirosi and Ohashi, walked out into the glare of the spotlight. American riflemen surrounded them and led them into the darkness behind the center tank. Only an hour or so ago those Japs had strutted about in officers' uniforms, with shiny black boots and samurai swords. They weren't strutting now.

The Jap officers in room 216 ordered two more riflemen to the front windows.

We watched and waited and wondered. We saw the tank commander raise his arm to look at his wrist watch.

"Any more Japs want to come out the easy way?"

No answer.

"All right," the American roared, "you asked for it! We're going to blow hell out of you!"

"Hey, Colonel, we're up here!" an internee wailed.

The officer shouted, "You internees up there on the second floor, can you hear me? You guys hit the deck, lie flat on the floor, face down, and get behind any shelter you have. Use your beds and mattresses as shields. Keep away from the balcony. Get as far back from the windows as you can. Get back in the rear corridor."

The hell you say, Captain! We don't have any beds or bedding, and the Nips won't let us out into the corridor.

"Take it easy, General!" shouted an internee in room 215. "We got women and children up here!"

The tank commander didn't reply.

We lay flat on our bellies on the wooden floor of room 216.

Well, mister, here it is. You'd better start praying fast.

I closed my eyes and measured off the distance between us and the road where the tanks were preparing to fire into the building. Just twenty-five feet away, they were. Just a hop, skip and jump to freedom. Just twenty-five feet in space, but in time an eternity away from us.

"You Japs in there—this is your last chance!" the tank commander shouted.

No answer.

For a moment the tension of the internees, huddled shoulder to shoulder on the floor, eased up. I overheard bits of quiet conversations: "Bright idea, wasn't it, Fred, coming to the Islands to make our fortunes?" . . . "Bless you, Tommy boy." . . . "Maria, are you comfortable?" . . . "I'm sorry it turned out this way, Anna."

This is what is known as the brink of eternity, mister; you're right on the very edge.

"Ave Maria . . ." mumbled Mrs. Smoot.

Lieutenant Colonel Hayashi, in command of the Japs, crept into the room on his hands and knees. His eyes almost popped through his horn-rimmed glasses. Booted, with sword at his side and two automatic pistols at his hips, he had two dispatch cases slung from his shoulder. A pair of binoculars dangled from his neck. A food pouch hung down his back. His helmet was covered with green twigs—probably yanked off the potted plants in the lobby of the building.

Hayashi was so ridiculous that I almost burst out laughing. But I caught myself. He was shivering, his knees were shaking, his teeth chattering. His hands trembled on the pistols at his side.

At that moment he was undoubtedly the most frightened man in the world. And the thought hit me like a blow—in his fear he would do anything. He'd be a madman when the Americans shelled the building. My hands grew clammy.

"Okay, men, let 'em have it!" The tank commander disappeared into the innards of the tank and the metal cap of the turret closed over him.

Hayashi crawled back into the corridor. There he would have one more plaster wall between him and the American guns.

Women Courageous under Fire

Mrs. Anderson nestled close to her son. Ted Marks pressed his wife's hand. Mrs. Smoot put her head on her husband's shoulder. We men edged closer together for the comfort of nearness.

Then it came. Cr—rr—UMP! The wooden floor we hugged bounced up to smack us in our faces; it groaned and creaked. The guns outside—the 75s, the .30- and .50-caliber machine guns—raked the first floor from right to left and back again. Tommy guns and rifles crackled.

Above the almost deafening noise piped a high voice: "Mommy, are the Americans going to kill us too?" It was the Anderson brat who had exasperated me so many times. "I'm afraid, Mommy. Hold me tighter."

"Don't be scared, Tommy," I yelled, trying to make him hear.

It was clear now, definitely, sharply clear. At last I understood, and my stupidity ashamed me. That boy was not just Tommy, the Anderson brat. He was my boy, too, the son I might never see again, and my daughters. He was all children. Had I come upon this wisdom only to lose it?

The shelling continued. When had it started? Ten minutes ago? An hour? two hours? Time didn't register.

Then, strangely, the camp was quiet. The shelling had stopped and we were still alive.

"You Japs come out with your hands in the sky!" We could see the tank commander's head sticking out of the turret of the center tank. Again he looked at his wrist watch.

Not a single Jap surrendered.

The tanks opened fire again, and again the floor creaked and groaned, and the dust rose to choke us.

Finally, the shelling ceased.

When the Japs made no move to surrender, the American commander shouted to us: "Take it easy up there! We'll figure some way to get you out."

The tension broke. Men cannot stay keyed up for long. We sat up from our cramped positions and stretched. One man started to stand, but a Jap guard motioned him to sit down.

"What time is it?"

"About eleven."

"Seems like it ought to be morning."

The minutes dragged on. The Japs opened their emergency rations for a snack of cold rice, smoked fish and candied peanuts. Every nibble they took was a kick in our stomachs. The fish had a lovely smell. Fascinated, we watched the Japs as they ate.

"Won't be long now," we reassured

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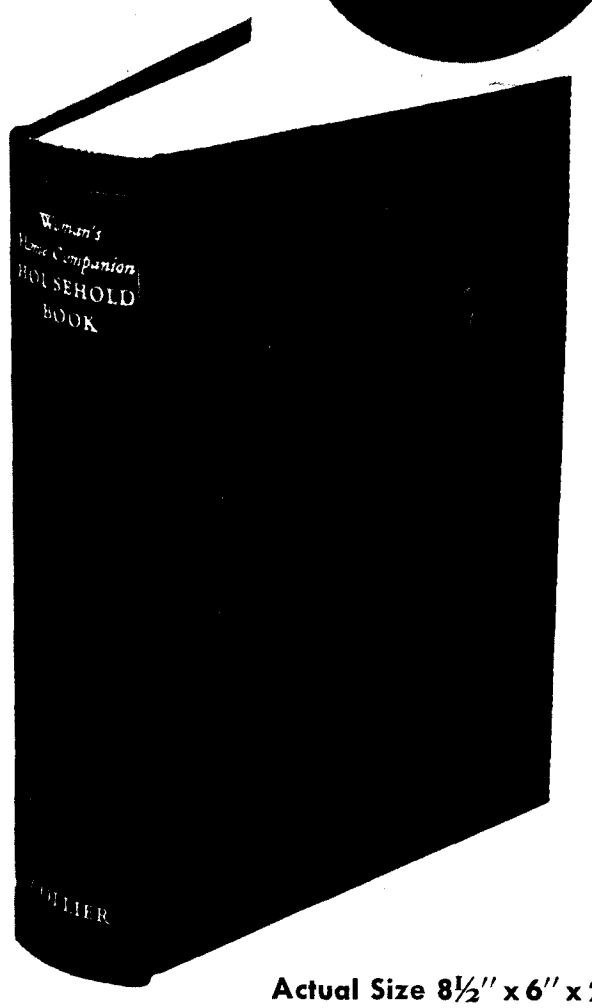

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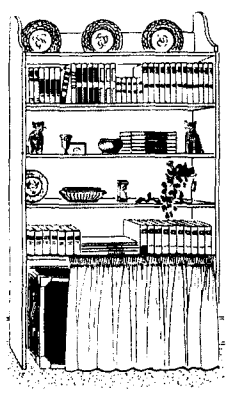
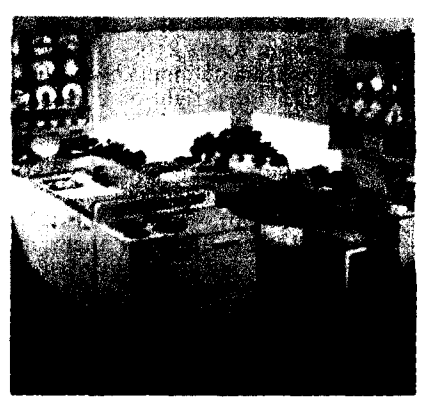


Mondays are pleasant now! A rear-entrance catchall passageway was transformed into a bright, cheerful and efficient laundry.



The dream of every woman could be realized in the colorful charm and appliance placement of this SUNSHINE KITCHEN.

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one another. "We'll be out of here in no time."

But we knew our talk was the bravado of frightened men.

No one had the heart for a prolonged conversation—words did not mean much now. The things that counted were shells and rifles and bayonets—and food. One question dominated our thoughts: Are we coming out of this alive?

The night labored on. Occasionally we heard an exchange of rifle shots between our soldiers outside and the Nips hiding at the windows.

About 2 A.M., when the guards in the room were nodding, three internees inched their way to the balcony and slid down the twenty-foot fire-escape rope we had put there after the Americans' first bombing raid on the city. Johnny Elam, Charlie Core and Slim Brown were free now.

One of the men near the balcony edged over to me. "They all got hurt because they couldn't keep a grip on the rope. They landed with a thud, maybe broke their legs. I saw them crawling toward the nipa huts north of the building."

There's the rope, mister, still dangling from the ledge, and the Nips don't know it's there. Not yet. This is your chance. But wait—you can't hold on to the rope, not with your fingers so swollen with beriberi. You'd fall and bust yourself on that concrete sidewalk.

Even in the glare of the morning sun we could not shake off the nightmare. On this bright Sunday morning the rest of the camp, 3,500 people in all, would celebrate their liberation.

"Mommy, I'm so thirsty. Can't I have a drink?"

Mrs. Anderson tried sign language on the nearest Jap, but it produced only a rough gesture that said, "Sit down and stop yapping."

About 2:00 P.M. there was a commotion in the corridor, and into our room stomped one of Colonel Hayashi's underlings. He told us, in awkward gestures, that food had been brought us and that we were at liberty to go into the corridor to get it.

Preparing for a Hot Meal

We rummaged about for cans and spoons, and trooped out into the corridor where two of our liberated companions stood beside a huge iron pot. Their eyes said, "Come and get it, pals," but they did not smile or say a word. Two Japs were on guard to see that the Americans did not communicate with us.

Before we could fill our cans, the Japs pushed us to one side and ladled large helpings of the American food into their own mess plates. I counted 67 of them, including Hayashi. He still looked scared. When the Japs left the pot, it was two-thirds empty.

Each hostage stepped forward to get his serving of the delicious, strange-yet-familiar food: thick beef stew with Irish potatoes, carrots, onions and peas.

Back in room 216 we sat down on the floor and concentrated on the stew. But after the first hurried bite had choked us, we ate slowly. Chewing the meat was tough. It wasn't easy after three years of gulping down rice mush. It was enough, this food, to make a man cry, and in some eyes there was a mist.

When we finished, a soldier tossed us a package of Jap cigarettes—Cherry-Blossoms. We cut each of the cigarettes in half and distributed the halves. Since the internees who had tobacco gallantly declined the Jap gift, there were enough cigarettes to go around.

The guard motioned that we were free to go out into the corridor and down to the toilet. "Women first, you guys."

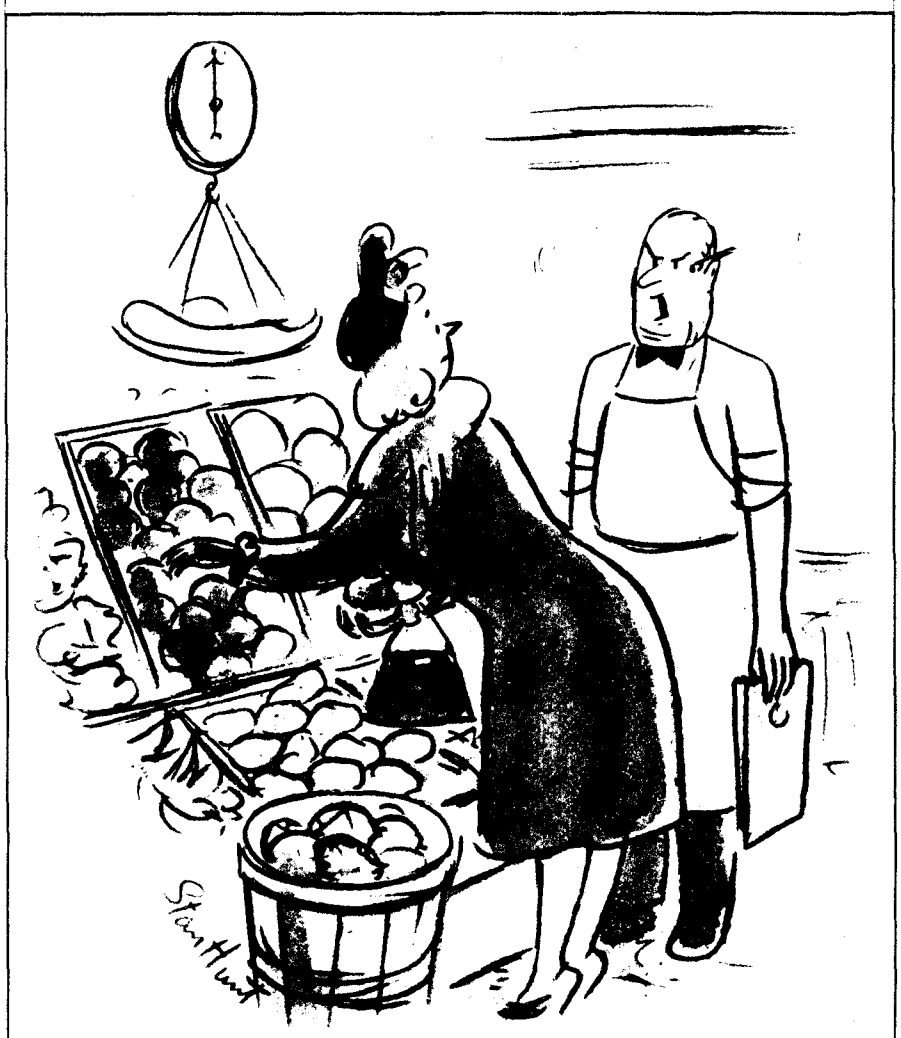
At nightfall we saw two white men carrying a white flag enter the building. One was an American officer, a tall fellow with a pencil mustache. The other was a liberated internee, a Japanese-speaking missionary who had served for the past three years as interpreter for the Nips.

"It won't be long now," someone said.

But as the night deepened, our confidence failed us.

During the long night we slept fitfully. Every hour or two we would wake in cold terror and look about at our silent companions. But—maybe because we had food in our stomachs—we did get a little sleep.

Light was streaking through the trees across the road from our building when the Japs roused us. They were making a lot of noise and running up and down the corridor grunting excitedly at one another. Occasionally we heard Colonel Hayashi's sharp commands. In room 216 the guards busied themselves with their knapsacks.



COLLIER'S "But, madam, you're taking all the good ones!" STAN HUNT

Finally Hayashi and his underlings prodded the soldiers into a long line. Every Jap, with the exception of the officers, who carried sidearms, had a rifle. Some had steel-tipped spears. A few carried boxes of ammunition.

At a command from Hayashi, the file right-faced and marched toward the stair well at the north end of the building. The barricade had been removed from the stairs.

From the balcony an internee yelled, "Our soldiers are marching the Nips out of camp! They're giving them safe conduct to their own lines!"

Mrs. Anderson, in tears, was hugging her son. "We're free, Tommy, we're free!"

The families hurried out of the room, but we men, dumfounded by the moment of freedom, just stood there.

Then, slowly, the ex-hostages of room 216 shuffled out toward the world of freedom.

Queerly uniformed American soldiers—giants they seemed to us—rushed up the stairs. They were grimy, unshaven, tough, and their eyes were tired; but their step was light and their rifles and tommy guns meant business.

"Get out of those rooms!" they shouted to the ex-internees who were searching for food in the Japs' living quarters. "They may be booby-trapped!"

Why, they're kids—big strong kids and full of fight. Come here, young fellow. Yes, you're young, but you've grown old in a hurry. God bless you, lad; God bless you all, men. Go ahead, mister, don't hang back. Stick out your hand and try to let him know what's in your heart.

"Nice seeing you fellows," I said to a young soldier. "Thought you'd never get here. You've done a grand job."

He grinned, embarrassed, and his eyes traveled over my emaciated body, coming to rest on the swollen legs.

"Why, it's nothing, sir. Glad we're here." As he spoke, his tired, wise eyes peered at me from an unlined face.

Grit your teeth, mister; you're thirty-seven. You're too old to give way to your emotions. So give that kid back stare for stare.

The soldier frowned at the puffy toes that stuck out from the straps of my wooden clogs. He seemed fascinated by the swollen knees and ankles, and the fence-post legs.

Take a firm grip on your cane, mister, and get going. Throw out one puffy foot and be on your way. But before you go, mister, try to say it; just say, "God bless you, son." Try. But you can't, mister, the words won't come. So be on your way. Maybe the lad understands.

"Take good care of yourself," I said.

I walked down the stairs and through the south door of the building. Liberated internees stood in groups chatting excitedly: "Good Lord, man, the food they've brought, tons and tons of it, and medicines by the barrelful!" . . . "Got to learn a new language, we're three years behind; got to know what 'G.I.' means, and why everybody's called 'Mac'." . . . "Naw, I wasn't the least bit scared, honest I wasn't." . . . "Colonel Brady was the guy who got your hostages out of the Ed. Building." . . . "It's the First Cavalry." . . . "Yep, thirteen million men under arms, so help me, and they're going to town everywhere." . . .

"Gotta hand it to MacArthur—he's a genius, and I take it all back, everything I said about him." . . . "Sally, you dope, you got the whole of your life to cry in; gotta handkerchief?" . . . "They even got women in the Army—that Jap propaganda was true." . . . "Yes, sir, six hundred Americans of the motorized cavalry bluffed the Jap army of Manila, more than 60,000 Nips." . . . "The happiest day of my life."

A Chat with Two MPs

I left the crowd and walked to the gymnasium near the south wall of Santo Tomas. The heavy wooden gate, fully ten feet high, was barred. Before it stood two military policemen.

"Let me out, will you?" I asked.

"You want out, mister?" said a burly MP, lowering his tommy gun and coming over to me.

"I've got to go. My family's out there—my wife and three kids."

The other MP, a slender chap with sharp eyes, smiled at his buddy. "He wants out. The man wants out."

"Where you been, mister?" the big fellow asked.

"I just got out of the Ed. Building."

"So you was one of them hostages?" He inspected me from head to foot. "That makes it different."

"Sure, that makes it different," his buddy said.

"Listen, fellows, you've got to understand. My family's out there, and I've got to get to them. Open the gate."

The MPs knitted their brows.

Finally the big fellow said, "You're a sick man, that's what you are. What you need is some food and medicine."

The other MP said, "He *is* sick—look at 'im." To me he said, "You go back there to the Main Building and get some food. The medicos got plenty of medicine for fellows like you."

"Dammit, let me out!"

"We got our orders, mister." The burly MP's tone was kind and sympathetic. "Ain't no internee to be allowed to leave camp for a while."

I could not understand. "But it's only two blocks to the house where I'm going. There isn't any danger."

Slinging their tommy guns over their shoulders, the MPs took my arms and started with me down the road to the Main Building.

"Mister, I want you to wake up a minute 'n' listen real hard. Real hard, now."

The three of us stopped in the middle of the road. I listened.

Overhead came the wild screech of shells. Some whistled by, some passed over with a groan, some with a shriek. They seemed just a few inches above us.

"Get it, mister?"

Just beyond the camp gate the air was alive with the crack of rifle fire and the mad splutter of machine guns.

After one particularly vicious burst of shots, the thin MP said, "The Japs've hid snipers in every house. We gotta mop 'em up one by one."

"See what I mean?" the burly soldier asked. "You wouldn't last a minute out there, no white man would." He gave me a gentle push forward. "You keep right on going. Them houses are full of Japs and the streets are full of bullets. They's a lot of bullets awhizzing right into this camp. It ain't safe anywhere, not unless you get behind a three-foot wall."

The MPs started back to their post at the gate. I turned to look at them.

The big fellow saw me and motioned me to be on my way. Then he shouted, and his voice was not unkind, "They's a war on, mister!"

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A MURDER A MINUTE

Continued from page 29

these two factors, the New York Police Department has been able to develop only three gun fingerprints in the past fourteen years.

Private detectives appearing at MWA meetings solemnly assure their hearers that they wouldn't go within miles of murder cases. They don't call each other "shamus," either. (Actually, the word shamus is police slang, in some sections, for an officer with personal pull in the top ranks.) Most beat-pounding cops, who usually appear as unfeeling brutes or low-grade morons in murder mysteries, seldom complain about the abuse heaped on them by mystery authors. They rarely read whodunits.

F.B.I. Man Reads Mysteries

Higher police officers, however, are often mystery fans—with certain reservations. Edward Scheidt, Special Agent in charge of the New York F.B.I. office, who has lectured MWA members both on F.B.I. procedure and their literary sins in calling G-men into fictional cases not involving federal crimes, reads whodunits constantly. But he never attempts to solve the mystery before the end of the book—"too much like work."

To date, MWA hasn't hauled in any known criminals as guest speakers in the art of murder. (Habitual criminals don't care for mystery books. According to Detective Sergeant Colin C. Forbes of the Los Angeles Police Department, most crooks, regardless of age, have stacks of comic books in their rooms.) Neither do mystery authors make a habit of mixing with the underworld to learn its devious ways. Their familiarity with criminal jargon stems less from sojourns in southern California gambling halls than from the scholarly dictionaries of underworld argot published regularly in Third Degree.

Unlike its British counterpart, the London Detection Club, whose members solemnly swear not only to honor the King's English—a rare quality in U.S. mysteries—but also to refrain from misleading the reader by the use of "Divine Revelation, feminine intuition, mumbo-jumbo, jiggery-pokery, coincidence or the Act of God," MWA sets no formal taboos on mystery plots. However, MWA does expect its authors to play fair with their readers.

It's definitely considered poor sportsmanship for fictional detectives to solve murders by inserting identical twins at the last moment; MWA plotters generally undertake not to use untraceable poisons, footprints, secret trap doors, tobacco ash and the science of ballistics in committing their dark deeds. MWA also severely warns its authors against using real telephone numbers in their whodunits.

When this calamity occurs through coincidence or carelessness, telephone-company officials go almost mad with grief. The unfortunate subscribers affected become so deluged with calls, many of them from lonely old maiden ladies, that the telephone company finds difficulty in pacifying them with anything less than a huge sum for damages. In order to avoid such frightful consequences, the New York Telephone Company has arranged to give MWA a group of very attractive phone numbers, free of charge, for the use of its authors. They're all dummy numbers which give out busy signals.

In the interests of the art, MWA also spends a good deal of time pondering trends in murder. Although mystery stories as such are as old as recorded history, the modern detective mystery really began with the publication of Edgar Allan Poe's The Murders in the Rue Morgue, in Philadelphia on April 21, 1841, a date still solemnly commemorated each year at a Mystery Writers of America banquet at which small ceramic "Edgars" are presented to plotters-of-the-year.

Since the publication of Poe's masterpiece, the detective story has undergone some important changes. Most early whodunits, such as A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes series, revolved entirely around the scientific clue searcher. Present trends, however, are beginning to veer away from clue-sniffing and logical deduction toward suspense and psychological motivations—in other words, from whodunits to whywasits.

The Dashiell Hammett–Raymond Chandler school of hard-boiled writing (in Hammett's $106,000 Blood Money, something like fifty people were slaughtered in the first chapter alone) appears to have passed its peak, although it's still extremely popular with men. Generally, men like tough detectives who get themselves thoroughly beaten up in every chapter, then come back for more. Women like more leisurely stories with plenty of detail.

Garish book jackets almost always help the sale of reprinted mysteries, but they mustn't be too far removed from the story. Women love spy stories, for example, but should the book jacket mislead them into buying what turns out to be a private-eye mystery, they bombard the guilty publishers with infuriated letters. Jackets showing partially undressed ladies in an extreme state of terror appeal strongly to women, as do mysteries in which the heroine engages in a formidable series of lascivious deeds, or sounds as though she does.

Women also continue to take heavily, but less than formerly, to the elderly spinster heroines of the Mary Roberts Rinehart "had-I-but-known" school, who usually begin their tales by remarking coyly that they *never* would have embarked on that country week end "had I but known" what terrors lay lurking around the corner. Many publishers require that heroines of this school be "unattractive" and "frustrated" to appeal successfully to certain feminine audiences.

Both sexes are steadily addicted to the "sealed room" story, in which the murderee mysteriously meets his doom behind locked doors, and no gun in sight.

One major problem now facing the U.S. murder industry is the increasing difficulty of nabbing the guilty party before the reader does. After a few hundred novels, mystery fans get wise to standard plots and before half-finishing a book, correctly pick the murderer as the character on whom the least suspicion falls. Authors like Agatha Christie have gone to bizarre lengths to avoid such baleful consequences. In The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, Miss Christie pinned the crime on the narrator of the story. And in Thirteen to Dinner all thirteen did it.

Unlike the majority of the annual 6,500 real U.S. homicides, a majority of which occur on farms and in small towns, most whodunit murders take place in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Male corpses have the edge over females in detective fiction, although slain blondes achieved considerable popularity a few years back. And ever since mystery authors tired of rewriting Hammett's The Maltese Falcon, it can be pleasurably reported that lady characters commit fewer fatal bludgeonings than do men.

Today's regular U.S. fictional detective force, under the leadership of a few invincibles like Perry Mason (Erle Stanley Gardner), the blind Captain Duncan Maclain (Baynard Kendrick), the beer-tasting, orchid-collecting Nero Wolfe (Rex Stout), cat-collecting Mr. and Mrs. North (Frances and Richard Lockridge, who, as a friend remarked, "really *are* Mr. and Mrs. North"), The Saint (Leslie Charteris), John J. Malone (Craig Rice) and Michael Shayne (Brett Halliday) numbers about 100. Most of these alert clue-hounds are better known than their creators, who usually write under several names to avoid glutting the market with their favorite characters.

Two Phenomenal Producers

The most prodigious producer of mysteries under his own name was the late Edgar Wallace, who is said to have turned out 150 books in 27 years of writing, and who once dictated an entire murder novel over a single week end. U.S. whodunit authors average about two books a year, although Erle Stanley Gardner not only dictates to his three secretaries two Perry Mason and one D.A. books annually but also rattles off two others under the pseudonym of A. A. Fair. Since 1932, when he began detective-novel writing, Gardner has produced 49 books for a total of 30 million copies. "His only competition is the Bible," gasped one reviewer of Gardner's sales figures of six and one half million copies for 1947 alone.

What keeps these authors in the slaughter business? What makes people read murder mysteries? According to Dr. Richard H. Hoffmann, a Park Avenue psychiatrist who advises MWA on the psychology of crime and punishment, the preoccupation with violence is one of man's most primitive and enduring instincts, even though it is usually submerged in the process of civilization.

"In the vicarious violence of the murder-mystery story," says Dr. Hoffmann, "the ordinary person gets rid of his aggressions painlessly for himself and for others. He penetrates the unknown; he solves problems entirely different from those worrying him in his everyday life;

EATING—IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Hungarian Goulash from Pals Cabin, West Orange, New Jersey

THE depression was scraping our economic bottom in 1932 when two pals, Marty Horn and Roy Sale, set up an open-air hot dog stand where Prospect and Eagle Rock Avenues join in West Orange, New Jersey. The stand was 10 by 12 feet. They called it Pals Cabin.

Young Jerseyites who went dancing at the elegant Mayfair Farms across the way almost always wound up the evening with a wonderful hamburger at the stand. Today Pals Cabin is still doing business at the same location, but it's not the "same old stand." It is now a large and handsome restaurant—and it *owns* Mayfair Farms! It also does a thriving catering business.

Pals is famous for steaks and chops. Their pastry desserts are made on the premises and are better than Mother ever made. Lunch costs you from 95 cents to $1.95. You get a first course, a wide variety of entree choices and dessert. Dinner is à la carte and is from $2.

At lunch there recently I tried Hungarian goulash, the sauce for which was so good that I begged the recipe for you.

HUNGARIAN GOULASH: 2 pounds steak trimmings cubed, 1 pound sliced onions, butter, 2 teaspoons paprika, 1 garlic clove, pinch caraway seeds, slice lemon peel, season to taste, 1 cup stewed tomatoes (not too much juice), beef stock.

Melt butter in heavy pot. Put in meat, paprika and onions and simmer until onions have disintegrated. Chop garlic and lemon peel fine and add with caraway. Season. Add tomatoes and beef stock to cover and simmer until meat is tender. Thicken gravy with *roux* of flour and half-butter, half-lard. Serves 4.

If you wish to receive this Hungarian Goulash recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 2, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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he takes flight from boredom and escapes altogether into a new and exciting world."

Not only does Dr. Hoffmann himself escape of an evening from a hard day's psychoanalysis by reading one detective mystery after another, but he cheerfully prescribes whodunits for his patients as excellent medicine for what ails them.

Of all the adults in the United States who dote on this mass extermination—one out of every four adults names whodunits as his favorite reading matter—theatrical people are probably the most avid fans. Many read them by the score backstage; they say it helps them lessen the tension of performing. Steady subscribers to mystery-book clubs include Edward Arnold, Gladys Swarthout, Sigmund Romberg, Hildegarde and Laraine Day. The latter deluges her favorite book club with the names of potential subscribers.

The most famous modern detective fan was F.D.R., who loved to wind up his White House working day with a good bloody whodunit. Another Presidential mystery-lover was Woodrow Wilson, a particular admirer of the works of Anna Katharine Green, an authoress of the post-Poe era, often called the mother of the detective story. Abe Lincoln liked to brood over Poe thrillers. And Oliver Wendell Holmes at 92 admitted that he'd become such a slave to whodunits that he was finally compelled to ration himself to a few a year.

That precedent, set by three of our Presidents, is certainly one that millions of Americans follow—without complaint.

TIGER, TIGER

Continued from page 18

awful contentment that you could almost hear in it the tearing of flesh and the crunching of bones.

"Like that, little one, is the jungle," summed up José when he could purr no longer, "where the strong have slain the weak, and the swift have leaped upon the slow, and the hale have fed fat upon the crippled, ever since God made it millions and millions of years ago. And now jump down off my knee, for I've roared and purred till I'm thirsty and I'm going round to the café to drink a bottle of wine."

ONE day when Emilio was nearly six José fell sick and could not hobble out of his cottage to sit in the sun on the chair with the broken leg. Emilio heard him groaning within the cottage but the sound frightened him and he did not go near. All day he drew striped tigers in the dust. Toward evening José began calling for him, and he crept timidly to the broken window and peered through it at the old man on his truckle bed.

"It is in my back," moaned José, raising himself upon his elbows, "and it is surely a foretaste of the torments of hell. There is only one thing which might cure it, and that is a bottle of wine. But alas, I cannot walk as far as the wineshop to fetch one. Are *you* brave enough, little one, to go to Baldomero's wineshop down by the harbor and fetch me a bottle of his second-best *rioja*? Otherwise I shall assuredly die."

Now Emilio had never ventured alone more than a few paces away from the door of the hovel, because the gypsy had threatened to flay the hide off him if he played in the street. The prospect of the punishment he would receive from the gypsy frightened him very much.

On the other hand it was unthinkable that his god should be allowed to perish for the want of a bottle of wine. He hesitated, and José said wheedlingly, "First I will tell you a tale about the jungle; but you must promise that when the tale is done you will fetch me the wine."

"Tell me, then," said Emilio, "the story about when you were lost."

José groaned. "It is a very long one, and I doubt if I shall live to finish it," he said, "but this is how it begins: As I was returning from a hunt one day the twilight fell suddenly, and in the darkness I took the wrong path—"

Then between groanings and wheezings José described one by one the perils that beset him, cobras whose bite would prove fatal in less than three minutes, hamadryads twelve feet long which could spit their venom like poisoned arrows, pythons coiled in the trees.

Then he told of the ferocious water buffalo which charged like an express train, of the rhinoceros which trampled its enemies to scarlet pulp, of the rogue elephant which threw its victims over the tallest tree.

"But even these," said José, "are not to be feared so much as the great cats, because at least you can hear them coming." He went on to speak of the leopard, the black panther, and the tiger which with a mere playful cuff of its paw could strike off a man's head.

At this point José interrupted his story, and groaned very pitiably indeed. "The very thought of it makes me sweat," he said. "And the pain in my back grows worse, and my mouth is so parched that I can scarcely speak. Unless I have something to drink quickly it is quite certain that I shall die. Run, run, for the love of God, to Baldomero's wineshop."

At the sight of poor José writhing in agony, tears started in Emilio's eyes, and he forgot all about his fear of the unknown streets and the gypsy's threat. He jumped down off the window sill.

"There's a brave fellow!" José said. "But not so fast; first I must give you some money, and tell you the way. Come around by the back door." So Emilio entered the cottage which smelt of stale drink and bad drains, and José with many heartbreaking groans sought through his pockets for *pesetas*. He pressed these into Emilio's small hand, which had never held any money before.

"You go straight down the street," said José, "until you come to a promenade with bright lights, and that is called the Paseo de la Alameda. You count the turnings as you pass along it, and you go down the third one, which is called the Street of the Fourteenth of April. At the end of that street you see the ships in the harbor just in front of you, and on the corner, at the very end of the street, is Baldomero's wineshop. You cannot possibly miss it. Give Baldomero the *pesetas*, and say you want a bottle of the second-best *rioja* for poor old José the *pelota* player who is dying with pains in his back. But hurry, for the love of Mary, hurry, or perhaps I shall be dead before you return!"

THE first part of the journey was surprisingly easy, though it was already getting dark when Emilio set out. He ran down to the end of the street, and sure enough he emerged into a noisy world of bright lights, full of rattling busses and hurrying people.

The busses disconcerted him at first, though he had seen them once before, when the gypsy took him to pray in the great cathedral at Christmastime. He soon grew accustomed to them, however, and he enjoyed the feeling of independence and adventure as he strode along the Paseo clutching the hot, sticky coins in his fist.

The side street which he went down

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at last was a very crooked and narrow one, and he chose it rather doubtfully, believing it to be the third but wondering at the same time whether it might not be the second or the fourth. It was paved with cobblestones, which hurt his bare feet, and the houses on each side of it seemed to lean together, shutting out the sky.

For the first time he felt afraid, and he ran as fast as he could until at last he came out into the open, and the harbor lay before him, full of ships' masts like a little forest and riding lights swinging to and fro with the tide.

BUT there was no wineshop on the corner. With this discovery a sudden feeling of helplessness descended upon Emilio. He ran round and round in panic like a lost dog, and then growing afraid of the dark he made blindly for the lights of the quayside. He almost fell over a boy not very much older than himself who sat cross-legged on the pavement before a piece of red felt and cried out to the passing sailors how cheaply and beautifully he would polish their shoes.

Emilio begged his pardon. "Please," he added breathlessly, "will you tell me the way to Baldomero's wineshop at the corner of the Street of the Fourteenth of April?"

The *muchacho* looked up at him and grinned. "In the name of God," he said, "what do you want with a wineshop, small one?"

Emilio explained about José's illness and the old man's urgent need of a bottle of the second-best *rioja* lest he should die. And he proudly displayed the *pesetas* which José had given him.

"Well, it's not far to the wineshop," said the bootblack. "It's on the next corner, and you can't miss it because there's an old woman selling lottery tickets outside. But you're so small that I'm quite sure Baldomero won't sell *you* any wine. He'll box your ears for asking!"

The bootblack now stood up and he had long spindly legs; he was head-and-shoulders taller than Emilio. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he grinned. "Seeing you're so small *I'll* fetch the wine for you. Just give me the money, and stand and wait."

Emilio thanked him politely, while the boy folded his piece of red felt and picked up his box of brushes. "Just you wait here," he said, "and I'll be back in no time." But as soon as Emilio handed him the money he spat out a rude word under his breath, laughed unpleasantly, said, "Catch me if you can!" and ran away down the street on his spindly shanks. Emilio began to chase him, but his little legs were no match for those lanky ones. The bootblack had plenty of time to turn round and make a long nose at him before he disappeared out of sight.

The chase of the bootblack had taken Emilio by chance to the very door of the wineshop; he could look through it and see the bottles shining on the shelves, some people leaning on a counter, and a fat man in his shirt sleeves pouring out drinks. He did not, however, venture inside for he knew well that it was impossible to obtain a bottle of wine unless you gave some *pesetas* in exchange for it. He had often heard José complaining that he must go thirsty because he had no money.

The thought of poor José's thirst, and the likelihood that he would die unless he could quench it, made Emilio very sad. For several minutes he hung about the door of the wineshop and listened to the old woman who stood outside it shouting *"Lotería, lotería!"*

Nobody came to buy her lottery tickets, and the plaintive chant beat its way into Emilio's brain and echoed there like a requiem for his lost *pesetas*. He began to cry.

Two singing sailors, a man with a basket of fish, a tall man in a fez, and a drunken woman shouting murderous threats appeared in succession in the pool of light outside Baldomero's and vanished into the dark night whence they had come. Then suddenly a young girl who walked secretly like one of José's tigers slunk past the lighted window and paused within a few feet of Emilio. She fumbled in her bag for a key and opened the door which Emilio was leaning against. Taken by surprise, he fell inside. The girl cried out, and as Emilio picked himself up two more girls came running down the stairs and giggled when they saw him, and dabbed his wet face with scented handkerchiefs to dry his tears.

"Bella, Bella!" laughed one of the girls. "This is a fine man you've brought home with you!"

Then the girls all giggled and chattered together, and the girl called Bella sat on the bottom of the stairs and put her arm round Emilio and drew him to her. She was warm and soft and scented, and Emilio, who had never smelled scent before nor known any embrace other than that of the gypsy's bony arms, soon ceased his crying and cuddled closer.

"Hombre! Hombre!" crooned Bella, and one of the other girls asked Emilio to tell them what was the matter.

So Emilio very gravely described the plight of poor old José dying for lack of wine, and told what had happened to his *pesetas*.

"Surely this is a very brave boy, to run errands when he is so small," said the tallest girl. "We ought to adopt him."

Bella kissed Emilio on the forehead and asked him how he would like to have three sisters. Emilio said that he would like it very much. Then all the girls began giggling again, and said a lot of things to each other which Emilio didn't understand.

"Listen, little brother," said Bella at last, "we think you're so good at running errands for people that we're going to let you do something for us. It's very easy, and all you have to do is to play a little game. You pretend that we are really your sisters, and you go up to one of the sailors who are always walking about on the quay—"

"Or two or three sailors," said the third girl.

"And you say to them," Bella went on, "that you have three beautiful sisters at home and these sisters can sing and play the piano and they like sailors very much. Say also that they have plenty of wine, and can cook a good supper. Then ask the sailors to come home with you and bring them here. If you do we'll give you some *pesetas* to make up for the money the bootblack stole. You do agree," she added, "that we are beautiful, don't you?"

"I think you are all very beautiful," said Emilio gravely.

"You'll do it then!" Bella clapped her hands. *"Hombre! Hombre!* What a brave little fellow you are!"

THE first sailor whom Emilio accosted on the quay wore an oily blue uniform with three rings upon the sleeves and was no less a person, although Emilio did not know it, than the chief engineer of a five-thousand-ton steamer. He was also a lifelong teetotaler and a strict adherent of the Wee Free Kirk of Scotland. He came from Cape Wrath and his indignation when Emilio invited him to supper with three beautiful sisters blew up like a sudden gale on that storm-swept promontory.

Holding the boy by the scruff of his neck, he boxed his ears so hard that for several minutes afterward they felt as if they were on fire; and while he laid on with a horny hand he recited in a loud and terrible voice a series of admonitions from the sixth chapter of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. Finally he kicked Emilio upon the bottom and strode away.

After this experience it was some time before Emilio could summon up enough courage to try again.

At last, however, the thought that José must by now be almost at his last gasp drove him in desperation to approach three drunken fellows who were staggering along arm in arm and bellowing three different songs in the belief that they were singing in chorus. Emilio followed them at a respectful distance and attracted their attention by calling, "Hi!" When they stopped singing he recited the invitation exactly as Bella had told him.

One of the sailors laughed; one said, "I've heard that story before," and the third resumed his singing.

EMILIO was afraid they were going to take no notice of the invitation, so he extemporized desperately: "One of my sisters is called Bella and another wears a red flower in her hair."

"Hey-ho!" said the tallest of the sailors, "And do you swear that they are very beautiful?"

"Muy hermosas, muy guapas," declared Emilio with conviction; and at this the tall sailor bellowed jovially, "Then lead the way, Master Midget!" and all three started singing again. They linked arms and followed Emilio as he trotted back along the dockside; and they sang so loudly that he had no need to look back over his shoulder to make sure that they were at his heels. . . .

The door was opened by Bella, who greeted the sailors very warmly indeed and called to the other girls who emitted little squeaks of delight as they came tripping downstairs. In the excitement Emilio was nearly forgotten, but at last Bella pressed a silver coin into his hand and also gave him a kiss which left a scarlet smudge upon his cheek.

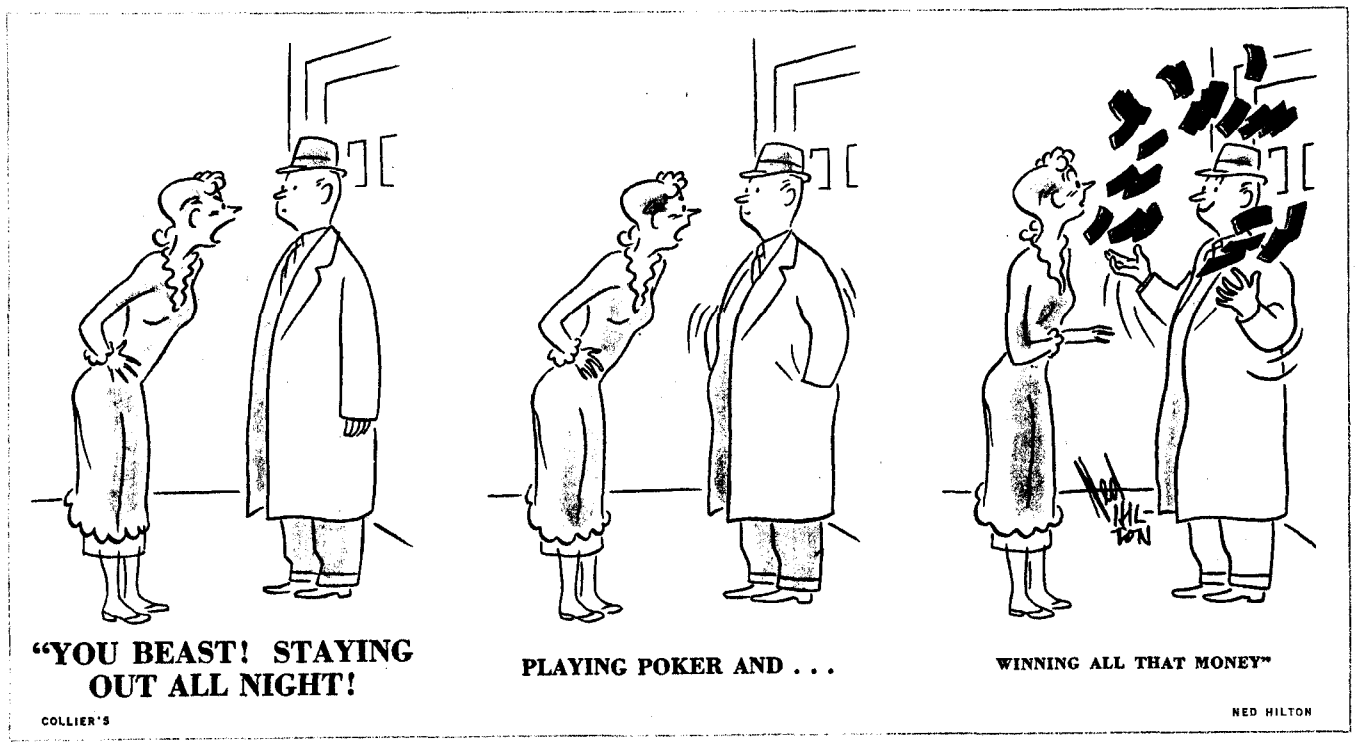
Clutching the coin, he ran straight to the wineshop, marched boldly up to the counter and asked the man in shirt sleeves for a bottle of his second-best *rioja* in order to cure the pain in José's back. The bootblack was now demonstrated to have been not only a thief but a liar, for Baldomero handed Emilio the bottle without question, merely cautioning him not to drop it on the way home. With the bottle cradled in his arms Emilio set off proudly down the Street of the Fourteenth of April and emerged safely at the other end of it into the Paseo de la Alameda, where he paused wide-eyed with wonder, for it seemed to him as if all the people in the world had congregated there. Bands were playing, flags were waving, and the shouting, booing and cheering were so loud that they even drowned the rattle of the trams.

There seemed to be two main masses of people, slowly moving toward each other, and each of these processions marched behind a banner. One banner bore the legend *¡VIVA EL P.O.U.M.! ¡ABAJO LA C.G.T.!* and the other declared *¡VIVA LA C.G.T.! ¡ABAJO EL P.O.U.M.!* Emilio wriggled and wormed his way through the crowd on the pavement and soon found himself walking in the rear of the *P.O.U.M.* procession, which was going in the direction of his home. The band was playing a cheerful tune, and Emilio felt very excited and happy.

Shortly, however, the shouts and countershouts rose to a crescendo as the two factions met head on. There were cries of "Traitors!" "Reactionaries!" "Down with them!" and a sudden surge of the crowd, like the backlash of a swift-running tide, swept Emilio off his feet.

He rolled into the gutter, still holding the bottle of wine in his arms, and as innumerable feet pounded about him he had time to recollect José's stories about water buffalos, rhinoceroses and rogue elephants.

He put his hands to cover his face, and the precious bottle rolled away from him; but it was not broken, and as the running feet became fewer he dared to stretch out his hand to retrieve it. At that moment, he saw, through the corner



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of his eye, a lean ragged scarecrow of a fellow detach himself from the crowd on the edge of the pavement; and this fellow swooped upon the bottle like a stooping bird.

His long dirty fingers, like talons, clutched the bottle at precisely the same time as his boot stamped sharply on Emilio's little hand. Then with what sounded like a squawk of triumph he flapped away.

This time Emilio did not cry. As he sat in the gutter, leaning against the base of a lamppost and nursing his aching hand, a revelation came to him and he perceived in a vague, unformulated way that the world which lay beyond his back yard was very like José's jungle, in which predatory creatures seized whatever they desired by virtue of their strength and swiftness. He did not, of course, put this notion into so many words, but at least he knew that his possessions had twice been filched from him by people more powerful than himself, and so from precedent and example he concluded that this was the nature of the world.

He therefore picked himself up and made his way back to Baldomero's wine-shop, where he acted in accordance with the pattern of behavior which had been demonstrated to him. He made his way stealthily to the counter, waited until Baldomero's head was turned the other way, laid hold of the nearest bottle he could see, and ran away with it.

BY ILL chance, however, two members of the *guardia civil* happened to be standing on the corner, and hearing Baldomero's shout of "Stop, thief!" they slung their rifles on their shoulders and gave chase.

Emilio had a start of thirty yards, and now he ran for his very life; for the gypsy had frequently threatened to hand him over to the *guardia* who, she said, thought nothing of cutting off the noses and ears of little boys who misbehaved. Sheer terror sent him flying down the Street of the Fourteenth of April. The soles of his feet hurt terribly, but the pain did not stop him, and he was still a pace or two in front of his pursuers when he turned the corner into the Paseo and nearly collided with a man who was running hard in the opposite direction. Emilio saw him just in time, and dodged, only to crash into another man who was following behind.

The collision sent him reeling across the pavement, but he recovered himself and ran on for twenty yards before he became aware that the *guardia's* heavy boots were no longer pounding at his heels. He glanced over his shoulder and saw why.

The two running men, who carried between them the tattered remains of the banner which said *¡VIVA EL P.O.U.M.!*, were being assailed by a number of others who strove to take the banner away from them. These other men in turn were being attacked by an outer circle of foes; while on the extreme circumference of the melee the *guardia civil* were using their rifle butts to bash both factions impartially over the head.

Emilio wasted no time in watching this spectacle; he ran on down the promenade where everybody else seemed to be running, and as he did so he heard, but scarcely heeded, a succession of sharp reports like the sound of a whip cracking. At this noise all the people in the street began to run faster, crying *"¡Carabineros! ¡Carabineros!"* and the promenade suddenly emptied itself as if the crowds had been magically spirited away.

At first Emilio was only aware that there were no running feet except his own, which being unshod made a faint padding on the pavement. Doors banged, shutters clattered down, and the lights in shop windows went out; Emilio looked about him and discovered that he was alone. In the whole length of the promenade nothing stirred except a mule, which lay in the middle of the road and hammered rhythmically with its hoofs as it died.

Panic took hold of Emilio. He had been afraid before, of the darkness in the crooked street, of the trampling crowd, of the *guardia civil;* but it was nothing to the loneliness he knew now as he stood alone under the bright street lights and imagined a thousand eyes staring down at him from all the windows in the promenade. He began to run again, and as he did so the mule kicked for the last time, sent a shower of sparks flying from the tarmac, and lay still. He fled blindly, hardly knowing or caring which way he went so long as he escaped from the watchful silence and the lights and the numberless eyes which seemed to burn a hole in the back of his head as he ran.

OLD José was surely dying. He hardly stirred when Emilio crept up to his bedside, and by the light of the guttering candle pressed the bottle into his hand.

"José! José!" whispered Emilio.

Then José's eyelids flickered, he groaned, and gradually his fingers closed about the neck of the bottle. His fingers sought the cork of the bottle and feebly tugged at it. At last he opened his eyes fully; he began to pull at the cork in a kind of frenzy and it came out with a loud pop. Without a word José raised the bottle to his lips and drank deep.

He choked and spluttered. His eyes grew wide and with a most surprising alacrity he suddenly sat up in bed. He held the bottle before him, blinking at it, drank again, smacked his lips.

"Brandy!" said José; and took another swig. "Brandy! How did you get it?"

Emilio made no answer and José did not seem to expect one, for he declared happily: "It is certainly a miracle. My patron saint would not let me die. *He* sent me the brandy; and you, little one, were his instrument." José drank deeply once again, and now it seemed that he was entirely restored to health, for he swung his legs onto the floor and sat on the edge of the bed. "The saint has used you, and you shall have your reward," he said suddenly. "I will tell you a story about the jungle!"

He patted Emilio upon the head, settled himself comfortably with the brandy between his knees, and began:

"The jungle, my little one, is a fearful place, and very difficult to describe to such as you. First of all you must imagine it as a place where there is no law or justice, and no rule but the rule of each for himself; and you must understand too that it is teeming with all manner of savage creatures, and that all these creatures are perpetually at war. There are, for example, tigers. . . ."

THE THREE-CORNERED HEART

Continued from page 31

and at the rate her cold cream was vanishing she was sure they must be eating it.

The man who ran the candy store told Tod that if he was getting any big ideas about Judy, he might as well forget them. She was going to marry Jack Delahanty, and in everybody's opinion it would be the smartest day of her life when she did. Jack Delahanty was the sole survivor of a large crop of suitors who had tried to cope with the twins, some with bribes of candy, ice cream and dimes, some with firmness, but all but Jack had sooner or later given her up as a bad job because of those brats. Jack and Hattie Malappy saw eye to eye on the Bancroft twins, and Jack had a strong, ever-ready spanking hand.

It was strictly a case, the candy-store man said, of "love me, love my twins," because Colonel and Mrs. Bancroft were staying in Germany indefinitely, and anybody Judy married would certainly have to take over the twins.

Everybody agreed that Jack Delahanty was in all respects the ideal man for Judy. He was self-made, about thirty-five, a Chicago lawyer, and if Tod doubted he had made good, take a look at that cream-colored convertible, or that elegant mahogany speedboat. It was one of the two speedboats, Tod figured out later, that almost upset his can of buff deck paint. Every Saturday afternoon, Jack Delahanty raced with a pal of his for hundred-dollar stakes.

Concluding his checkup, Tod dropped in at the cocktail bar, where he was told Jack Delahanty could usually be found every afternoon at about five thirty, and looked him over. He was a tall man with curly dark hair and an attractive smile.

Now that Tod had met the twins and Judy and Hattie and had seen Jack at close range, he understood the whole situation much better. And anybody who thought it would be an easy situation to crack was a pathological optimist.

Tod was aboard his sloop, puttying the cockpit cracks, when Judy came out on the pier the next morning. Her brown hair was in stubby pigtails and she was fetchingly tricked out in a man's ragged white shirt that hung out all around and a pair of old yellow corduroy pants.

"I've come down to apologize for my rudeness yesterday, Mr. Hunter," she said in a sweet, friendly voice. "I've been hearing some things about you and I feel like a horrible jerk. Mr. Sherman says you were a lieutenant at Cavite and were on Corregidor when the Japs took it. He said you spent the war in those terrible prison camps."

Tod dug a gob of putty out of the can and pressed it into a crack.

She cleared her throat. "Mr. Sherman said you'd spent a lot of time in hospitals and had come here to finish getting your health back. I not only want to apologize most contritely, I want to say how admirable and brave and heroic you are."

Judy Bancroft was unquestionably a nice, well-meaning girl with a generous heart, but she didn't realize what effect that kind of prattle might have on a man who has spent three foul, unheroic years in Japanese prison camps and a couple of years in Army hospitals.

"Look, Raggedy Ann," he said. "How would you like to take a nice long running jump off this pier? That would give us some quiet around here."

She looked at him steadily, with her lower lip trembling slightly. She made a vague gesture with one hand and walked slowly to the end of the pier. She lighted a cigarette.

He was telling himself he wasn't sorry he had been so rude. If she was a dope, the time to find out about it was now; and he suspected she was a dope and that the time he had spent locating her and wangling that cottage for the winter had been time wasted.

Judy snapped the cigarette into the lake and came slowly back.

"It's a keelboat, isn't it?" she said.

"Uh-huh. There's almost a ton of lead on the keel."

"Keelboats aren't so hot in these waters, Mr. Hunter. Too many shoals

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and too squally. With that high rig and that narrow beam, if you aren't a sailor, comes a sudden squall, you jibe, you're pooped, you broach to, over you go and, once you're over—Oh, boy!"

Tod ran putty into a quarter-inch crack in the cockpit floor. "You must come sailing with me some squally day, honey."

"I hope you can swim," said Judy. "With that lead keel, she'd sink like a sash weight."

TOD put the putty knife down and looked up at her. To look at her, even in that outfit, was to condemn himself to more futile dreaming.

"You don't remember me, do you?" he asked.

Her eyes became round and speculative. "Where was it?"

"You came to the hospital and played the piano for a gang of us."

She nodded slowly. The brightness and steadiness of her eyes made him uneasy. "Yes," she said thoughtfully, "I remember you. You're the one who asked me to play That Old Black Magic."

"That's right," said Tod. "You muffed it, but you were wonderful. There was a look in your eyes. Oh—sort of sad and sweet and wonderful. I think you were almost crying half the time."

"I was," said the girl. "I wanted to adopt all of you. You all looked so homesick." She ran her fingers back through her brown hair. "What an amazing coincidence—you coming and living next door."

Tod Hunter's ears slowly turned red. "Yes, isn't it? I want to tell you all about that sometime. Want to help me try her out?"

"When?"

"Oh, after lunch. Say half past two?"

"Okay," she said.

She was on hand at two thirty, tastefully rigged out in a baggy old T-shirt, a pair of slightly soiled white slacks and a pair of old tennis shoes.

There was a good breeze. They sailed through the inlet and down to the village, then Tod put about and they headed for open water.

"She needs inside ballast forward, doesn't she?" said Judy. "You haven't done much sailing, have you?"

He grinned at her. "Yes and no, in that order." He trimmed the sheet until the little sloop lay well over. "Mr. Vincent was just telling me you can't make up your mind to marry Jack Delahanty, and from what I hear about the guy, I don't blame you."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Funny man."

"It is a scream at that—a girl not knowing why she can't decide to marry a guy. I was watching you in that lawn chair yesterday, fighting it out. Want the answer, honey?"

She smiled sweetly. "I know the answer, honey."

"You're not in love with him; that's the answer, honey. He's tall, he's beautiful, he's terrific, but your instincts tell you he's a rat."

"If Mr. Vincent made any such vicious remarks—"

"Honey lamb, it's what's going round and round the village."

"Look, Mac; let's just put about and call it a sail."

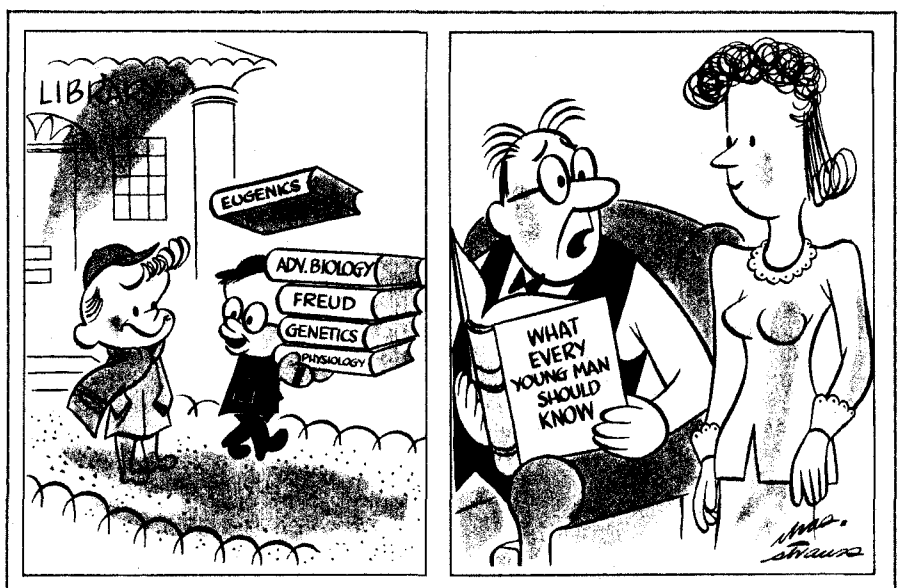
"What people are saying is that you need a guy like me."

Judy glanced at his muscular shoulders and shuddered.

Tod glanced at her sulky mouth and sighed. "Let's face it," he said. "I am thirty-one. Every minute I hate you less and less. I grew up on my uncle's cattle ranch in Arizona. I'm going back there this spring to take over, because his health is failing. You'll love it."

"One of us," said Judy, "is bats."

"My friends tell me I am brutally direct and honest," said Tod. "I am putting all my cards on the table."



COLLIER'S "I just want to be prepared for our first little father and son talk about the bees and the flowers" CHARLES STRAUSS

Judy was handling the jib sheet. She had four or five turns of the line about her hand. She let them go. The jib sheet ran out. The jib flapped.

"Hard alee!" said Judy.

Tod put the sloop about. "I was awake half the night analyzing this situation. It's tough, but it isn't hopeless."

Judy demonstrated that a girl can look both bored and furious at the same moment. "I don't know what you're saying, Mr. Hunter, but I'm dying to hear your solution."

"What other situation is there? You, me, the twins, Hattie, and Pretty Boy Delahanty."

"How did you get in?" Judy said wearily.

"Take a look at the stucco job those kids did on this deck," Tod said. "Why did they do it? Why does everybody call them brats and fiends? Want the answer, honey?"

"I know the answer!" Judy snapped. "They've reached the bratty age. All kids go through it."

"Nuts," said Tod. "Their backs are to the wall. When your father and mother went to Germany, the twins were nice normal kids. Then you hired Hattie, and the man with the iron hand began telling you how to run your life. Hattie is a frustrated woman taking out her hate on those kids. Jack came up the hard way, and guys who come up the hard way think it's the only way anybody should come up. Those kids don't need discipline. They are starved for affection and approval, but they're too proud to show it."

Judy's lower lip was beginning to glisten. "What do you think they get from me?" she cried. "And what does it accomplish?"

"You're outnumbered."

Her voice became husky: "You mean well, sonny, but you don't know twins. They're a law unto themselves. They think, feel, plot, scheme and hate as one. Because they're always in perfect agreement, they're invulnerable."

"Handled right," said Tod, "they might even love as one."

Judy studied him for a long time with bright, speculative eyes.

"Okay," she said quietly. "Okay, Mr. Hunter. Go ahead. Try your system. You have a nice long season to work it out."

"Operation Loving Kindness," said Tod, "is under way. I will take those poor, persecuted little kids for a sail right now."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Judy cried, and she sounded sorry. "They're shut up in separate rooms until tomorrow for what they did to you yesterday." . . .

In the ensuing days, Tod learned something about the wonderful and terrible psychology of twins. He learned that Judy was right about their thinking, feeling, plotting, scheming and hating as one. And she was right when she said they were invulnerable.

Freed from solitary confinement, they were forbidden to go near the pier. Ten minutes later they were on the pier, a safe distance from Tod, jeering at him in thin, flat voices.

"I want to talk to you kids a minute," Tod said.

They stared at him.

"I wanted you to know I was sorry you were punished for throwing that sand on my deck. It was a swell idea. When the deck's wet, the sand keeps me from slipping."

They said, "Blah!" in the same breath, and added, "We hope it skins your knuckles!" In dignity they walked away.

Hattie punished them for going out on the pier. They were spanked twice the next day, once for tracking water into the living room in their wet bathing suits, once for taking a colander from the kitchen and using it for straining sand.

On the following day, Judy gave them the freedom of the pier, and Hattie spanked them for diving off it, which only confirmed Tod's theory about Hattie, because both girls swam like eels. That noon they used up Hattie's lipstick scribbling all over the freshly painted top of the sloop's cabin. Hattie confined them to quarters again.

In all respects, the situation continued to deteriorate. That night Judy gave a party to which Tod was not invited. All her friends were there. It sounded like the kind of party at which people announce their engagements. They danced. They drank. They were riotously gay. Tod, sweating it out in his cottage, heard them leaving at about 2 A.M.

Next morning, when he went to the sloop, he found that he hadn't got up quite early enough. Earlier birds had pulled the jib halyard out of its block and the line now lay in loose coils on the foredeck. Since the block was more than halfway up the mast, somebody would have to climb up there and reeve the halyard through it.

He cut a length of new rope. Shinnying up that tall, slender stick was hard work and he almost didn't make it. He was within a couple of feet of his objective when his heart went into its jump-miss routine. Anger drove him the rest of the way. He got the new halyard through the block, slid down the mast, sat down and waited for his heart to resume business as usual.

WHEN the twins came down to stare at him, he said, "Gee, girls, I want to thank you for pulling out that worn-out old rope for me. I needed a new one up there."

They glanced up at the new halyard, glanced at each other, then fixed him with their unfathomable stare.

"Blah!" they said, and walked away.

Judy came out on the pier a few minutes later. She was wearing lime-green shorts and a lime-green halter and she looked as cool as the mint in a julep.

"Tod," she said, "I hate to see this happening to such a good sport. Those kids tell me almost everything they do. Damn it, Tod, you're sweet. You're one of the swellest people I ever knew and those little devils are bragging about what a fool they're making of you."

"Let's stick to me for a minute. How sweet am I?"

"Tod, I'm in an awful state this morning."

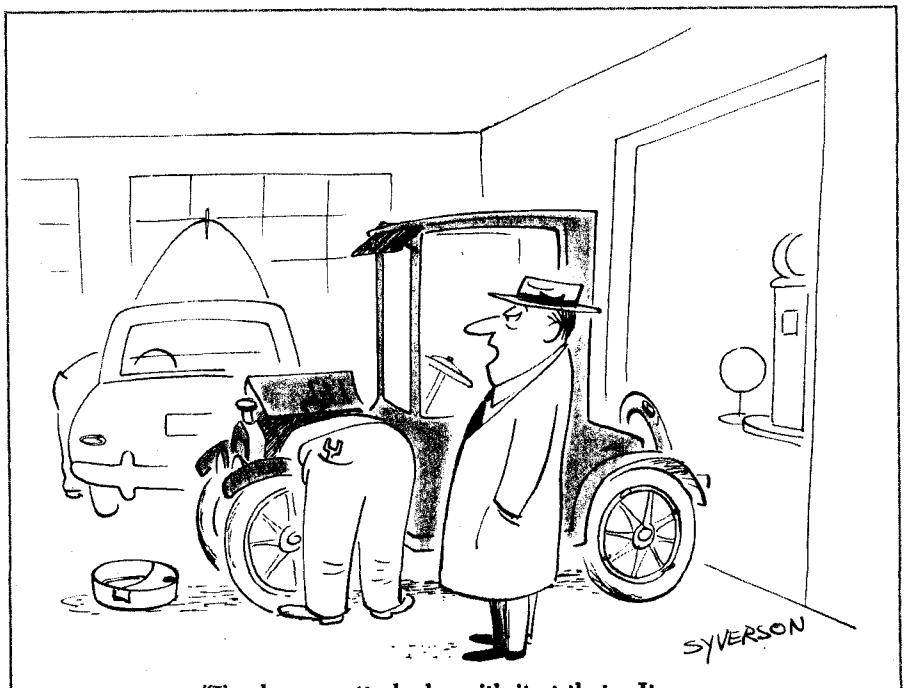
He was trying to keep his eyes away from those lime-green shorts fluttering in the breeze. "It sounded like an engagement party."

"It wasn't," said Judy. "I'd have invited you, but Jack was there and I didn't want trouble."

"How about a sail?"

"Okay."

They went for a sail. He told her he'd been giving the matter deep thought and had decided to give in to her and marry her, after all. He marshaled all his arguments. He stopped finally because he realized she was thinking of something



COLLIER'S "I've been pretty lucky with it at that. It brings me here and takes me home again" HENRY SYVERSON

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else. Nobody was going to sweep this girl off her feet. He took his life in his hands and asked her if she had made up her mind about Delahanty.

She looked at him in that slow, thoughtful way of hers and said, "Not quite. But nothing you've said, or can say, Tod, is going to make the slightest difference."

Saturday came and went. Jack Delahanty and his pal had their usual Saturday-afternoon race with hundred-dollar stakes, and Jack won. He was the type that wins.

ON SUNDAY, Judy brought him to the pier and introduced him to Tod. Maybe she expected fireworks. Maybe she only wanted to see the two of them together for purposes of comparison. The meeting went off nicely, with each man outdoing the other in cordiality. Tod was not being hypocritical. He respected his enemy and he was now convinced that Jack Delahanty with all his assets was not the main issue.

He was convinced that the twins were the main issue. Break them down and he had the ball game in his pocket. He tried everything short of bribery with them. Bribery was out. When he tried to talk to them, they walked away. When he asked them to go sailing, as he did repeatedly, they either said, "Blah!" and walked away, or walked away and then said, "Blah!"

In two weeks he made absolutely no progress and he was growing panicky. Judy was with Jack constantly and she was beginning to look more and more thoughtful. There were circles under her eyes.

On Friday morning, she came down to the pier with the twins. She was wearing that lime-green outfit again. There wasn't too much of the shorts and there was even less of the halter.

She said she had heard that Tod's cleaning woman had quit and she wondered if he would like her to try to find him another one. Tod said he would be grateful if she would—his cottage was such a mess—and he suggested that they go for a sail and air the whole problem of a man's living alone and not liking a minute of it.

She said she had a lunch date with Jack.

Early on Saturday morning, the twins came out onto the pier wearing Hattie's jade eardrops. One of the twins wore an eardrop in her left ear, the other an eardrop in her right ear. Tod was tuning up the rigging and wasn't noticing them when it happened. They were tussling near the edge when something green flew through the air. It struck the water with a faint *plop,* then the shrieking began.

He could see the faint gleam of it in eighteen feet of water on the white sand bottom. The twins stopped shrieking and began to sob.

Tod put down the screw driver and went to the stern. He took deep breaths, held the last one and dived. He saw the green spot against the white sand as he swam down. He didn't quite make it. His heart turned into a knife.

Two pairs of awed eyes stared down at him as he came up. He made it to the sloop and pulled himself aboard. When his strength came back, he climbed onto the pier and sat down on the edge.

"Thank you just the same," said one of the girls.

"It's all right. You wait. I'll get it."

When his heart calmed, he stood up and dived again. His heart didn't like it any better than the last time. He lost the green blur and tried to find it, knowing there wouldn't be a third time. Then he saw it and swam over to it. He picked it up, dug his toes into the sand and pushed hard. Things were dark and swimmy when he broke the surface. He rolled over and tried to grin at the twins, who were staring down at him with concern.

"Got it," he gasped.

There was no use trying to pull himself aboard the sloop. He paddled slowly to the beach. The twins raced up to him, looking strangely solemn.

"Your face looks awful funny," said one.

"It's all purple," said the other.

"I'll be all right." He gave the eardrop to the one who didn't have one. "Maybe you better put 'em back, huh?"

"Yeah," they agreed. "Thanks." . . .

They were so busy and making so much noise, they did not hear Tod when he went into his cottage. One of them was sweeping the kitchen, the other was washing dishes. Suddenly they stopped what they were doing and stared at him in terror. A dish fell to the floor and smashed. The broom clattered to the floor. The back door banged twice and Tod was left with the impression that he must have dreamed that two small girls had been cleaning house for him.

He went out and sat down heavily on the back steps. He was still all in from that diving exhibition. There was no one in sight, but he suspected a honeysuckle bush.

"Girls," he said, "we've got stuff to talk about."

"Like what?" said the bush.

"Well, for one thing, I love you, I love you, I love you."

"Aw-w-w—"

"Come on out. You're my pals."

There were whispers and giggles. They emerged. They considered him warily. He patted the floor on either side of him.

"Come sit here."

They giggled. They writhed. They came a little nearer.

"How would you kids like to form a society?"

"What's a society?"

"Sort of like a club. Us three against the world. Huh?"

They sidled closer.

FROM her lawn chair, where she was brooding over her problems, Judy saw the three walk out on the pier. She sat up and stared. A twin was firmly grasping each of Tod's hands and shouting, and Tod appeared to be enjoying himself. She saw the three of them climb aboard the sloop. She saw the jib and mainsail go up, fluttering violently in the hard, gusty wind. It was seesawing, first out of the north, then out of the northeast. She cocked a weather eye at the sky. She got up and started toward the pier, intending to offer her services as crew. She had known the Gulf a long time and she knew its moods; she knew that with this wind and that sky it was getting ready to throw a tantrum. But when she reached the pier, the sloop was under way and pointing nicely into the wind.

Aboard the sloop, everybody was happy. The twins were both shouting, and Tod was trying a few luffs, seeing how high on the wind she could sail, and each time the canvas flapped harder. He should have reefed.

Then they were in the inlet, closehauled, taking an occasional wave, and Tod saw the speedboats coming—the two speedboats, in their weekly classic, coming toward him with spray flying.

IT WAS a pretty sight, but it made him uneasy. There wasn't much room in the inlet for the three. The two boats were charging at him with so little space between, that a man could almost have jumped from one to the other. Then he saw the squall coming.

The speedboats roared past, one on either side, at the instant the squall struck. The little sloop bucked violently in the wash at the speedboats; the wind hit her a savage blow, heeled her down on her beam ends and held her down. Water poured in over the side. The mast lay awash and water rushed into the cabin. That was how fast it happened. Tod was in water up to his waist. Then he was swimming, the sloop was gone, and there were no twins!

He came closer to dying of sheer terror than he had on Corregidor. He floundered about looking for them. Then one of the twins was beside him, gasping and feebly paddling.

She screamed: "Faith! Faith! She's drownded!" She clung to his shoulder, panting and coughing.

He tried to steady his voice. "Hang onto my shoulder, honey. Faith, where are you?"

A hand grabbed his other shoulder.

"That's right, kids. Just hang on. It isn't far to shore."

It wasn't far to shore, but his heart had had about all the nonsense it would stand for one day. It was making the familiar old jerks and misses. He could feel his lungs trying to make up for it, and the shore line was growing dark and hazy.

The twins were a heavy load, holding him back.

"Your face looks all funny again," said Hope.

"You're all funny and purple," said Faith.

He could touch bottom now. The beach shelved up sharply. But his arms gave out at that moment, and his legs the next. He heard faraway shrieks and felt fingers in his hair. . . .

They sat in shallow water, Tod in the middle, a twin on each side. Each of the twins had an arm around him.

Judy splashed down to her knees before them. "My darlings!" she cried. "My poor darlings!"

She hugged each of the twins, then, in her excitement, she hugged Tod.

"You're terrific!" she said. "Oh, you three wonderful people! Tod! The way you saved them and then the way they saved you!

"Those heels!" she panted. "They didn't even slow down for you—with that squall right on top of you! Almost drowning the three people I love best in the world!"

"These kids," said Tod, "these kids are terrific. There I was in almost five feet of water, going down like a lead nickel. They grabbed my hair. They hauled me up here into shallow water. They— Hey! How many people did you say?"

ziuQ

(See Page 50)

1. What would you like for your birthday?
2. What do you tell your wife when she scratches the wrong side of your back?
3. Name two authors whose first names begin with the letter "S."
4. How many people named Day are there in the New York phone book?
5. What is the age of (A) a man born 42 years ago; (B) a woman born 42 years ago?
6. How many feet have 1,320 racehorses?
7. What do disestablishmentarianists fight against and how many letters on the subject were received by the London Times?
8. How big is the jail at Burlap, Idaho?
9. What do you do with a mousetrap?
10. Name three cities, a state and a lake.

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BERNARD BRUSSEL-SMITH

Collier's believes...

Red Hysteria Pleases Moscow

IN THE dear dead days quite beyond recall Rudyard Kipling described some well-intentioned Britishers as "jelly-bellied flag floppers." They were the predecessors of the Colonel Blimps of more recent fame.

The words were good. They hit the target. We have our own jelly-bellied flag floppers. Every country has them. They are not all fat around the stomach. But they do tend to be a bit thick in the head.

They are inclined to be very patriotic—and very stupid. They want to do good but in their own awkward way. They are suspicious of everyone whose opinions are not identical with their own.

If the citizen suspected happens to be poor or otherwise defenseless they can seriously injure him by unjust imputations.

We are living in a period very favorable to the activities of the jelly-bellied flag flopper type. Russia's combination of Communism and imperialist expansion throws the shadow of war over a free world that is doing its utmost to preserve the peace. By threatening the safety of all free peoples and by proselyting for Communism incessantly, the Russians have created the excitable situation in which it is all too easy to question the motives of friends and neighbors and to fear the worst.

Winston Churchill expressed a very wise attitude toward Russia the Sunday Hitler's German army began the march toward Moscow. Mr. Churchill said that he still opposed Communism but that he regarded Russia as an ally against Germany. We took the same attitude when we got into World War II.

Our government co-operated with the Russian government in fighting Germany. We would have liked to have had Russian help against the Japanese but they were otherwise employed—until American fighting men brought about the Japanese surrender.

During all those years when Russia and the United States were resisting a common foe, Nazi Germany, the feelings of most Americans toward Russians were much more friendly or, at least, tolerant than is possible now. We hoped that we could get along with Communist Russia as we had with Czarist Russia. We never liked Czars better than we do Communist dictators. But we got along with Czars for over 130 years without war.

Now we are naturally examining everybody who appears to have any Russian friends. We *have* to be alert because the Communist technique is to seduce and to betray from within. So our government would lack due diligence if it neglected to take proper precautions. That does not, however, necessitate hysteria upon the part of the government or the public.

It seems to us that the Atomic Energy Commission made the kind of wise and discriminating findings concerning President Frank Porter Graham of the University of North Carolina that all of us can use profitably in our private attitudes concerning these affairs.

President Graham is a highly successful educator who has the temerity in times of excitement, to believe and to act on the commonplace creed of American liberty that almost everyone upholds when nothing but platitudes are at stake.

Among his public services, in addition to his job at the University of North Carolina, Dr. Graham is president of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Energy. In connection with Oak Ridge he has intimate knowledge of nuclear research. In his capacity as a citizen loyal to the American constitutional ideal of free speech he was accused of co-operating with organizations identified as Communist-front groups. Critics said that for this reason he was not fit to be trusted with secrets of American defense.

The Atomic Energy Commission gave long consideration to the charges against Dr. Graham. It found that he is a man of upright character and of complete loyalty to the United States. It also found that as a college president he had taken a prominent part in "championing freedom of speech and other basic civil or economic rights."

The commission said that Dr. Graham "has been associated at various times with individuals or organizations influenced by motives or views of Communist derivation." It concluded, "Associations have of course a probative value in determining whether an individual is a good or bad security risk. But it must be recognized that it is the man himself the commission is actually concerned with, that the association is only evidentiary, and that common sense must be exercised in judging their significance.

"It does not appear that Dr. Graham associated with any such individuals or organizations for improper purposes. Moreover from the entire record it is clear in Dr. Graham's case that such associations have neither impaired his integrity and independence, nor aroused in him the slightest sympathy for Communism or subversive doctrines."

In explanation of its conclusion the commission laid down a rule that is worth considering and following until something better is found.

We think these distinctions are particularly useful to public opinion now. Free speech and civil liberties are American policies, not Russian. and certainly not Communist. To support our policy of freedom even for poor characters such as Communists, is surely American. To judge a man calmly and on his own record and purposes is, in truth, the essence of our way of life.

With the unrelenting antagonism of the Communists it will be hard enough to keep patience and temper relaxed and reasonable. We shall need all the wisdom and skill and good will we can muster to protect our interests and to defend the rights of free men at this time of Communist attack. Surely we should not sacrifice to unfounded charges the useful Americans who by the very breadth of their human sympathies have become suspect to other loyal Americans of narrower outlook and more limited imagination. . . .

W. L. C.

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